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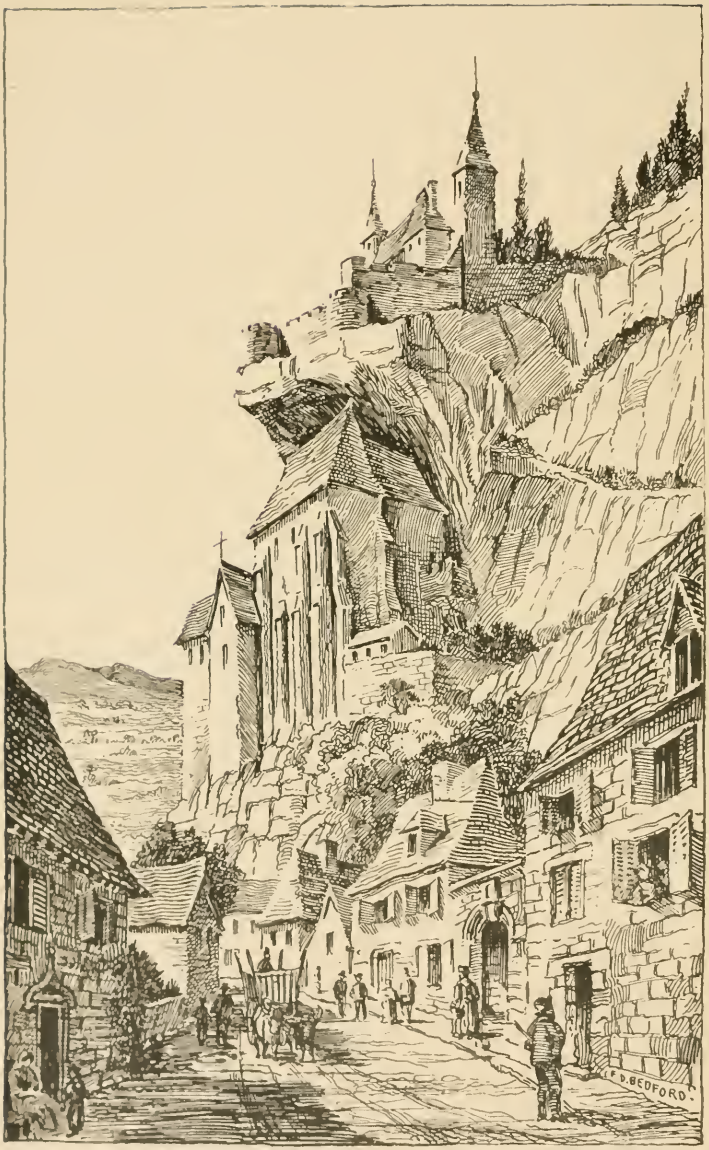
THE

DESERTS OF SOUTHERN FRANCE



ROCAMADOUR. [*Frontispiece.*

THE DESERTS OF SOUTHERN FRANCE

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE LIMESTONE AND CHALK PLATEAUX OF ANCIENT AQUITAINE

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "THE TRAGEDY OF THE CÆSARS" "MEHALAH" "STRANGE SURVIVALS" ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY S. HUTTON AND F. D. BEDFORD

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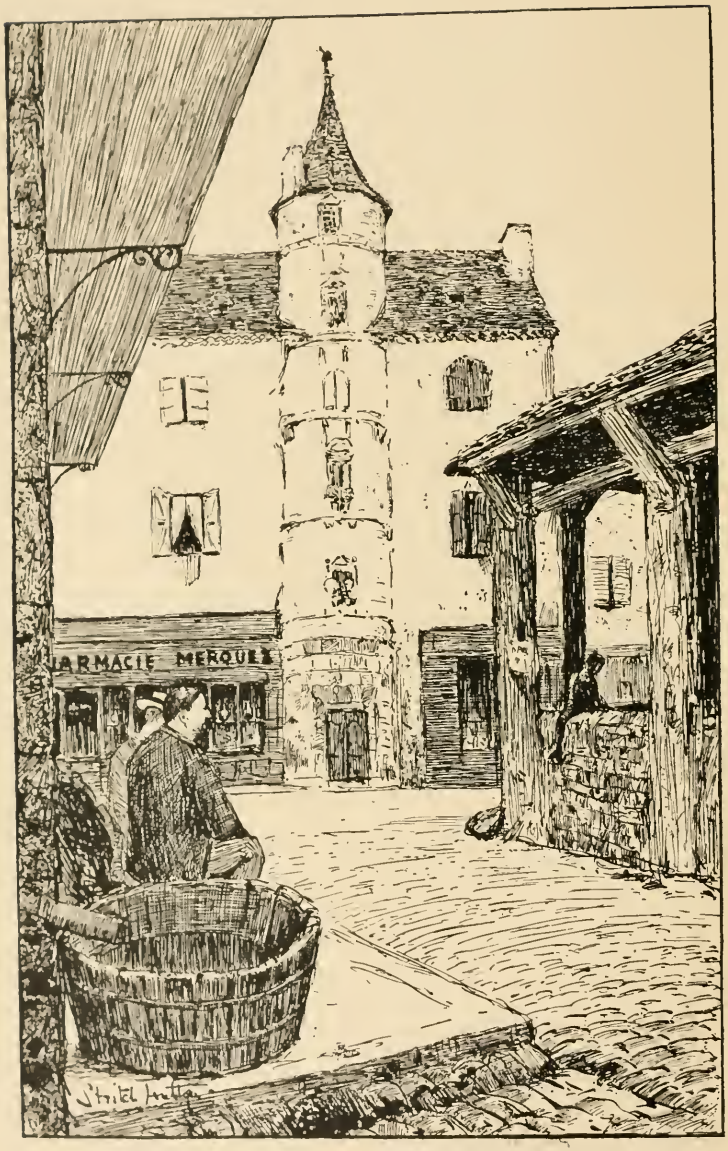


HOUSE WHERE DIED HENRI COURTMANTEL.

THE DESERTS OF SOUTHERN FRANCE

CHAPTER XV

ELEANOR OF GUYENNE

A bad bringing-up—William X.—His death—Eleanor marries Louis le Jeune—The Crusade—Her conduct—Quarrel with the King—Divorce—Marries Henry of Anjou—Appearance of Henry II.—Character of Eleanor—The claim on Toulouse—Becket at Cahors—Sons of Henry and Eleanor—The demon-blood of the Angevin House—Coronation of the young Henry—His pretensions—Rupture with his Father—Pilgrimage to Rocamadour—The Shrines of Rocamadour—Murder of Becket—Population of Guyenne—Richard made Duke — Renewed quarrels — Imprisonment of Eleanor — Troubles of Henry II.—Richard in Guyenne—Bertrand de Born—Conference at Caen—Another at Limoges—Revolt of the young Henry — Character of young Henry — His death at Martel — Bertrand de Born's answer.

ELEANOR, daughter and heiress of William X., earl of Poitou and duke of Aquitaine, became the wife of Louis VII. of France, in 1137, and at once the vast mass of ancient Gaul was consolidated, or was ready for consolidation under one sceptre into a powerful monarchy.

Eleanor by her levity, Louis by his imbecility, caused a political, a national disaster, that brought untold miseries

on the land, and retarded that consolidation for three centuries.

Eleanor had been brought up in an unwholesome atmosphere of false sentiment and lax morals, and was reared to look with indifferent eye on the sufferings of humanity, to consider adulation as her due, and warfare as the occupation for men to afford amusement to ladies.

The name of Guyenne is a corruption of Aquitaine.[1] The duchy extended from the Loire to the Pyrenees, from the Bay of Biscay to the Auvergne mountain range.

William X. was a terrible ruffian. The chronicler of St. Maxentius says of him: "He could hardly satisfy his voracity at one meal with as much meat as would suffice eight robust men in the flower of their age. He could not live without fighting; and even when his provinces were at peace, he would not lay aside his arms, and he compelled his vassals to fight each other, whether they would or not, that he might enjoy the pleasure of a fray. On account of his lust for war, he was a very Nimrod; his gluttony made him like Bel; his murders and incests constituted him another Herod. Indeed, like Herod, he carried off his brother's wife and retained her by him for three years; and, like the men of Sodom, he gloried in his villainies."

All at once, after a life of excesses of every kind, of barbarities committed against the feeble, of sacrileges against the Church, his health began to fail, and a

[1] The English called it La Quitaine. At the beginning of the twelfth century it comprised the counties of Poitou, Limoges, L'Aunis, the Saintonge, La Marche, Auvergne, Périgord, the Bordelais, the Agenais, and Gascony.

qualm of conscience came over him. To patch up a tardy peace with God, he rushed away on pilgrimage to Compostella, and there died at the early age of thirty-eight years.

He had been twice married, but he left issue alone by his first wife, Eleanor, daughter of the viscount of Châtelherault. His only son died early, and he was left with two daughters, Eleanor and Alice. Before starting on pilgrimage, he made his will (1137), and constituted Eleanor his heiress, and placed his daughters under the tutelage of the French king, Louis le Gros, himself also a failing man. Louis gladly accepted the trust, and seized the splendid opportunity it offered of uniting so vast a territory to the French crown, by joining the hand of the young heiress of Aquitaine with that of his own son and heir, Louis.

The marriage was precipitated, probably on account of the declining health of the king. It took place at Bordeaux, within a day of five months from the death of Eleanor's father, and the barons of Aquitaine did homage to Louis le Jeune as their suzerain. They were an ill-consorted pair. Eleanor had some of the ungovernable spirit of her father, and the lightness and fire of the South. She was without religious scruples, and devoid of feminine sympathy for the oppressed.

The young king had been educated in the monastery of Notre Dame. He was guileless, and infinitely feeble. He would have made a good monk; he proved to be a despicable king.

So long as Suger, Abbot of St. Denis, his tutor, managed the affairs of the realm, all went fairly well. There was no open breach between Louis and his wife. She held her Courts of Love, and he said his canonical hours;

she delivered sentences of equivocal morality in her court, and he, in affairs of state, pronounced no judgment at all, because incapable of making up his mind; she coquetted with minstrels, and he with saints.

At last, as an act of incredible folly, Louis resolved on undertaking a crusade, out of an absurd scruple that only a pettifogging conscience could entertain.[1]

Eleanor was nothing loth to accompany her husband on the crusade, as an Oriental junket. She relished the prospect of being in a camp, and conducting its revelry, of witnessing battles, and of negotiating intrigues.

Her conduct on the way gave rise to unfavourable comment; the ladies of her court became openly scandalous in their lives.

The crusaders, instead of going by sea, traversed Europe and Asia Minor. They suffered immense losses as they painfully made their way along the Asiatic coast. When they had reached Satalia, on the Gulf of Cyprus, forty days' march from Antioch, Louis and his barons deserted the crusaders, and, seeking only their own safety, shipped to Palestine, leaving all the mass of unfortunates to be massacred or made prisoners by the Moslems.

The disgrace of this ignominious desertion weighed on those who reached their destination, and the crusade produced no results. At Antioch Louis was fired with jealousy, because Eleanor was well received by her uncle, Raymond of Poitiers, who was there, and was the handsomest man of his time. Suspicious and alarmed, he hastily abandoned Antioch, and fell into rivalry with the

[1] His elder brother had vowed to take the cross. But this elder brother died in his father's lifetime. Louis le Jeune, as he had succeeded to the throne, considered that he had had transmitted to him also the obligation to fulfil the vow.

Emperor Conrad, who had reached Palestine before him. Scandal said that Eleanor carried on an intrigue with Saladin; but as the great Saladin was then only a child, this story may be discredited. It is perhaps possible that she coquetted with some other Saracen; but it must be remembered that the French chroniclers dipped their pens in gall when writing of the woman who dealt to France its cruellest blow, that made it bleed for three hundred years.

Then Louis resolved to return to Europe. Such an end to a magnificent expedition was the occasion for immense derision. What had become of those thousands basely deserted, handed over to the infidels? All the barons were guilty, but the disgrace clung to the king.

At Antioch a quarrel had broken out between Eleanor and her husband, and she had confided all her wrongs to her uncle Raymond, and had openly turned her husband into derision. She had married a monk, she said, and not a king. She had already schemed out an excuse for a divorce—they were related within the prohibited degrees. This was a mere excuse. Hugh Capet, the great-grandfather of the grandfather of Louis VII., had married a sister of William Fier à Bras, great-great-great-grandfather of Eleanor.

Some historians are pleased to assert that Louis complained of the scandal caused by his wife's conduct, and also demanded a divorce on that ground. But there can be no question that the mover in the matter was Eleanor, and that Louis gladly acquiesced in it. A council of bishops was held in 1152, and it obligingly decreed what both desired. This was on March 18. Louis committed this astounding blunder without in the least seeing what an act of political suicide he was committing. Unfortunately for him, Suger, his prudent adviser, was dead.

No sooner was the divorce decreed, than the eyes of the imbecile king were opened to the consequences. Eleanor was too rich an heiress not to be sought at once in marriage by ambitious men. But before the divorce she had already fixed her intention on Henry of Anjou, and had communicated with him. When she left the council at Beaugenci to return to Poitou, she was obliged to pass near the domains of Theobald, count of Blois, and brother of King Stephen of England. Theobald made an attempt to capture her, and force her into a marriage with himself; but Eleanor, forewarned, fled by night and gained Touraine. Here, however, she was menaced by another suitor, none other than Geoffry of Anjou, a boy of eighteen, second son of Geoffry Plantagenet. The audacious boy laid a plot to catch her at Port-de-Piles, on the frontier of Touraine and Poitou; but, made aware of his intention, she again fled, and by a circuit reached her own lands, followed in hot haste by Henry Plantagenet, the elder brother of this Geoffry. Henry was aged but nineteen, and Eleanor was thirty-two or thirty-three.

At the feast of Pentecost they were united, in spite of the remonstrances of Louis, who now, when too late, saw his realm exposed to jeopardy by this alliance.

The marriage with Henry took place, "with more policy than decency," within six weeks of the divorce.

Henry was a middle-sized man, full of endurance and activity, square-shouldered and thickset; and with high insteps to his feet, so that they looked as though fitted for the stirrup. He had a bullet-head, as is so often found in France, covered with close-cropped tawny hair, such as had been characteristic in the Anjou family for several generations. His skin was freckled, and as he grew older flamed red. He had prominent grey eyes, but bloodshot, and

gleaming with that fire which was also a legacy of the family from the demon they believed to have been an ancestor. He had large and coarse hands, never gloved save when he was hawking, and he was careless about his dress.

Eleanor had obtained in Henry a man exactly the reverse of her first husband, and one quite as little suited to make her happy. As he was much younger than herself, she was ever jealous of him, and he gave her good cause to be so. His restlessness was something which wore out all with whom he was brought in contact. When not at war, he was engaged in the chase. He would mount his horse at daybreak, ride all day furiously, and on his return home tire out his companions by keeping them in activity till late at night. His feet were always swollen from violent exercise, yet he would never sit except at meals. Like Caligula he was ever in movement. At church his restlessness gave scandal. He grudged the time taken up by devotion, and relieved his impatience by whispers to his companions or by drawing little caricatures.

We are not so well able to describe Eleanor. Her portrait has not been given to us with the same minuteness; and her effigy at Fontevrault represents her at an advanced period of life, and has, moreover, been mutilated.

That she was vain, haughty, and withal frivolous, does not admit of a doubt, but we must not believe all that the French chroniclers have recorded against her. They seem to have been unable to mention the marriage of the heiress of Aquitaine with Henry without losing their tempers and breaking forth into lamentation and abuse. Eleanor suffered at their hands. Every evil rumour that

floated about relative to her conduct, was greedily seized on and recorded against her.[1]

The consanguinity between Eleanor and Henry was much closer than that which had served as excuse for the rupture of union with Louis; but in such matters scruples of conscience were feigned to serve passion or political intrigue, and, indeed, the laws of consanguinity had been extended by canonists for no other purpose than that of ministering occasion to the papal chancery for reaping harvests of money by granting dispensations or sanctioning divorces.[2]

That which the wise Suger had been so anxious to avoid now came to pass.

Stephen, king of England, died in 1154, and Henry of Anjou, then aged twenty-two, at once became king of England, and the most powerful sovereign in Europe. He held the entire littoral of France from Flanders to the Pyrenees, and the king of France was cut off from the Mediterranean by the counts of Provence and Toulouse. Henry was regent of Flanders, in the absence of its count; he exercised over Brittany a suzerainty that had in vain been sought by the previous dukes of Normandy. He reduced, as we shall soon see, Quercy, and menaced Toulouse; La Marche he purchased, and he occupied the Limousin, Berri, and Auvergne. His possessions on Gallic soil more than doubled those held by the king of France. Louis found himself in the coils of this terrible vassal, who owed him allegiance for a long string of dependent terri-

[1] The charges against her have been analysed by M. de Villepreux, *Eléanor de Guyenne*, 1862.

[2] In the mediæval legend of the Fair Helena, the emperor easily prevails on the pope by a sum of money to grant him a dispensation to marry his own daughter. This reflects the popular opinion relative to the papal chancery and dispensations.

tories; but such oaths were easily broken at the convenience of the vassal who felt himself strong enough to establish his independence. And yet, feudal allegiance was the only bond then recognised. It stood above the tie of blood, and justified rebellion of even a child against its father. On the other hand, it was merely personal. A vassal scrupled to encounter his suzerain face to face, but not to harry and annex his territories.

We must pass on to the year 1159.

William X., the father of Eleanor, had laid claim to the county of Toulouse, in right of his wife; and Henry resolved to enforce this claim, and extend his power across the broad isthmus from sea to sea. He concluded a league with the Count of Barcelona, and assembled a large army of Norman, English, and Aquitanian knights and men-at-arms, and left England, drawing with him Malcolm, king of Scotland, and William of Blois, son of Stephen, the late king, and Thomas à Becket, his chancellor, who placed himself at the head of 700 of his own retainers, equipped and maintained at his own cost.

Henry arrived at Périgueux at the end of June. He entered into negotiations with the principal inhabitants of Cahors, and obtained the surrender of that city. Henry at once occupied it, and thence marched rapidly upon Toulouse.

Meanwhile, Louis had been galvanised into some show of energy, and had thrown himself, with a handful of men, into the menaced city. This was enough to arrest Henry, who scrupled to attack his suzerain in person. Becket, who had not such a squeamish conscience, in vain urged him to take advantage of the occasion, and obtain by a bold stroke the city and the person of the sovereign. But Henry shrank from so openly violating

his oath, and withdrew first to Cahors, and then to England. The clerical chancellor was left in Cahors to reduce all Quercy, and he at once set to work to put the capital into condition to stand a siege. He drew a cordon of wall and tower across the neck of land where the Lot makes a great loop about the town, and these defences remain to this day. Then Becket attacked and stormed three castles in Quercy, hitherto deemed impregnable, the names of which, unhappily, are not recorded; but it is probable that one of these was Castelnau le Bretenoux, and another Puy l'Evéque. He cast aside his clerical garb, donned hauberk, and tilted against a French knight, whose horse he bore away as proof of his prowess.

A treaty of peace was concluded in 1160, and comparative rest was given to the land for some thirteen years.

Henry had four sons by Eleanor of Guyenne—Henry Courtmantel, born in 1155; Richard, born in 1157; Geoffry, born in 1158; and John, born in 1168.

Henry II. resolved to associate his eldest son with him on the throne, in 1170, and obtained for him as wife Margaret, daughter of Louis and of his second wife, Constantia of Castile.

It is possible to discern in the conduct of Henry a clear political conception. He had no intention of constituting one vast empire, which should embrace England, with its vassal states of Scotland and Ireland, and the major portion of his possessions on Gallic soil, these latter subject to the suzerainty of the French king. He set about to consolidate the power of the throne in England by subjugating the barons, and razing their strongholds. This well-compacted realm, with its elements of mischief reduced to comparative impotence, he designed

to hand over eventually to his eldest son, Henry. For Richard he proposed the duchy of Aquitaine, his mother's inheritance; and for Geoffry the duchy of Brittany. For John he obtained the promise of the heiress of Maurienne, and when she died, he conquered for his youngest and favourite son the turbulent island of Ireland.

This scheme might have worked well but for two causes: the devilry in the Angevin blood and the jealousy of the French king.

According to popular tradition, an ancestress of the Plantagenets had been an incarnate devil. Her husband remarked that she would never remain to the consecration of the Host at mass. He bade four of his squires hold her. Then she flew away through the roof, leaving behind her two of her sons, but carrying away with her two others. A diabolic origin was also attributed to the Norman house, in which the duke and duchess, despairing of having children, after in vain invoking Heaven, turned to the assistance of the arch-fiend, and the gift of Satan was Robert the Devil.[1] In Henry and his sons both these currents of evil blood were united. It was worse with the sons than with the father. Their grandfather, the Count of Poitou, had begotten Eleanor of a woman carried off from her husband, and a holy man had prophesied of them, "From you twain no good will ever spring."

This diabolical origin of the family was accepted without question by the princes. When a priest, cross in hand, came before Geoffry and endeavoured to dissuade him from being another Absalom, and raising his hand against his father, "What!" exclaimed the young

[1] To this William the Bastard referred in his address to the soldiers before the battle of Hastings, as Henry of Huntingdon gives it.

man; "am I to falsify my birth?" "You misunderstand me, my lord," said the priest. "I desire nothing to your disadvantage." "Bah!" exclaimed the Count of Brittany; "it is the destiny of our family to hate each other. It is our heritage; and not one of us will renounce his share in it."[1]

In 1170, when at the height of his quarrel with Becket, now Primate of England, Henry had his eldest son crowned by the Archbishop of York. At the coronation feast, in the exuberance of his joy, he served his son at table, and let slip the incautious words, "Henceforth I am no more king." But the youthful Henry—he was but fifteen,—was ambitious, and was surrounded by evil advisers. His father-in-law, whose niggling conscience scrupled at trifles, felt no compunction in stirring up the son against his father, and he urged on the boy to demand that the words spoken in jest should be converted into fact. As Michelet well says: "Le moyen âge prenait toute parole au sérieux. La lettre est toute-puissante aux temps barbares."

Thrust on by Louis, Henry Courtmantel, from Paris, sent a peremptory demand to the king, his father, to resign to him either England or Normandy; "to the end," said he, "that he and the queen, his wife, might have the means of supporting their dignity." Henry rejected the insolent demand, and bade the boy have patience till his death, when he would inherit both England and Normandy.

During an illness, Henry II. had made a vow that he would undertake a pilgrimage to Rocamadour, and this vow he accomplished in the same year (1170). But owing

[1] For much of this matter I am indebted to Miss Norgate's *England under the Angevin Kings*, London, 1887.

to the proximity to the territories of the Count of Toulouse, who was hardly likely to respect his person, even under the garb of a pilgrim, he made it "en corps d'armée et prêt à combattre."

The king behaved very well on this expedition. He would not suffer his soldiers to commit any violence, and he paid liberally for all he required.

The pilgrimage took place whilst he was engaged in conflict with Becket, who had been suddenly converted from an obsequious and ostentatiously luxurious courtier into an insolent and an ostentatiously ascetic prelate.

A paroxysm of penitence had come over the king, after a paroxysm of fury. Exasperated at the arrogance of the Primate of England, and his impotence against him, backed as he was by the Holy See, Henry had on one occasion torn off his cap and dashed it on the ground; ripped off his girdle, and thrown his clothes about the room; wrenched the silken coverlet from his bed, and rolled upon it; and plucked the rushes from the floor to gnaw them. Then, this fit of ungovernable fury over, he was filled with religious qualms, and undertook the pilgrimage to Rocamadour.

This is perhaps the most marvellous shrine in Europe. Montserrat is wonderful, but scarcely surpasses Rocamadour.

According to legend, purely unfounded, Zacchæus came to Gaul along with St. Veronica, and, being fond of climbing, sought out an abrupt rock, scrambled up it to a hole in the precipice, and made that his home for the remainder of his days. The legend makes him a cotemporary of St. Martial of Limoges, who cannot be placed earlier than the third century.[1] The date when the Romano-Gallic hermit

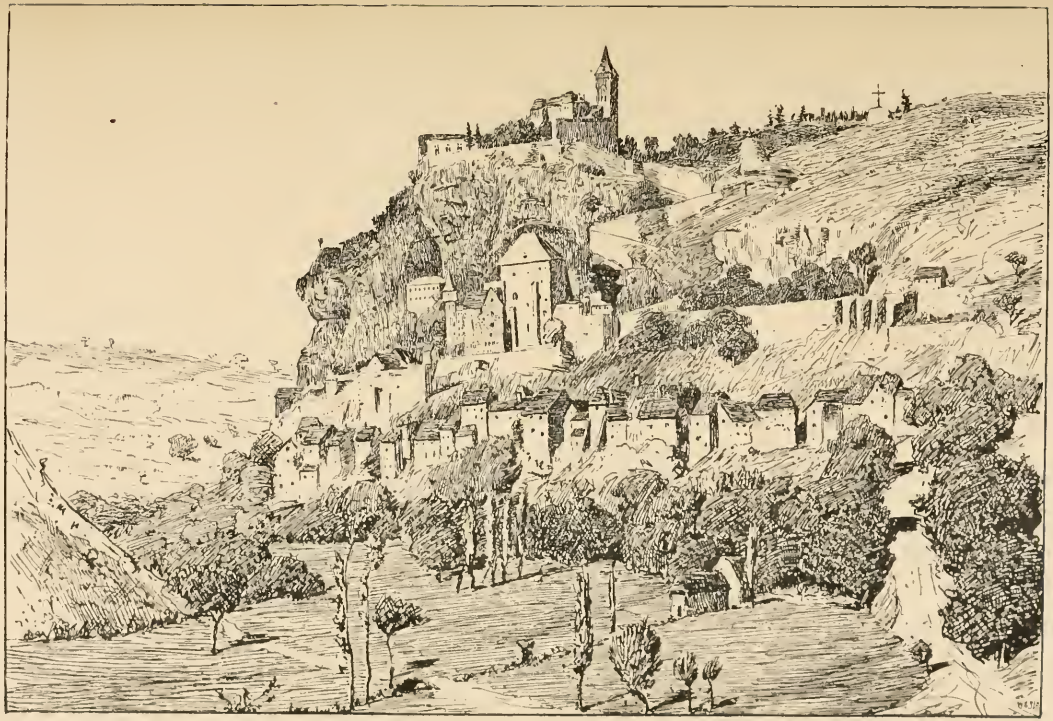
[1] The original Acts of St. Martial were lost before 994; the fabulous Acts are a stupid forgery, teeming with anachronisms and absurdities.

Amator was converted into Zacchæus is probably late in the Middle Ages. It is much more probable that the Zacchæus who was fourth bishop of Jerusalem was the man of small stature called by Christ.

Rocamadour is in a gorge of the Alzou, a waterless river in summer, with a town well in the bed of the torrent, used in dry seasons; covered over with a slab of stone and sealed down in autumn before the rains come on.

The precipices of Dolomitic limestone rise 600 feet above the bed of the river; they overhang. Half-way up, a cluster of seven churches and chapels clings like swallows' nests to the face of the rock, the overhanging limestone actually forming the roof of some of these. The churches are at different stages, and of various sizes, ages, and characters. But not only are there these houses of God, there are also a convent and a hospice for the reception of pilgrims. The latter is reached by a thread-like path cut in the face of the rock, and the passages and staircases in the interior are hewn in the white limestone. Above all, on the level top of this crag is a castle, with its church, now converted into a college of diocesan missionaries.

Some of the buildings are older than the date of the visit of Henry II., notably a singular apsidal chapel over a gate, having the rock for its roof, rudely adorned with frescoes, representing that favourite subject in the Middle Ages, the three kings walking and encountering three skeletons, who salute them. In the wall, near the gate, is a huge sword. This is a reproduction as near as possible of Durandal, the famous blade of Roland, which he is said to have driven into the joints of the masonry, on leaving this place of pilgrimage before he went into Spain and fell at Roncesvalles.



ROCAMADOUR.

From below, the visitor ascends by 140 steps to the gateway. Up this pilgrims mount on their knees, at each step exclaiming: "Notre Dame de St. Amadour, priez pour nous," and reciting an *Ave*.

Then ensues a fortified gate of the end of the eleventh century, and a building, mean in style, that has been erected on the ruins of the old "palace of the bishops of Tulle." In the desire of the ecclesiastical authorities to restore this extraordinary cluster of edifices from the ruin into which it had fallen after the bad days of the Revolution, they have unhappily employed architects unable to grasp the merits of the situation, and to design what is in character with it. After passing within the gate, a further ascent of a flight of steps leads us to several of the churches. In face is St. Saviour's; beneath it the subterranean church of St. Amadour; on the right the chapel of SS. Joachim and Anna, recently reconstructed, and well done; then the chapels of St. Blaise, St. John the Divine, and St. John the Baptist, all on the right. On the left, rising from the wall of an inner gate, on a higher level, is the apse of St. Michael, then the church of the miraculous image of the Blessed Virgin, supposed to have been brought from the Holy Land by Zacchæus, in reality a work of the twelfth century. The curious Romanesque chapel of St. Michael has a door in the side opening into space. Below it, on the wall, are marks of beams, so that it must have originally given access to a gallery suspended over the abyss. Above it the rock rises to the height of 216 feet. Between this chapel and the church of St. Salvator is a tomb cut in the rock containing a representation of St. Amadour. Here, in 1166, a body was found which was supposed to have been that of the saintly hermit; it is, however,

quite as likely to have been that of a prehistoric savage.

The chapel of the miraculous image was reconstructed in 1479. It contains several relics, a bit of the gown of the Blessed Virgin, the miraculous image, and a large bell hung in the midst of the vault, which is said to sound of itself when any great event is going to take place. A record is kept of the times when it sounded—never to purpose; and it failed to give warning of the Revolution and the ruin of the shrine. The miracle is easily explicable, as well as the reason why, since the reconstruction of the sanctuary, it has not sounded. The door of the chapel is to the south-west, and the chapel was formerly much lower than it is now, so that, when the door was opened, a blast of wind in a gale was very likely to make the bell vibrate. Since the bell has been raised above the rush of air, it has ceased to exercise its miraculous powers. The concierge told me that when the wind is in the south and south-west, and the door is open, the bell swings in the draught, even now that it has been elevated far higher than where it hung formerly. The bell itself—which is fondly supposed to have belonged to St. Amator—is Celtic in type and of hammered metal. No bells of this form are earlier than the sixth century. St. Felix of Nola, who died A.D. 310, was the inventor of hammered bells. Before that only "grellots" were known. Moreover, the Rocamadour bell is not of the most primitive form, which was square or oblong; it shows an advance towards the shape assumed when bells were cast. The little town clings to the base of the precipice that overhangs. It is said that never has a rock fallen from above and done injury to the houses below. There was, however, a fall of rock in the twelfth century, which destroyed the old chapel of the saint.

To return to Henry II. He is said to have vowed at the shrine of Rocamadour that he would do his utmost to be reconciled to Becket. He kept his oath, for he returned northwards, and, on July 22, met the archbishop in a pleasant meadow at La Ferté-Bernard, on the borders of Touraine. The king arrived before the archbishop, and as soon as Becket appeared, riding leisurely towards the tent, he spurred his horse to meet him, and saluted him cap in hand. They dismounted, and met in friendly manner, and when Becket would have remounted his horse, the king condescended to hold the stirrup to the citizen's son, whose head was turned by his advancement and by the sense of power. The reconciliation was but for a moment; no sooner were king and prelate parted than the mutual antagonism broke out again, and the fatal blunder of the murder of Becket followed.

Nothing could have happened better suited to the purposes of the French king. Louis, so repeatedly humbled by Henry, had sufficient low cunning to see that his adversary had put into his hand the most formidable weapon that could be used against him. He appealed to the Pope. The archbishop of Sens, primate of Gaul, launched his excommunication against the king of England. Henry was in extreme danger. The murder was attributed to him by every one. An excuse was afforded to every rebellious vassal to rise against him. Henry was forced by his necessities to compromise with the ever venal Court of Rome, and to pay for the blood of the "martyr" with a denier to St. Peter imposed on the newly acquired Ireland, and somewhat later with declaring England to be a fief of the Holy See.

In 1172, Henry II. and his queen were at Limoges, and there he disposed of the duchy of Aquitaine in favour

of his son Richard, thus inaugurating the second portion of his political programme.

The Aquitanian dower received with Eleanor had been a burdensome one. The territories comprised within Guyenne were occupied by peoples of different races and aspirations, as varied as was the nature of the land. "A territory containing every variety of soil and of natural characteristics, from the flat, rich pastures of Berri and the vineyards of Poitou and Saintonge, to the rugged volcanic rocks and dark chestnut woods of Auvergne, the salt marshes, sandy dunes, barren heaths, and gloomy forests of the Gascon coast, and the fertile valleys which open between the feet of the Pyrenees—a territory whose population differed in blood and speech from their fellow-subjects north of the Loire almost as widely as Normans and Angevins differed from Englishmen; while in temper and modes of thought and life they stood so apart from the northern world, that in contradistinction to them, Angevins and Normans and English might almost be counted, and indeed were almost ready to count themselves, as one people."[1]

Moreover, Guyenne teemed with small and great nobles who had been accustomed to war, and who loved it as the only occupation befitting a gentleman; and whose sole aspiration was to be free to do as they liked. The race was extraordinarily mixed, at bottom Iberian or Basque, with Gaulish, Roman, Gothic, Saracen beds overlying, and these all tossed together by matrimonial alliance into a general confusion of blood. And with this difference of race came in differences in religious ideas; and speedily it came to be discovered that the grasp of the Church on the people was ineffectual, that the gospel

[1] Norgate, *England under the Angevin Kings*, ii. p. 203.

had in no way modified their lives, and that the only clear religious conception they had was in a duality of Gods, and in the eternal conflict between Light and Darkness, Spirit and Matter. The men of the South were volatile, fond of ease, sensual, and revengeful. They had inherited from the Romans a certain mental culture, and of the Saracens laxity of morals, as well as a contempt for the Christian religion, that startled the grave, ascetic, and believing North. When the dukedom of Aquitaine passed to a woman, and she carried it to a prince beyond the seas, then every petty noble in Guyenne believed that he was practically independent to do as he pleased. They preserved a certain respect for Eleanor, and it was her influence which kept Guyenne in some sort of obedience during the earlier years of her married life with Henry. But no sooner did differences break out between her and her husband, than at once every baron was in revolt. It taxed Henry's wariness and rigour to the uttermost, during the years of his struggle with Becket, to hold this duchy in subjection. As soon as ever he was able, he committed it to his son Richard to treat it as he had England, to break the power of the disturbers of the public peace, and reduce the barons to order.

Richard was aged fifteen when, on Trinity Sunday, he was enthroned Duke of Aquitaine at Poitiers, in his mother's presence. Henry probably intended that he should govern it under her advice; but if so, his plan was frustrated by his own conduct. The king's dissolute life, his disregard for his elderly wife, possibly coarse insults offered her, had filled Eleanor with a more bitter dislike, though not one so contemptuous as that which she had entertained for her first husband. She became, along

with Louis, a prime instigator of the young princes in their revolt against their father.

On the feast of the Purification, 1173, Henry II., with his wife and Richard, were at Montferrand in Auvergne, for the settlement of the vexed question of the claim on Toulouse. It was arranged that thenceforth the county of Toulouse, with its northern dependencies, Rouergue and the Albigeois, should become a recognised underfief of the duchy of Aquitaine, to which its western dependency, Quercy, with its capital, Cahors, had been violently annexed in 1160.

No sooner was this treaty signed, than Raymond, Count of Toulouse, who had followed Henry to Limoges, deemed it his duty to warn him that his wife and sons were planning revolt. He, Raymond, strongly advised Henry to take securities of them for their fidelity. Then, on the plea that he was going on a hunting expedition, Henry left Limoges, and visited all the castles whose wardens had been tampered with, and replaced them with trusty servants of his own.

Henry then returned in the direction of Normandy, taking with him Eleanor and the young Henry, but the latter found means to slip through his fingers, and fly to the French court. Louis welcomed him, and when King Henry sent delegates to Paris to reclaim his son, they found him seated beside Louis, in the pomp of royal vesture.

"Of what king of England do you speak?" asked Louis. "Here at my side is the true king. His father, the former king, to whom you give this title, died to that power the day in which he invested his son with it."

Henry at once secured Eleanor, who, disguised in male garments, was attempting also to make her escape

to the French court, and consigned her to prison, where she was retained for sixteen years, surrounded by faithful and attached servants.

It is not possible to feel pity for the queen. She had come to the court of Henry, surrounded by a gay retinue of minstrels, and had not even attempted to disguise her passion for Bertrand de Ventadour, one of the most prolific of the poets of the Limousin. After having loved and sung Azalais, wife of the viscount of Ventadour, he was forced to fly from the wrath of the outraged husband, and he took refuge with Eleanor, a bride, at the court of Angers. Eleanor was not particular whom she favoured. Having already, if there be truth in the scandal, smiled on an infidel prisoner, she now loved a singer of servile origin. But too much must not be made of these minstrel attachments. The troubadours sang and courted elderly ladies and belauded their withering charms for the sake of their entertainment and the largesses dropped into their itching palms.

"My lady," sang Bertrand of Eleanor, "is as crafty as she is clever. She always makes me believe that she loves me, yet is ever deceiving me; and she hoodwinks me with her sweet fictions. Lady! leave off deception and disguise! Your vassal suffers, and the consequence of my suffering recoils on you."

Eleanor was herself a composer of lays and love-songs. As she advanced in age, after having been the mother of ten children, of whom eight were born to Henry, her love of pleasure gave way to passionate jealousy of her husband, and uncontrolled ambition.

The young Henry added hypocrisy to rebellion. He appealed to Rome, pleading the wrongs done by his father to the Church, complaining that the murderers of

Becket were still at large, and solemnly affirming that his real reason for assuming arms was desire to avenge the blood of the "martyr."

Richard hastened to do homage to the French king for Aquitaine, and Geoffry for Brittany. A formidable league supported the pretensions of the younger Henry. The kings of France and Scotland, the count of Flanders, and many of the great barons of England, Normandy, Aquitaine, and Brittany, entered into the confederacy. In this emergency Henry hastened to make peace with Rome, as already mentioned, and, distrustful of his own nobles, he hired a large army of mercenaries, the warlike scum of Western Europe, who, in that age, under the name of Brabanters or Routiers, were ready to take service in any cause. With this practised force he encountered and discomfited King Louis, young Henry, the count of Flanders, and the rebels of his own continental states; whilst head was made in the North against the Scots, and the English malcontents were crushed at home. Notwithstanding the reverses of their first campaign, the allies prepared in the next to invade the dominions of Henry at all points. Early in 1174, the situation of England excited the gravest apprehensions, and Henry hastened back to it. One success followed another, and discomfiture and discouragement everywhere came on the rebels and their allies.

Richard had, in the meantime, begun the work of controlling his unruly vassals in Guyenne. "The endless strife of the Aquitanian nobles with their foreign duke, and with each other, sprang less from political motives than from a love of strife for its own sake; and their love of strife was only one phase of the passion for adventure and excitement, which ran through every fibre

of their nature, and coloured every aspect of their social life. The men of the South lived in a world where the most delicate poetry and the fiercest savagery, the wildest moral and political disorder, and the most refined intellectual culture, mingled together in a confusion as picturesque as it was dangerous." [1]

One element of discord remains now to be noticed, and it was one peculiar to the region and to the time. At Hautefort, on the limestone plateau a little south of Excideuil in Périgord, lived the minstrel Bertrand de Born. He was for ever quarrelling with his brother Constantine, whom he dispossessed from the ancestral castle, and he maintained himself there by the support of the sons of Henry II. In the memoir prefaced to his poems, written shortly after his death, he is thus described: "He was a good knight and a good warrior, and an admirable servant of ladies. He was a famous troubadour, composing *sirventes*. A pleasant, courteous man, withal, wise of heart and well-spoken. Whenever he chose he was master of King Henry and of his sons; but he always goaded them to war one against the other, the father against the sons, and the brothers against one another; and he always endeavoured, as well, to set the kings of France and England at feud. If they made peace or a truce, he at once set to work to compose a *sirvente* which would disturb all, by showing each party how they were dishonoured by peace. And he got much advantage through this, but also much harm."

The *sirvente* was a poetic blister applied to those whom he desired to sting into action, and it rarely failed in its effect. When once published, it flew from mouth to mouth, and the princes, unable to endure

[1] Norgate, p. 204.

ridicule, drew against each other their recently sheathed swords.[1]

In 1180 the contemptible Louis VII. died, and was succeeded by his able and energetic son, Philip Augustus, a man who left his mark on his times. But he was only fifteen when he ascended the throne. It was not long before he showed his kinsmen and his vassals that he was made of very different stuff from his father, and that he had a shrewdness in advance of his years.

The young Henry, who had been chafing at the inaction to which he had been compelled, now put forward once more his demands upon his brother Richard to do homage to him for his duchy of Guyenne. This Richard haughtily refused, whereupon Henry allied himself with his brother Geoffry, duke of Brittany, and marched against Richard.

Meanwhile, the severity with which Richard had dealt with his refractory Aquitanian barons had roused them to revolt.

He had gone among them scarcely more than a boy in years, but with an iron will that matched that of the Conqueror himself. He had set himself to work "to bring the shapeless into shape, to reduce the irregular to rule, to cast down the things that were mighty, and to level those that were rugged; to restore the dukedom to its ancient boundaries and its former government."[2] He did his work with all the energy of his character, and never stooped to conciliate, or had patience to wait. "He thought nothing done while anything still remained incomplete," says the same author, Giraldus. "He cared for

[1] An important contribution to the history of the time is Clédat (L.), *Du rôle historique de Bertrand de Born*, Paris, 1879.

[2] Girald. Cambr., *De Instr. Princ.* iii. 8.

no success that was not reached by a path hewn by his own sword, and stained with his opponents' blood. Boiling over with zeal for order and justice, he sought to quell the audacity of this ungovernable people, and to secure the safety of the innocent amid these workers of mischief by at once proceeding against the evil-doers with the utmost rigour which his ducal authority enabled him to exercise upon them."

There can be no doubt but that, had Richard been able to complete his work, the condition of Guyenne would have been enormously improved. It may be questioned whether, among the insolent and lawless barons, it was possible to deal with them in any other way.

Richard set himself in Aquitaine and Périgord to do what his father had done in England, to reduce one by one their strongholds, breeding-places of social and political pestilence. "No mountain-side, however steep and rugged, no tower, however lofty and impregnable, availed to check his advance, as skilful as it was daring, as steady and persevering as it was impetuous."

Now appeared a *sirvente* of Bertrand de Born (1181), full of gibe and sneer at the young Henry for being content with the title of king, without having any of the power that should accompany the title. As the prince had been granted by his father a tax that was imposed on all wheeled vehicles, he designates him as "Sir Carter." "O Puyguillem, Clarens, Grignol, St. Astier, Turenne, Angoulême!" exclaims Bertrand, "we all are better off than Sir Carter, who gives up his cart, and has only a few deniers paid into his trembling hand." The league formed against Richard by his brothers and the barons led to no important results. Henry II. came to an arrangement with the young Henry to pay him 100 livres of

Angevin money daily, for his own use, and 10 livres beside for that of his wife. At once Bertrand flung out another venomous *sirvente*, but it failed in its effect. On Christmas Day, 1182, the old king and his three sons, Henry, Richard, and Geoffry, met at Caen, but again quarrelled. It was once more the story of allegiance for Aquitaine and Brittany demanded by the young Henry, and now, strangely enough, supported by his father, who was thereby going contrary to his own original plans.

Why should the two dukes on Gallic soil give oath of allegiance to their brother, who would succeed in all probability to the English throne? They were already vassals to the French crown, and rightly so. Henry II. had himself at first recognised the incongruity, and had not purposed to continue the union. Very rightly Richard refused to submit. The young Henry entered into the most solemn engagements to his father, to be ever faithful to him, and he revealed to him that he was in correspondence with the discontented barons of Aquitaine. The old king, perhaps thinking that a feudal alliance between Henry and Richard might be of advantage, so as to enable the latter to quell his restless nobles, advised and entreated Richard to take the oath. An altercation ensued; and then up cropped another topic of strife, a castle at Clairvaux, which Richard had erected on territory not properly within his own limits. Richard left Caen in anger, and civil war broke out. In the first burst of resentment, Henry bade his two other sons go and "subdue Richard's pride" by force of arms, but immediately afterwards summoned all three to meet him at Limoges, together with the aggrieved barons of Aquitaine. Geoffry collected a force of mercenaries, and arrived in the capital of Limousin early in February, and Henry, the younger,

came soon after, and threw himself into the citadel, which was held by a partisan, Aymar, viscount of Limoges, and set to work to rouse the whole of Quercy and Périgord against Richard, whilst pretending to his father, who had arrived with a small company, that he was negotiating peace. Geoffry occupied the castle when his elder brother was absent, these two were held together by their common ambition. The king proposed a conference with his son Geoffry in the market-place of Limoges. Whilst thus engaged, he was saluted by a flight of arrows, discharged against him from the battlements of the castle. One of these wounded the horse he rode. With tears he bade an attendant pluck out the arrow, and, extending it to Geoffry, said, "My son, what hath thy unhappy father done to deserve that thou shouldst make him the mark for thine arrows?"

A lame excuse was offered, and sorrowfully accepted.

It is difficult, not to say impossible, to follow all the phases of this wretched parricidal and fratricidal broil. The old king had come to Limousin to enforce his eldest son's claim, yet saw that son turned against him. Apparently the young Henry considered that the time was come for him to grasp at the crown which he was so impatient to wear, and had resolved on taking advantage of the occasion when his father was at Limoges with a very few attendants to get possession of his person. For the next moment we find Henry laying siege to the castle of Limoges, and consenting to assist Richard against his elder brother. Twice did this odious young traitor come to his father with assurances of fidelity or of submission, but each time it was merely for the sake of gaining time whilst he assembled a large force of mercenaries to attack his father and brother simultaneously.

"One of the most puzzling figures in the history of the time," says Miss Norgate, "is that of the younger Henry of Anjou. From the day of his crowning to that of his death, not one deed is recorded of him save deeds of the meanest ingratitude, selfishness, cowardice, and treachery. Yet this undutiful, rebellious son, this corrupter and betrayer of his younger brothers, this weak and faithless ally, was loved and admired by all men while he lived, and lamented by all men when he was gone."

Henry Courtmantel was handsome, had a graceful courtesy, and great fascination of manner. There was in him a certain good-nature and generosity, but all his qualities that attracted men were on the surface, and the age was one blunt to moral depravity, and easily taken with what dazzled the eyes. Among the historians of the time, there is but one who attempted to account for the popularity of a youth so worthless, and he could find no other explanation than that "the number of fools is infinite."

Philip Augustus warmly seconded the young ruffian; it was obviously his interest to have the whole family at loggerheads. He sent him a band of adventurers called *paillards*, brigands, who desolated the country they traversed, with complete indifference whether it were that of friend or foe. Henry Courtmantel was reduced to great difficulties to pay these adventurers. He stripped the shrine of St. Martial at Limoges, and levied exactions on the citizens; he went about the country plundering churches and monasteries. He squeezed the abbey of Grandmont, the most famous in the Limousin, of all its treasure, and carried off even a golden pipe from the altar, that had been a present from his father. At the head of his Routiers he attacked Angoulême.

In his forays at this time, Courtmantel came to Rocamadour, and pillaged the venerated shrine of its treasures, not even excepting the sword of Roland, and he left his own dishonoured blade in its stead. Then, burdened with loot, he arrived at Martel, a little town planted away from the Dordogne on a treeless, waterless, glaring causse, its sole plea for existence being that just there a little more brown-red earth is to be found than is usual on the plateaux. It had, moreover, been a Gaulish or Merovingian camp, and the *butte* of this entrenchment remains to the present day.

Henry had been for some time unwell, and his malady now laid hold of him. To his dismay, he felt that his end was approaching. Now, at last, his long sleeping conscience awoke and upbraided him, and he sent a messenger to his father at Limoges, entreating him to forgive and visit him. Treachery was, however, so constant a feature in this young man's character, that the king mistrusted the summons, believing it to be part of a trap for ensnaring him, and he refused to go; he, however, plucked his ring from his finger and committed it to the archbishop of Bordeaux. Henry bade the prelate not draw rein till he had conveyed the ring to his repentant son, in token of forgiveness and paternal affection. He cherished the hope that the robust constitution of the patient would enable him to recover from the disease.

The messenger, however, just reached the dying prince before he expired. Henry Courtmantel pressed the ring to his lips, and implored Heaven to pardon his irregularities and rebellion, and ordered that he should be dragged by a rope from his bed and cast upon a floor strewn with ashes, that by the manner of his death he might give some expression to the sincerity of the con-

trition consuming his soul. Henry Courtmantel died at Martel on St. Barnabas' day, June 11, 1183.

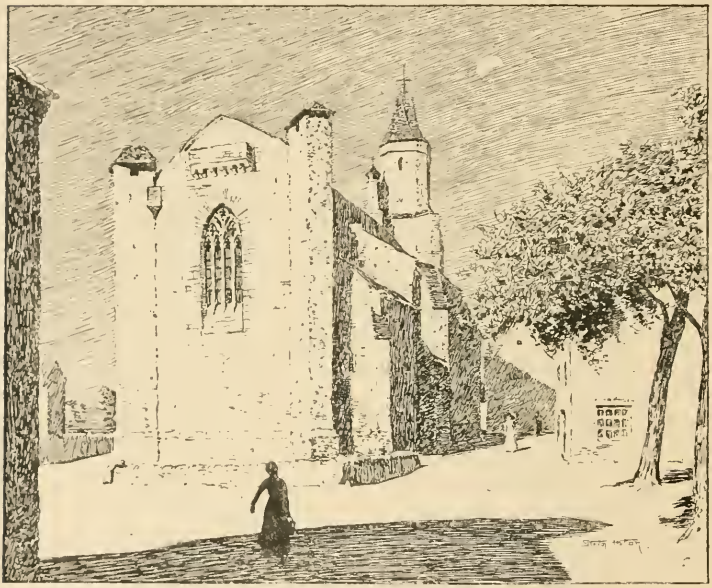
This death, which ruined so many hopes, inspired Bertrand de Born, his evil counsellor, with two of his

A COURTYARD, MARTEL.

finest *sirventes*, in one of which he declares his intention of never singing again, now that the hope and joy of his life is gone in the death of the best king that was ever born. "Had you lived, Seigneur, if you had lived longer, you would have been the king of the courteous and the emperor of the gallant. You were entitled 'The Young King,' and you were the crown and father of youth and valour."

Perhaps the most signal instance of the general obtuseness of conscience and inability to discriminate between right and wrong that prevailed at the time was the fact that, according to popular belief, miracles were wrought at his tomb, and he was by some accounted as a saint.

Tradition points out the house at Martel where the



CHURCH AT MARTEL.

"Young King" died. It is in large part of the period, but the face has been altered in the fifteenth century, when a turret was added.

The Hotel de Ville, with its angle turrets and tower, is in great measure of the twelfth century, and is an interesting and picturesque pile.

The church has no side aisles, and the east end was on the town walls; it is flanked with turrets, and the east

window protected by machicolations; a portion of the moat is below it, and contains water, the drainage from the church roof.

On the day following the funeral of Henry Courtmantel, the old king stormed the castle of Limoges, a few days later, that of Hautfort, when Bertrand de Born fell into his hands. Henry had good cause against this prime mover of strife, and he was not inclined to spare him. Bertrand had often boasted that he possessed a supply of ready wit sufficient to extricate him from any difficulty into which he fell. As the soul of the conspiracy, he was now doomed to die, and Henry taunted him with his former boast: "Now, surely, all your ready wit is run out!"

"Yes, sire! I shed it all the day that died the gallant young king I loved so dearly."

The tears came into Henry's eyes, and he waved the troubadour away. Bertrand won his life by that word.

CHAPTER XVI

CHÂLUS

The Reason why Châlus is described—The Situation of Châlus—The Two Castles—La Villette—The Castle in the Town—Richard hated in Aquitaine—The Romance of Cœur-de-Lion—His Banquet—His Return from Palestine—Ballad—The Quarrel of Richard with the Viscount of Limoges—Attack on Châlus—Richard wounded—and dies—Pierce Basile flayed—Verses on the Death of Richard—Foulkes' Sermon.

THE castle of Châlus-Chabrol does not legitimately come within the range of subjects immediately connected with the limestone plateaux of the centre of France, and yet it seems to me justifiable if I here say a few words relative to it.

For, in the first place, it marks the close of the first act of the great drama of the English occupation of Guyenne, and completes the story of the Plantagenet princes in this part of France. We have just seen the end of one rebellious son of Henry II. at Martel, and Châlus was the scene of the tragic death of another, the greatest of these sons, the only one for whom it is possible to say a word in his favour.

Moreover, Châlus is on the way to that district described in this volume, and when I made my second visit to the Causses, it was the first place where I halted after leaving England.

Châlus is not an easy place to reach. It lies on a branch line between Bussière-Galant and Saillat-Chassenon, on which run—nay, crawl—but two trains during the day in each direction, and one at night.

Bussière-Galant is on the line from Limoges to Perigueux, and Saillat-Chassenon on another branch line from

CHÂLUS.

Puy Joubert to Angoulême. At Bussière we are on the granite, but leave it, in the little train that meanders through a pretty wooded country, for the schist, penetrated by runs of porphyry and diorite.

Châlus lies on two small heights divided by a stream that springs a little to the north, the Tardoire, which forms a small ravine, and is ponded back to form a pool in which all the washing of the place is done. The little

town numbers about 1800 inhabitants. It is irregularly built, has some quaint old houses in it, a modern and ugly church, and a castle that consists of a cylindrical donjon, with ancient buildings grouped about it.

Beyond the Tardoire rises a rock that is crowned by La Villette, which consists of another cylindrical tower, and the ruins of a Romanesque church with quaint carved capitals and corbels. What small portion of the buildings is habitable is given up by the proprietors, the family of Bourbon-Châlus, to the sisters of charity, who keep in it a little school of girls. Under the castle, and constructed out of the ruins, are some cottages, and the peasants draw their water from the old castle well.

The little mountain pink grows dense among the crumbling ruins, and the wild wallflower throws its pendent yellow branches down the bare grey walls. The donjon is constructed of granite and schist blocks and rolled stones laid in rude courses; the lime has long ago been eaten out from the joints by the weather. The donjon is 75 feet high and 90 feet in circumference, and is of the twelfth century. The only method of entering it is by a door high up in the wall. Thence a stair winds round the tower constructed in the thickness of the wall. In the upper storey is a large breach formed by a fall in 1870. A double window at a great height is circular-headed. The Romanesque church of three bays and a fallen apse is of earlier date than the reign of King Richard.

It is singular that no mention is made of the castle of La Villette in the account of the siege of Châlus. The situation makes it stronger than that in the little town.

The tower that was undermined by the besiegers was

at the north-west angle of the rectangular building of the castle in the town, and occupied the point whence the hill descends rapidly. The stone on which Richard stood is just below this in the meadow by the stream. The tower still standing, which has been recently fresh capped, is certainly of the twelfth century. At the bottom is the

WELL, LA VILLETTE.

vaulted prison. Above this the tower consists of three stages reached by a spiral stair. The upper chambers are octagonal and are domed. In the uppermost are a large fireplace and a double window like that in the tower of the donjon of La Villette. The portion of the castle where stood the tower from which Richard was shot has been invaded by private dwellings.

The more recent portion of the castle was erected in

the thirteenth century, when it was given to Gerald de Maumont by Arthur, viscount of Limoges. Gerald de Maumont died in the castle in 1299.

No sooner was Henry II. dead, than Eleanor of Guyenne was released from her long confinement. Geoffry had followed his brother Henry to the grave. Richard was king of England, duke of Normandy and of Aquitaine, count of Poitiers, Maine, and Anjou.

Loved he was not in Guyenne; he had dealt too severely with the turbulent barons for them to yield him a ready obedience. But all excuse for resistance was taken from them now that Eleanor was free.

Richard's outward aspect was imposing; he was wondered at for his height, his immense strength, held in check though it was by a constantly-recurring ague, "which kept him, dauntless though he was, in a tremor as continual as the tremor of fear in which he kept the rest of the world; this made him seem a paladin of chivalry."[1]

His blue eyes and golden hair showed him to be a son of the north. He had not the easy good-humour and grace that had sat on his brother Henry, and had won all hearts. He was rough and downright in his manners; inflexible in carrying out whatever object he had in view; gifted with a certain generosity of heart; placable, but without tenderness and consideration for the feelings of others. It was asserted in Aquitaine that he respected neither life, property, nor honour; that wherever he went he carried off wives and daughters, and when weary of them, cast them to his ruffianly hirelings; that his subjects were dealt with as his enemies. But against these accusations, made by the nobility he quelled, we may set the testimony of the archdeacon, Giraldus de Barri: "The accusation of

[1] Girald. Cambr. *De Instr. Princ.* iii. 27.

cruelty he incurred causelessly; this is evident, for when the occasion for severity ceased, then he was clothed with kindness and clemency; and without being over hard, and certainly far from being carelessly easy-going, his severity gave way and reached the golden mean." The same writer draws a contrast between Richard and Henry Courtmantel, entirely in favour of the former. "Henry," he says, "was praised for his lenity and liberality; Richard was remarkable for his sternness of manner and fixity of purpose. The former was commendable for sweetness of manner, the latter for gravity; praise was accorded to the former for his facility, to the latter for his constancy. Henry was merciful, but Richard was just. The former was the refuge of the wicked and of evil-doers; but the latter brought these men to punishment. Henry gave protection to the bad; Richard exterminated them. Again, Henry delighted in martial sports; Richard cared only for serious pursuits. Henry gave his favour to foreigners; Richard always favoured his own subjects. The former was beloved by all; the latter only by the good. The former wanted to grasp and draw to himself the whole world; whereas the latter laid claim only to that portion of it over which he conceived he had legitimate right."

It must, however, be admitted that the balance of testimony is against Richard. But, indeed, his own conduct on coming to the throne is his worst condemnation. It became at once evident to every one that he understood nothing of his responsibilities, and cared less for the welfare of his people; that his whole mind was occupied with one idea, that of hacking at Saracens in Palestine, and conquering himself a kingdom at Jerusalem; or if not that, at all events of gaining a name as the King of Adventurers.

He laid his hands on the treasury filled by the pru-

dence and frugality of his father; he sold the county of Northumberland for life to the bishop of Durham; and to the king of Scotland he surrendered that suzerainty which had cost his father so many battles. He gave his brother John a county in Normandy, and seven in England, nearly a third of his realm.

No English king has been dealt with more generously by posterity than Richard, and none have less deserved it. He did no good to England whilst king, but an infinite deal of harm. He did not love England at all; he was a bad son, a bad husband, and a bad king. His only friends and companions were idle jongleurs and ruffianly brigands. Yet somehow the good-natured English people have chosen to idealise him, and to forgive all his defects, because he had one virtue, that a purely brutal one,—great animal courage.

He certainly had this advantage, that he was followed by the despicable John, whose levity was marked even at his coronation, when he turned to cut some joke with a stander-by at the time of his anointing, and had to be reprimanded by the archbishop. Richard, on the other hand, was grave. Beside the cowardly, frivolous, treacherous John, the brave, serious, and straightforward Richard shone out. In contrast with pitchy blackness, iron-grey looks comparatively white.

About half a century later a metrical romance was composed relative to Richard Cœur-de-Lion that strangely distorted history, and was written to glorify the Lion-hearted. Yet even in that the engrained brutality of the hero is recognised. He is represented as boiling and eating Saracens' heads. Richard had been suffering from ague in Palestine, and when convalescent, the first symptom of his recovery was a violent longing for pork. But

pork was not plentiful in a country whose inhabitants had an abhorrence for swine's flesh; and

> Though his men should be hanged,
> They ne might, in that countrey,
> For gold, ne silver, ne no money,
> No pork find, take, ne get,
> That King Richard might aught of eat.

The steward, no pig being available, took "a Saracen young and fat," and dressed him for the king's meal.

> Before King Richard carff a knight.
> He ate faster that he carve might.
> The king ate the flesh, and gnew the bones,
> And drank well after for the nonce.
> And when he had eaten enough,
> His folk hem turned away, and laugh (laughed).

Now this horrible meal was taken in ignorance, but when King Richard asked for more, he was informed of what he had partaken. Instead of being angry, he was delighted, and made the practical remark that this would greatly relieve the cares of the commissariat.

> Shall we never die for default,
> While we may, in any assault,
> Slee Saracens, the flesh may take,
> And seethen, and rosten, and do them bake,
> And gnawen hes (their) flesh to the bones!
> Now I have proved it once;
> For hunger ere I be woe,
> I and my folk shall eat moe.

And actually,—in the romance,—Richard had a banquet of boiled Saracens served up on the occasion of a visit of ambassadors at his court.

We have nothing to do with the romantic story of the crusade of Richard and of his captivity. He was released in February 1194, arrived in England, where he was enthusiastically received, and at once departed to the Gallic shore, there to engage in hostilities with Philip Augustus.

The war was carried on with varied success till 1199. Following the example of his father, Richard had engaged the services of Brabant mercenaries, who were no better than brigands, and carried terror wherever they went. In 1198 both princes prosecuted the war with greater ferocity than ever, burning and desolating the territories they invaded, and in their barbarity thrusting out the eyes of their prisoners.

Near Gisors Richard gained the day, and Philip Augustus in his flight was nearly drowned in the river Epte. "Ha, ha!" shouted Cœur-de-Lion; "this day I have made the French king drink deep of the water of the Epte." As for himself, he had unhorsed three knights at a single charge, and made them prisoners.

Meanwhile, the King of France had entered into league with the Count of Toulouse, who had invaded Quercy and recovered his lost territory. But, on the other hand, Richard had won the Counts of Flanders, Boulogne, Perche, and Blois to his side. A truce was concluded, and Richard took advantage of the breathing-time to enter Aquitaine and chastise the vassal nobles who had shown independence and flung off their allegiance.

A strange ballad flew from mouth to mouth. The anecdote is well known, how that when Julian the Apostate was on his way to fight the Persians, he taunted a Christian of Antioch with the question, "What is the carpenter's Son doing now?" "He is making the emperor's coffin," was the ready answer. And now, as Richard entered Aquitaine, with his heart on fire with rage, the whisper flew about, "In the Limousin his death-arrow is being cut, sharpened, and feathered."

Aymar, viscount of Limoges, was the first to incur his resentment. As already intimated, the viscount had

entered into relations with Philip Augustus of France; he had signed a treaty with him in April 1198 at St. Yrieix, and this Richard could not forgive. He resolved to wrest from him his castles in the Limousin, and to humble as well the count of Angoulême, who was the brother of Aymar. But some pretext had to be sought, as a truce had been concluded with Philip Augustus, and the pretext put forward was that Aymar had discovered a treasure, which he refused to surrender.

Richard divided his forces. He sent a detachment against Nontron, and another against Piégut, two other strongholds of the viscount. He himself sat down before Châlus, which was defended by a couple of knights and thirty-eight men-at-arms. One of the knights was called Pierre Basile.

At the time the castle of Châlus possessed a second round tower, that stood at the point of the hill above the Tardoire, and Richard commanded his men to undermine this.

The place was in imminent danger. The king stood below on a rock still pointed out, watching for the breach to be made. The day was March 26, 1199. The garrison, seeing that all was lost, sent to ask leave to surrender with the honours of war. Richard refused; he swore that he would hang every man.

The defenders of the fortress, finding themselves short of missiles, flung down beams and portions of the parapet on the heads of the miners. They had exhausted their bolts and arrows; they were short of defensive armour as well. One of the little band stood for more than half a day on the wall, with nothing but a frying-pan for a shield against the missiles which flew around him. This was Pierre Basile. All at once an arrow wedged itself in a

joint of the wall. Basile put out his hand, secured it, and, placing it in his crossbow, aimed at the king, who stood on the stone in the meadow, regardless of danger at all times, the more so now, when he knew that the besieged had expended their ammunition. Richard saw his action, and greeted it with a shout of defiance. The arrow sped, and struck him in his left shoulder, just below the joint of the neck, and, glancing downwards, lodged in his side.

He made light of the wound, and bade his captain, Mercadier, press on the assault with redoubled vigour, whilst he retired to his tent to have the arrow removed, There he rashly attempted to extract it with his own hand. The shaft broke, and the barb remained imbedded in his flesh. Mercadier sent his surgeon, who endeavoured to cut it out, but operated clumsily and hacked ineffectually. The wound became inflamed and swelled; the constitutional restlessness of the patient, aggravated by pain, made matters worse, and finally mortification set in.

When the mercenaries in the hire of King Richard learned that his life was endangered, they were full of rage, and assailed the castle with fury. The miners had succeeded in throwing down the wall, and the soldiers burst into the citadel.

Richard ordered that every man taken should be hung, with the exception of the knight who had wounded him, and whom, with capricious generosity, he forgave, and ordered his dismissal with a hundred marks.

But Mercadier detained Basile till after the king's death, and then had him flayed alive.

According to another account, he delivered him to Joanna, the king's sister, who tore out his eyes.[1]

[1] Roger Hoveden tells the story differently. He makes Bertrand de Gourdon the man who shot the fatal arrow; but Bernard Iter, a con-

The popular story found in all historians of modern times is that told by Roger Hoveden, that the man who shot the king was Bertrand de Gourdon, and that when he was brought before Richard, the king said to him, "What harm have I done you, that you should kill me?" To which Bertrand replied, "You slew my father and my two brothers with your own hand, and now purposed to kill me. Put me to death in the way you see fit. I am rejoiced to think that I have ridded the world of one who has caused it incalculable ills."

The question was a singularly foolish one for the king to ask. Bertrand de Gourdon was brother-in-law of the viscount of Limoges, against whom Richard was fighting. As shown in the note, it is impossible to accept Roger Hoveden's story as it stands. The man who slew Richard was Pierre Basile; but there must be some grounds for the statement of Hoveden, and I think the explanation is this. At Châlus there are two castles, and Gourdon had been placed by his brother-in-law, the viscount, in one, La Villette, the strongest of the two, whereas Basile was in the other, perhaps in command there. It is singular that in no account of the siege is any mention made of La Villette. In all probability Richard intended to reduce the town and its castle first, and then to turn against the second fortress. It cannot be that La Villette was not in

temporary Limousin writer, who gives an account of the death of Richard, and who names even the hour at which he was wounded, says that the man who killed Richard was Pierre Basile. Another contemporary, the annalist of the Abbey of Margan, also named Basile; so also does Matthew Paris. In fact, four contemporary chroniclers, one of them a Limousin, agree in calling the archer Pierre Basile. Moreover, Bernard de Gourdon lived for thirty years after the death of Richard. He took part in the crusade against the Albigenses in 1209, and did homage to Louis VIII. for Gourdon in 1226. He was the son of Fortanier de Gourdon and his wife Aquiline, daughter of Aymar, viscount of Limoges, and was the eldest of their three sons.

existence then, for the situation is the most commanding of the two. Moreover, the tower and chapel are of earlier date than Richard's death. If, as I conjecture, Bertrand de Gourdon was in command there, it is easy to see how that the English chronicler, not knowing that there were two castles, and hearing that Gourdon had thrown himself into the castle, and that the castle was taken, supposed that both incidents referred to the same fortress, and the error occurs from misapprehension. One castle is within a bowshot of the other, and La Villette commands the water supply of the town, but has its own independent well.

Richard died on the eleventh day after he was wounded, on April 6, Tuesday in Holy Week.

His body was embalmed and conveyed to Fontevrault, his heart was deposited in Rouen—it is now in the museum of that city, and is exhibited in a glass case suitably labelled.

With some zest does the annalist Roger of Hoveden quote verses composed on the death of Richard—

> "In this man's death, the lion by the ant is slain,
> Alack-a-day! His death was no commensurate gain."

And these—

> "Valour and greed, insatiate lust and pride,
> Blind fury also did in him abide.
> For twice five years he reigned; an ashen bow
> Laid all this lump of force and violence low."

One day towards the end of his life, Richard encountered the celebrated Foulques, the troubadour *curé* of Neuilli-sur-Marne. Foulques was preaching; suddenly he interrupted his sermon, and, turning to the king of England, exclaimed, "Prince! you have three wicked daughters

who are drawing you down into the abyss of hell; get rid of them as quickly as may be."

"You lie!" shouted Richard; "I have no daughters."

"You have three," retorted the priest, "and their names are Pride, Avarice, and Luxury."

"Pardieu!" laughed the king; "I can provide for these easily enough. I give over Pride to the Templars, Avarice to the Cistercian monks, and Luxury to the prelates of my realm. They are well mated now."

CHAPTER XVII

THE ROUTIERS

The Feudal System — Fiefs and Offices become Hereditary — The Crusade of 1146—Confusion in the Land—The Rise of the Routiers —They are Mercenaries—Destruction of a Band at Beaufort—The Routiers form themselves into Companies—Sell their Services to the French or English—Excommunicated by the Lateran Council—They sack Brantôme—Henry Courtmantel pillages Churches to pay them—Mercadier—Rewarded by Richard with the Castle of Beynac—Mercadier and Cadouin—He is employed by the Archbishop of Bordeaux—His Assassination—The Rise of the Capuciati —The Carpenter Durand—The Massacre of Charenton—Assembly at Le Puy—Ruin of the Capuciati—The Routiers and the Albigensian War—Death of Algaïs—League in Quercy against the Freebooters.

THE twelfth century saw the birth of a mighty evil which afflicted Aquitaine, Languedoc, — almost the whole of Gallic soil during three centuries,—the Routiers and the Free Companies. For three hundred years the history of the south of France is the story of one long agony of the people, tortured, devoured by irresponsible ruffians—nay, we may extend the period of this purgatory to another century, for the Wars of Religion were but a continuation of the same reign of violence.

The institution of the Routiers, and later of the Free Companies, sprang out of the incompetence of feudalism to fulfil its mission.

To thoroughly understand the condition of affairs, it

will be advisable to say a few words on the feudal system. Under the Carlovingians there had been two kinds of property,—*allodial* estates, of which the owners were free men, paying no taxes or dues, and, as the saying went, "owing nothing save to the sun"; and secondly, the *benefices*, lands charged with responsibilities and burdens. He who had received a benefice or fief was bound to render to the donor personal services, and also certain contributions in kind. The most important of these obligations was military service. In the midst of a society given over to all kinds of violence, the owners of allodial estates recommended themselves to some powerful noble in their neighbourhood, surrendered their freeholds, and received them back again converted into benefices, and in exchange were assured of protection by this noble, who became their feudal lord, and they his vassals.

All the crown lands were in the charge of great servants of the crown, and originally on the death of one of these, the charge reverted to the crown; but very speedily they became hereditary. The nobles holding the titles, offices, and estates refused to surrender them. One day Charlemagne reproached his son Louis, king of Aquitaine, with not endeavouring to win his subjects by concessions of land. "You give them your benediction; that is not enough."

Louis replied that he had nothing else to give, for the nobles refused to surrender the offices, and estates that went with these offices, and transmitted them to their heirs. Charlemagne replied that the king had no right to suffer this usurpation of the royal domains. He at once sent emissaries to turn out those who held them illegally. The obstacles which Charlemagne was strong enough to break were insurmountable by his feeble successors.

Under them the heredity of benefices acquired the force of custom, and soon that of right. One can imagine what was the condition if one were to suppose that at present the *préfets*, the magistrates, and the generals could not be deprived of their functions by the Government that employed them, and that they had full power to transmit their offices to their children, even, at their good pleasure, to sell them. But this illustration is not altogether incomplete, for in the eleventh century all these functions were in the hands of the same individuals. The count was at once the political, military, and judicial head in his county.[1]

This usurpation of the royal prerogative converted every grand proprietor into a petty sovereign. He possessed the right to engage in war, to coin money, and to make and execute his laws; and as this usurpation was widespread, and embraced every degree in the feudal system, the country was parcelled out among a vast number of feudal sovereigns, who owed their over-lords little more than a barren homage.

The tenants of the fiefs formed a vast hierarchy, which ascended from the ordinary knight to the king, and each in his own sphere exercised his double capacity of sovereign and vassal. Thus, the count, vassal of a duke or the king, was *suzerain* over several viscounts and barons. The king of France himself was vassal to the abbé of St. Denis for a parcel of land he held of the abbey; and the duke of Burgundy was in like manner vassal to the bishop of Langres.

Within a fief the minor vassals exercised great liberty. They treated their suzerain as he treated his over-lord. It was the privilege of the vassal to make war when and

[1] Dury, *Histoire de France*, t. i. p. 251.

against whom he pleased, even against his suzerain, on condition of his surrendering his fief—a condition rarely complied with. Finally, one man might be the vassal of two or more different sovereigns, and owe each military service when they were mutually engaged in war.

As already said, the most important of the obligations imposed on a vassal was that of following his liege lord to war. The conditions on which the vassals had received their fiefs determined the number of days during which this service was to be rendered—sixty days, rarely more, sometimes only a fortnight. Some were not bound to serve beyond the limits of the territory of their feudal lord.

In the twelfth century the royal domain was surrounded by vast feudal principalities, whose tenants rivalled the king in wealth and power. To the north was the count of Flanders; to the east the duke of Normandy, with his turbulent vassal the duke of Brittany; to the south-east the duke of Burgundy; to the east the count of Champagne; to the south-west the count of Anjou. Farther to the south were the dukes of Aquitaine and Gascony, and the counts of Toulouse and Barcelona, all with their innumerable vassals; for every fief was infinitely subdivided. The clergy itself occupied a place in this feudal hierarchy. Bishops and abbots were dukes, counts, or seigneurs, with military obligations and judicial authorities like the lay princes. Thus, with the exception of five or six towns possessed by the king, all France belonged to lay or ecclesiastical lords, great or small. When every seigneur, great or small, was practically independent, he sought distraction either in the chase or in military expeditions. To fall upon travelling merchants, to pillage churches, to ravage the territories of neighbours, were better sport than hunting deer and pur-

suing the wild boar. The kings, as knight-errants, spent their time in wandering over the land, redressing wrongs and punishing wrong-doers. Louis VI. and Louis VII. did little else. Then ensued the Crusades, relieving the monotony of petty intestine strife. In 1147 Louis and his queen, Eleanor, took the cross and started for Palestine, drawing along with them many of the nobility and clergy. They were absent for two years. "Hardly," says the monk that has written the life of Suger, who was regent, —"Hardly had the king departed, before men, eager for rapine, thinking that their opportunity had arrived, began to devastate the realm on all sides, and to exercise long-harboured schemes of perverseness. Openly they plundered churches and the poor; others, less audacious, committed like rapine more secretly."

The lands of the nobles who had gone to the East were exposed defenceless. Such barons as remained behind gathered about them needy and unscrupulous adventurers, and seized on castles and lands belonging to the absent Crusaders. In 1150 the wretched residue of the expedition to the East returned, without resources, and ready to join in the general pillage.

Foreign events contributed to multiply these enemies of public order. Such were the interminable quarrels of the kings of Aragon and Navarre, and the desperate struggle maintained by the viscounts of Béarn against the Saracens, as also the war of succession for the territories of Godfrey de Bouillon.

From 1147 to 1160 the soil of France reeked with blood or smoked with fires, the blood shed, the flames kindled, by the partisans on this side or that. The feudal system broke down. The vassals refused to render more than their covenanted service, and to fight beyond the

stipulated limits; consequently, every lord whose sword was drawn surrounded himself with bands of mercenaries. Thenceforth a war of extermination against property of every kind began, and was carried out ruthlessly. The Church was rich but feeble, and it was exposed to these plunderers. To protect itself, it appointed barons to be its guardians, and the guardian squeezed the Church almost as tight as did the open enemy.

The soldiers of the Cross became soldiers of fortune. Their swords, which had been wet with Moslem blood, now dripped with that of their fellow-Christians. The Crusade had dissolved what little tie had restrained their consciences. The lawless of every nation trooped to France in quest of adventure and spoil.

In 1173, Henry II., having been deserted by most of his vassals, summoned a party of Brabant mercenaries to his aid, and, owing to the exhaustion of his finances, was forced to surrender to them his royal sword in pledge for their covenanted pay.

In 1175 his sons submitted to him. Then these hirelings offered their arms to Richard. They were commanded by a renegade clerk, William de Cambresis, who, ten years before, had ravaged Italy under the Emperor Frederic.

The castle of Beaufort, in Limousin, had become the stronghold of these brigands. In 1177, Aymar, viscount, and Gerald, bishop of Limoges, combined to make an end of their depredations. They took the castle, and put every man and woman therein to the sword. The butchery lasted for five hours. Two thousand of both sexes, the Routiers and their camp-followers, were slaughtered. Thenceforth Beaufort, the scene of this terrible vengeance, changed its name to Malemort.

This act of rigour intimidated the mercenaries for a

while, but only for a while. The breakdown of the feudal system had made them a necessity for the great princes who conducted war, and the supply kept pace with the demand. When a prince had done his little war, he dismissed the mercenaries, and these fellows, if they found no other prince ready to engage them, settled themselves into some stronghold, and carried on harrying expeditions on their own score. They grouped themselves into companies, they elected their chiefs, or some man of name collected a band about him, and negotiated with those engaging in war to sell his sword and those of his men to whichever side offered the highest pay.

The Bastard of Fallaise thus served John Lackland. Cadoc, seigneur of Gaillon, a Breton, placed himself at the disposal of Philip Augustus. Mercadier, with his Brabant ruffians, was in the pay of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. So also was William the Wolf-hunter (Lupercarius, in Provençal Lobar). Like birds of prey who scent strife, these brigands swooped down on the lands that were swept by war, and exhibited an astounding effrontery in carrying out their deeds of sacrilege and plunder.

In the general distress and danger, it was felt that some combined effort must be made to repress them. The princes found them too useful to be willing to put an end to the institution; therefore the aid of the Church was invoked. In the Lateran Council of 1179 a canon was fulminated against them as well as against heretics, the one as enemies to the common faith, the other as foes to the common order. It decreed that "the Brabançois, Aragonese, Navarrese, Basque, and other mercenaries who exercised such atrocious cruelties against the faithful, and who respected neither churches and monasteries, nor widows and orphans, and who, like Pagans, ravaged and

destroyed all," should be excommunicated. The faithful were exhorted to oppose them by force, and the princes to reduce them to serfdom.

A letter written by Stephen, abbot of St. Geneviève, who was travelling near Toulouse in 1181, gives us a picture of the condition to which the Routiers had reduced the country. "I have undertaken a rude task, but apprehension of dangers that threaten makes me hurry over it. Indeed, I have cause to fear. The way is long and encompassed by perils—peril in crossing the rivers, peril of robbers, perils from the Cotereaux (brigands) . . . it leads through vast wastes desolated by the fury of robbers, and through scenes of death, athwart burnt towns and ruined houses. Everywhere, and at all moments, one is in fear of losing life or limb."

Richard Cœur-de-Lion employed some of these hirelings against others in the service of his brothers, Geoffry, Duke of Brittany, and Henry Courtmantel. He encountered a party of Gascon Routiers under their captain, Raymond Brun, near Aixe; routed them, drowned some in the river Vienne, hewed some in pieces, and tore out the eyes of twenty, whom he then released. Henry appealed for help to Philip Augustus, who at once sent a body of mercenaries to the assistance of his brother-in-law. This army marched across Poitou (1183). Having reached the town of Maillé, they asked permission to enter and rest. A citizen shouted to them from the walls that they had best push on to Malemort, and find their final rest there. The allusion so enraged the company that they rushed on the place, penetrated into the faubourg, and massacred 153 of the inhabitants. Soon after they entered Brantôme, which they ravaged. The inhabitants had put their treasures into the church. The Routiers did not respect the

sacred place; they took everything, and went on their way laden with spoils. The monks, lacking even bread, had to disperse over the country, begging sufficient to sustain life. "The day of this tribulation," says the chronicler, "was the 26th February, the Saturday before Quinquagesima, the day on which the Lord said, Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, nor on the Sabbath day."

The pillagers marched upon Limoges, leaving behind them a track of blood and ashes. There Henry welcomed them. But he was without the means of paying them, and was forced to plunder the treasury of St. Martial, the Abbey of Grandmont, and the famous shrine of Rocamadour, as related in a former chapter, so as to provide sufficient to satisfy the rapacity of the party.

Mercadier was at that time serving for Richard. He appeared suddenly before the castle of Pompadour. His men spread through the neighbourhood, ravaging the fields, pillaging farmsteads, capturing men and forcing them to ransom themselves, and murdering the infirm, old, and young. The population of three or four villages were put to ransom, and Mercadier divided the spoil with Constantine, brother of the famous Bertrand de Born, and Raoul de Castelnau, his confederates.

Next year, Mercadier, acting in the name of Richard, entered Excideuil (February 26, 1184), favoured by a fog, and massacred the inhabitants who fell into his hands.

In 1188 a great band of Routiers, probably that commanded by Mercadier, took seventeen castles in Quercy, and Mercadier was rewarded for his many services and fidelity to Richard by the grant of the castle and lands of Beynac.

This stronghold is on the Dordogne, and occupies a precipitous rock, with the little town clustering about its

face and drawn out at its feet. The parish church and castle chapel are one. The château itself is of later date than the period of Mercadier, but the basements of some of the towers are certainly as old, and the subterranean chambers hewn in the rock, and looking out over town and river, are probably even more ancient. This splendid pile, in a most picturesque position, is now the property of the Comte de Beaumont. It is very ruinous, though still habitable.

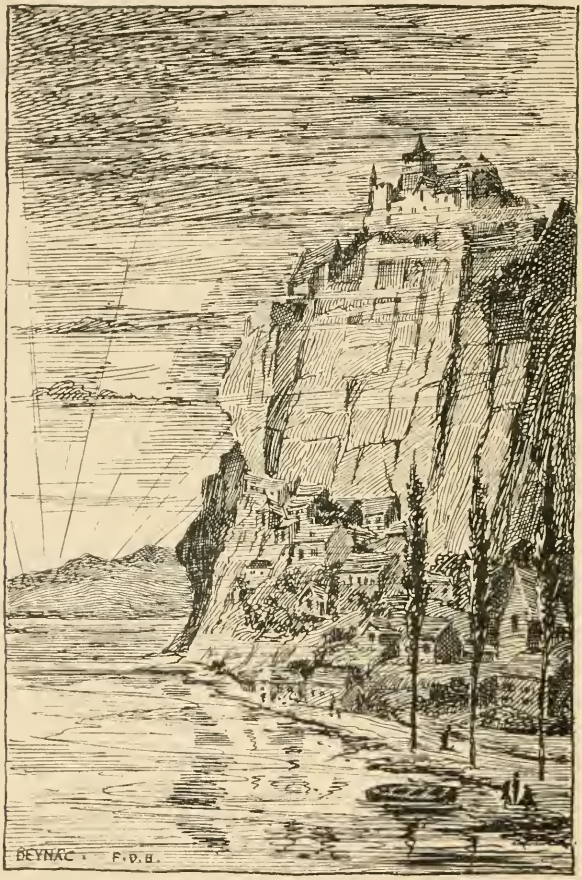
In 1194 Richard disembarked after his captivity, and on July 5 he fell upon Philip Augustus between Blois and Fréteval, carried off his baggage, his silver, even his seal, and his fiscal registers. In the pursuit his horse fell under him, but Mercadier, who was at his side, supplied him with another.

Peace was concluded between the two kings in 1195, and then Mercadier returned to his possessions in Périgord, where he had acquired a castle at Bigaroque as well as Beynac. On March 10, in the same year, he made a bequest to the Abbey of Cadouin, and from the deed it appears that he was married to the sister of the Seigneur de Lesparre.

"Cette charte de Mercadier," says his biographer, M. Géraud, "permit quelques notions curieuses. Ainsi, le Roi Richard avait bien pu introduire un aventurier dans une noble famille, lui créer une fortune, le mettre à la tête de ses amis, l'honorer de sa faveur, de son intimité même; il n'avait pu en faire un chevalier. L'ami du prince dans la hierarchie sociale de l'epoque reste un simple serviteur, *famulus*, mais l'influence de la faveur royale devait singulièrement aider le simple routier à franchir la distance qui le séparait des orgueilleux et nobles barons."

In 1196 hostilities broke out again.

Mercadier captured Henri de Dreux, grandson of Louis le Gros and cousin of Philip Augustus. He was



CASTLE OF BEYNAC.

bishop of Beauvais. Along with him the captain secured the archdeacon. He surrendered both to Richard with the words—"Sire, I give you the man of anthems and the man of responses—keep them if you can."

In 1198 Mercadier intercepted the French army near Vernon, and captured thirty knights and squires. He was with Richard at the siege of Châlus, when the king fell. After the death of the Lion Heart, his zeal for the English cause declined somewhat. His attachment to Richard had been mainly personal, and he bore little regard for John.

Pope Innocent II. wrote at this time: "The death of Richard, king of England, has caused consternation among the inhabitants of Gascony. Everyone fears for his person and goods, and, flying from the fields and forsaking agricultural pursuits, takes refuge in strongholds. The archbishop of Bordeaux drew Mercadier and Arnald the Gascon into his province, Routiers whom the enemy of the human race had cast into the world as instruments of iniquity. The prelate, convoking his diocesans, declared his intention of maintaining peace by means of these mercenaries.

"No sooner had the unhappy people, reassured by this undertaking, returned to their homes and occupations," continues Innocent, "than these Routiers concerted with the archbishop, and spread through the province, pillaging the whole country, and then gave up a portion of the spoil to the archbishop, who received them and the plunder in the castle of one of his nephews. From this stronghold, which they held for over a twelvemonth, they swept the neighbourhood, desolating the land, and taking everything on which they could lay hands."

In 1199 Queen Eleanor was at the court of Alphonso IX., where she negotiated the marriage of Blanche, his daughter, with Louis, the eldest son of Philip Augustus. Next spring she was on her way home, and she brought with her Blanche of Castille. They arrived at Bordeaux

in Holy Week, and remained there to celebrate Easter. Mercadier hastened from Beynac to the capital of Guyenne, to salute the two queens, when he was assassinated in broad day in the street by a man in the hire of another Routier, named Brandin, who was a servant of King John of England. The murderer was never called to account for the deed.

The *Grandes Chroniques de France* thus sketches the state of affairs:—"The Routiers entered the royal territories, plundered the goods, took the peasants, bound them, and drew them after them like slaves, and violated their wives. Nor was this all. They burnt monasteries and churches, and haled the clergy along, calling them, in mockery, Cantadors. When they beat and tortured them, they shouted, 'Sing! sing!' they buffeted them, beat them with cudgels, and some died under this treatment. Others half dead they held to ransom."

The condition of the country was so terrible, and so little relief was to be experienced either from the king or the Church, that at length the people took the matter into their own hands.

At the close of the twelfth century, an obscure artisan of Auvergne rescued his country for a while from the plague of the Routiers. He was a carpenter, Durand by name, poor, with wife and children, little favoured in personal appearance, but with a simple and pious heart.

On St. Andrew's day (November 30) 1181, he went to Peter, bishop of Le Puy, to announce to him that he had been commissioned by God to liberate his country. In proof of his mission he exhibited a slip of parchment which, he said, had miraculously floated down from heaven to his feet. It bore a picture of Our Lady and Child, and round it was the legend, "Agnus Dei, qui

tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem." It was but the expression of agonised prayer wrung from the heart of the peasantry and the little burghers throughout the land —Give us peace! They cried to Heaven first; afterwards, as we shall see, they turned to hell for relief. The bishop took no account of the pretended revelation, and the populace, getting wind of Durand's mission, mobbed and derided him in the streets.

However, by Christmas, he had united a hundred men in a sort of confraternity, the end of which was to labour for peace. By the beginning of 1183 the brotherhood embraced five thousand members, and by Easter it had swelled further. Then a canon of Le Puy drew up a Rule of Life for the fraternity, and designed for the members a sort of uniform. This consisted in a linen hood, to which were attached two bands of the same material, one of which hung over the breast, the other depended down the back. To the band in front was attached a disc, on which was engraved the figure of the Virgin and the Child, with the legend. The congregation was entitled that of the Capuciati.

The rule of the society enjoined the cultivation of peace, and abstention from drunkenness, gambling, oaths, false witness, etc., and required the confederates to be ready when called upon to march against the Routiers, the great enemies of peace. It was obvious that the way to peace led only over the bodies of these pests of society.

The congregation rapidly extended itself throughout the south and centre of the land. All the members were drawn from the peasant and small trading classes. Unfortunately, no chronicler has written the history of this singular association, and we can but gather up scattered

notices from various sources. The chronicler of St. Denis merely says, "The peace made in the land by this prud-homme (Durand, the founder) lasted a long time."

Henry Courtmantel having died 11th June 1183, the great party of Routiers sent to his assistance by Philip Augustus found itself without a master, and it drifted away in the direction of Burgundy, as the duke was then in Limousin, and they hoped to pillage his territories during his absence.

On reaching Charenton, on the Cher, on July 20, they asked leave to enter the town and rest and recruit themselves. The permission was reluctantly accorded. Meanwhile, the Capuciati in the Limousin and Auvergne had been roused, and assembled in crowds, and marched on Charenton, which they invested, so that the Routiers, or Cotereaux, as they were also termed, could not leave. The captain of the confederacy summoned the seigneur of Charenton to expel those to whom he had accorded harbour, and threatened him, in the event of refusal, to deal with him and the citizens as remorselessly as they purposed dealing with the mercenaries.

The lord of Charenton, unable to persuade his awkward guests to leave the shelter of the walls and continue their way, had recourse to stratagem to relieve himself of them. He proposed a combined attack on the Capuciati. The Routiers at once rose to the suggestion. Then he proposed that they should sally in a body from the gates of the town. He with his party would issue from a postern, and, when the engagement was hot, would fall on the rear of the confederates. The proposition was approved and accepted. No sooner, however, were the Brabanters outside the gates, than the portcullis was lowered and the bridge raised.

The Routiers, seeing themselves betrayed, and attacked both in front and in rear, lost confidence, and allowed themselves to be butchered like a flock of sheep, without offering any resistance. The number that fell is variously estimated at twelve to seventeen thousand. Raymond Brun, the captain, cut his way through at the head of a small bodyguard, but fell in with another detachment of the Capuciati a few days later, and every man of his party was put to the sword.

The same day, Courbaran, leader of another band of Cotereaux in the Rouergue was defeated by the Society of Peacemakers, and he and five hundred men were hewn to pieces. Much about the same time another battle was fought in Auvergne, in which some of the nobles were engaged against the companies of Routiers, and the latter were defeated, and left three thousand dead on the field.

The successes of the Brotherhood of Peace were bruited about, and on the Feast of the Assumption, 1187, the crowds assembled for pilgrimage to the celebrated shrine of Le Puy were addressed by the bishop, with the carpenter Durand standing at his side, and he urgently called on all who heard his words, loved their country, and sought to hasten the kingdom of Christ, to unite to free the land from the scourge of the Routiers. His words were so cogent, his zeal so fervent, that multitudes assumed the linen hood, among them princes, barons, knights, and abbots. The king of Aragon and the count of Toulouse enrolled themselves in the Confederacy of Peace.

That was a great day of triumph for the Capuciati. Unhappily it marked the decline of the order. The victories they had won, the applause they had drawn on them, made them headstrong and presumptuous.

For the nonce the freebooters were quelled, and quailed before the people risen in a body to lynch their tormentors. But the extirpation of the Routiers was but one item in the programme. The congregation knew very well that these ruffians only existed because the princes and nobles were at strife with one another; and now they turned on the seigneurs, to insist on the abolition of private warfare, and to put down such as refused in the same manner as they had put down their servants, the Routiers. But for this task the common people were not sufficiently strong. The nobility combined against them. At the same time, they incurred the jealousy of the clergy, in that they had adopted communistic notions, and refused submission to all authorities save those of their own election.

Hugh, bishop of Auxerre, marched against the confederates at the head of an armed force, captured a large body at Giac, imposed on them a fine, and forbade them to wear their hoods and medals, and indeed any covering for the head in winter and summer for a twelvemonth. At the intercession of the archbishop of Sens, he shortened the duration of this punishment.

No sooner did the Routiers learn that both clergy and nobility were opposed to the sect, than they poured over the country again, and offered their swords.

A great opening for the energies of the Cotereaux was now afforded by the proclamation of the crusade against the Albigenses. The clash of arms, the scent of fire and blood drew these ruffians to the scene of war and extermination. Many of them took the cross for the sake of the pillage that was promised in this world, rather than the salvation assured them hereafter. Perhaps it was a solace to them to be able to commit their favourite

atrocities under the sanction of the vicar of Christ. Others held themselves aloof, to serve whichever side would pay best. Very often the towns menaced by the crusaders summoned these mercenaries to their aid. This is what was done by Moissac in 1212, when besieged by Simon de Montfort.

Pierre de Vaux Cernai gives a letter from the prelate of Laruns to the king of Aragon, in which we read that Gaston, viscount of Béarn, having summoned the Routiers to his aid, marched against Castelnau, and lodged the men in the cathedral at Oléron, where they committed every kind of outrage. One, assuming sacerdotal vestments, sang a profane travesty of the mass at the altar.

In 1212 De Montfort took the castle of Biron, which was defended by Algaïs, a great captain of the Routiers, who had formerly served under him, but had afterwards sold his services to the count of Toulouse. De Montfort had the old man tied to the tail of a horse and driven over the stony land till he was torn to pieces.

The towns of Cahors and Figeac, and the viscount of Turenne, the lord of Gourdon, and the abbot of Tulle united in 1231 to sweep the brigands from Quercy and Lower Limousin. The compact was signed at Rocamadour, for greater solemnity, and it was rigorously enforced for some time. For a while the disease remained dormant or subdued, to break out again with new violence.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE BASTIDES

The Construction of the Bastides Modern in Character—Alphonso of Poitiers and Villefranche de Rouergue—Opposition of the Bishop of Rodez—Edward I. a Great Founder of Free Towns—Foundation of Domme—Dates of Foundation of the Free Towns—Montpazier—Beaumont—Bastide same as Bastille—Bastides in Provence—No Trace of English Architecture in them.

ONE of the peculiar features of Guyenne is the *bastides*. Their construction is as unlike that of the old towns that date from Roman times as can be well conceived. In fact, they resemble in plan a modern American city, or one of those artificial capitals that were erected in Germany in the eighteenth century, Mannheim, Darmstadt, or Carlsruhe. They differ from an American town in that their central feature is a church, and from a German artificial capital in that every house is a counterpart of every other. There is equality and fraternity in a bastide, and yet every bastide dates from the Middle Ages. Another remarkable feature of the bastides is, that they sprang into existence at once: they had no progressive maturity; they were founded, built, and inhabited, in one year.

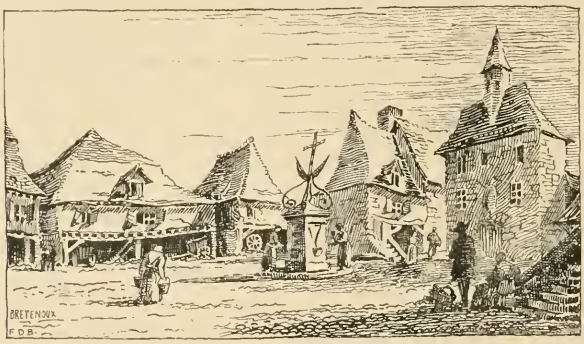
The story of the birth of the bastides is this. Alphonso of Poitiers, brother of St. Louis, had become, by marriage with the heiress of the count of Toulouse,

the nominal over-lord to a portion of Guyenne, but he actually possessed nothing save the empty title. In the Rouergue he had inherited the suzerainty, but not the town of Rodez, which had been sold by Raymond IV. in 1095, and which belonged to the count of Rodez, and the city, divided by walls from the town, was under the jurisdiction of the bishop. Every important place in the Rouergue belonged to some special master, who did homage, but gave nothing else.

This was a very unsatisfactory condition of affairs, little relished by Alphonso. He determined to create what he did not possess, to form for himself a capital to his county. Accordingly, he set to work to build one, on a piece of uninhabited land, and called it Villefranche de Rouergue. At the same time he founded Villeneuve d'Agen. The bishop of Rodez, much alarmed at the flow of citizens who hastened to Villefranche, where they were assured of complete liberty, thundered an excommunication against everyone who built or occupied a house therein, and he formally cursed the land on which it rose. The seneschal of the count of Rouergue appealed to the king. "Sire," wrote he, "know that in the bishopric of Rodez there are many towns and castles; but the majority of the inhabitants have no other forts than the churches, and in time of war the good country folk put their coffers, in which are stowed their clothes and corn, into the churches. Now, sire, the bishop has excommunicated all such as do this. The poor people who have very small houses, not knowing where to bestow their valuables, are forced to address themselves to the bishop, and pay twelve Tournois sous, and even more, for their absolution." This grasping prelate got himself into difficulties somewhat later. He was denounced to the

Inquisition for his *turpitudes détestables*, *i.e.* homicide and simony.

Edward I. of England was a great founder of bastides, and some of the barons followed suit. At Domme there existed a tower and a few houses. Philip III. bought it in 1280, and sent the seneschal of Normandy to draw out the plan of the town. Then he established a mint, in which to coin the money wherewith the workmen engaged in the erection of the town were to be paid. When the



MARKET-PLACE, BRETENOUX.

town was complete, the king conferred all kinds of immunities on it. The inhabitants were given the right of self-government; they were entitled to elect their own consuls, were given the privilege of a free mill and a free oven—a great boon, as the seignorial lords had established manorial mills and bakehouses at which their vassals were compelled to grind and bake, and, of course, pay into the lord's coffer for so doing. The inhabitants of Domme were freed from all dues save a payment of six deniers to the king from every house. The place was to be for ever a royal domain, and justice to be administered in it by a royal officer. The foundation of Domme so

alarmed the viscounts of Turenne and Gourdon, that they wrung from St. Louis a promise not to found any more free towns in their lands. Nevertheless, one of these bastides sprang up in 1277; this was Bretenoux, founded by the seigneur of Castlenau, a feudatory of Turenne.

Beaumont, in the Périgord, was founded in 1272; Montpazier in 1289, and this was a creation of the Baron de Biron. La Linde was a bastide erected by the Marshal Jean de la Linde, in 1273. Mollières, three leagues east of Beaumont, was founded about 1280; Castillionne in 1259.

"If, in place of founding so many free towns," says M. de Vernheil, "Edward I. had violently destroyed *one*, all our histories would have rung with the feat of arms. But such is mediæval history—it is made up of wars and the noisy disasters of the time. Works of peace and the strides made by civilisation pass unnoticed in them. To archæology it often belongs to observe and reveal such." The example of Edward produced a host of imitators, for the feudal princes, lay and ecclesiastical, soon learned that the multiplication of free towns tended greatly to the prosperity of the country and to their own consequence. Thereupon they rivalled each other in running up these bastides, to which great immunities were granted. These free towns multiplied so exceedingly that all have not been able to flourish, and some draw out but a precarious existence.

They can be recognised on the map by such names as Villeneuve or Villefranche, and there is no mistaking one, when entered, unless greatly transformed by modern prosperity. Perhaps the most perfect which has come down to us is Montpazier. This, lying away from the great thoroughfares of trade, has remained unaltered. In

shape the town is a parallelogram. It is 400 metres (1300 feet) long, and 220 metres (720 feet) wide. Occupying as it does an elevated position on a chalk plateau that is waterless, it has no moat. The wall is flanked by square towers. Four main streets of precisely the same width traverse the town, each pair parallel, and at right angles to the other. This divides the town into eight blocks about a central space which was left open as a market-place and miniature forum. Precisely twenty-two houses, each of identical size, look out into this square, which is surrounded by a covered arcade, sufficiently wide to allow carts to pass; that is to say, 6 metres (19 feet).

Beside the main streets, there are smaller streets. The main thoroughfares are 8 metres (26 feet) wide, the smaller are 7·50 (24 feet 6 inches), or 5·65 (18 feet), according as they run lengthways or breadthways. Each house stands by itself, with a runnel between two houses, and every house is the same size as every other. The severe uniformity of the town is only broken by the church. Beaumont is another, of somewhat similar structure, but, owing to the fact that it occupies a projecting piece of high tableland, above the little river of the Couze, it is not so regular in its outline as Montpazier. The church is fortified. Like so many of the Aquitanian sacred edifices, it consists of a single huge hall of six bays, with square end, two towers are at the west front, machicolated and crenelated. Above the south door is a projecting machicolation. The church above the vaulted roof, and under that of tiles, was designed to serve for a garrison; and the church provided with a well and other conveniences. At the east end there are two more machicolated towers.

Beaumont has lost its walls, but Ste. Foy in Gironde has them still.

The name *bastide*, which is another form of *bastille*, originally applied to outlying forts that defended the approach to a town.

The fortifications defending the gates of Paris were termed bastilles, and that of St. Antoine became the prison so memorable in history. In Provence the primitive signification of an outlying place that is fortified has remained. Numerous old manor-houses are so entitled, because in the Middle Ages they were capable of defence, and they lay in the country round about a town.

In Guyenne the term acquired a different signification; it was applied to the fortified strongholds of freedom, outlying places, remote from the ancient cities, enclosed within their walls, and surmounted by their citadels.

What is eminently instructive in the bastides is that they give us examples of ecclesiastical, military, and domestic architecture of which the dates can be fixed with absolute certainty. What is also curious is that those founded by Edward I. show no evidence whatever of English influence in the architectural structure or decoration. In 1298 Edward wrote to the municipality of London to send him architects to Guyenne, but by this date the bastides were erected, and the only traces of English feeling in architecture are to be discovered in the city of Bordeaux, and perchance in Bayonne.

CATHEDRAL-TOWER, RODEZ.

CHAPTER XIX

THE DOMED CHURCHES

St. Front—its Unique Character—two Churches combined into one—The Old Basilica—The Two Types of a Christian Church taken from Roman Domestic Architecture—The Roman Atrium and Tablinum—the Bema—the Basilica—Private Basilicas given to the Church, not Public Halls of Justice—The Basilican Type—The Basilica at Périgueux—its Destruction—The Byzantine Church erected by Froterius—The Cupola—its Construction—The Defect of Cupola Churches in the West—Roofing over of Domes—"Restoration" at St. Front—St. Etienne at Périgueux—Influence of St. Front—Church at Souillac—at St. Avit le Sénieur—at Tursac—Detail nowhere Byzantine but Roman—Reconstruction of Churches in the Albigeois—Inconvenience of Choirless Churches—Monastic Architects favoured Romanesque Architecture — The Pointed Style introduced by Lay Architects—Vaulting of Naves—Pointed Architecture advanced with the Royal Power—Flamboyant and Renaissance—Rodez—Cadouin.

THE capital of Périgord possesses one thing which, to the ecclesiastical antiquary and architect, is of supreme interest, and which, sad to relate, it has not been able to leave intact. This is the great church of St. Front, formerly abbatial, now the cathedral. It is of special interest, because it combines into one two distinct types of church—I may say the only distinct mother-types from which all others are developments.

In the sixth century the citizens of the town undertook to build themselves a basilica in the midst of some Roman ruins on the Puy, or rocky elevation to the east of the

Roman town of Vesuna, which commanded the river Lisle. This basilica they raised over the tomb of the apostle of the Petricordii, St. Fronto, traditionally thought to have been commissioned by St. Peter, but probably a missioner of the third century. From the chancel of this church steps led down to the *confession*, or tomb of the apostle, which was in a vault below. This basilica consisted of a porch, and a church consisting of a nave and aisles, in six bays or compartments, and a conchoidal apse. The nave was timber-roofed, the aisles barrel-vaulted at right angles to the axis of the church. It possessed two peculiar features. Each compartment of the nave was marked by an arch from pillar to pillar, and the whole structure was internally of remarkable height—the first indication of that straining after vast altitude in their naves, afterwards attained by the architects of the thirteenth century. Otherwise the church followed exactly the type or fashion of the great basilican churches in Rome and Ravenna.

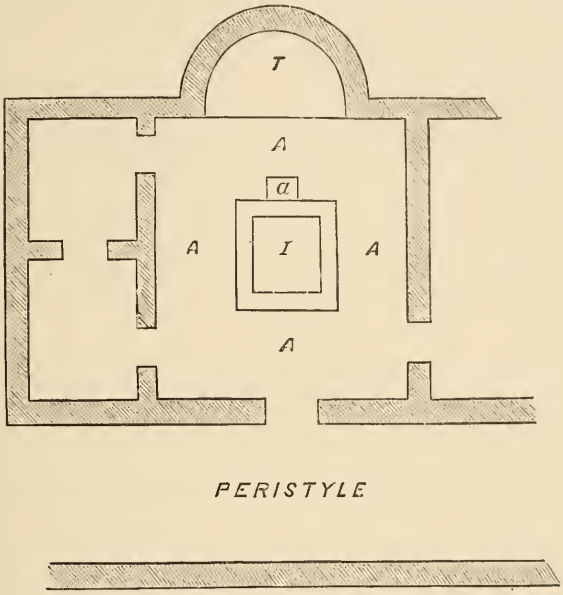
In or about the year 984, Greek architects and masons came to Périgueux. Whether invited, what brought them, we do not know. Under Froterius, bishop of the See, they set to work to build on to the east end of the old basilica a church of Oriental type, of which St. Mark's at Venice is another example.

Now the Oriental type was different from that in the West. Thus it came to pass that over the tomb of St. Fronto stood two churches, one attached to the other, each a representative of the only two patterns of a Christian church which originated before Constantine gave peace to Christian people, and which have been followed ever since.

This conjunction is so curious, so unique, and so

instructive, that I shall base thereon a short account of the origin and development of these two types.

We have only to look into the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of St. Paul to see that at the first churches were no more nor less than assemblies in private houses. For three hundred years divine worship

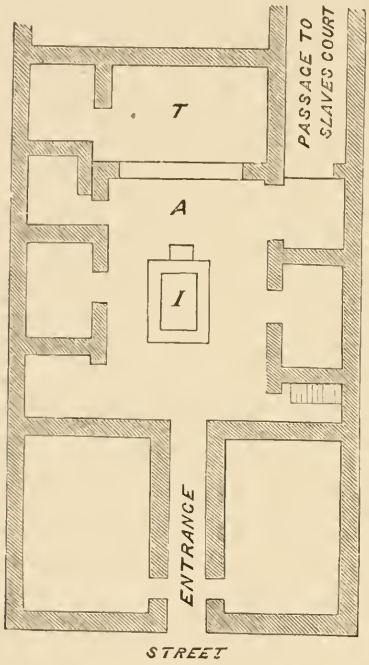


GALLO-ROMAN HOUSE AT PAU.
A. Atrium. *a*. Altar to Lares. I. Impluvium. T. Tablinum.

was celebrated in private dwellings, and in these three hundred years the idea as to what a church must be like—structurally—was fixed for ever. A Roman house has left its impress behind it in Italy and in the East; an Italian palazzo and a Turkish or Moorish dwelling follow the Roman plan of a house with little modification.

A Roman house consisted of a series of apartments

constructed about a court, called the *atrium*, in the midst of which was a fountain or water-tank called the *impluvium*. On the side of the court opposite to the entrance, raised one step above the level of the court, was the *tablinum*, the painted room, either square or semicircular, divided from the court only by the step, and by curtains which could be drawn back or dropped at pleasure. This tablinum, the most richly decorated portion of the house, was the reception place of the guests. Immediately before it, in the midst, on the marble rim of the water-tank, stood the domestic altar dedicated to the deified ancestors of the family, especially to the founder, *Lar familiæ pater*.



ROMAN HOUSE AT POMPEI.

On the three other sides of the court were bedrooms, dining-room, store-closets, etc., and a series of windows from an upper storey looked into the court and drew the light from it, precisely as in an Italian or Moorish house to-day, if of the better sort.

Now, when public worship was held in private houses, the atrium, or courtyard, was the place used for the assembly. Indeed, except in palaces, it was the only part of the house available for the purpose.

When divine service was held, then the bishop occupied the master's seat in the back of the tablinum, and the clergy took their places about him against the wall. The Christian altar was placed on the step into the tablinum, just above the position of the family altar to the ancestors. To the Christian congregation this at once had its signification. The altar was dedicated to the new Head, the Second Adam, "of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." They could not possibly fail to see this. Christ was the Lar familiæ pater, but the new family was the Catholic Church.

The congregation occupied not the atrium only, but also the rooms looking into it, and when, at Troas, Eutychus fell down from a window whilst St. Paul preached—he did not drop into the street, but into the atrium. The apostle stood by the altar on the step of tablinum.

In the Apocalypse, St. John describes the worship of heaven after the pattern already settled in the Church on earth. There is the throne of God, answering to the episcopal throne in the apse or tablinum. The four-and-twenty elders are ranged round, like the presbyters, clothed in white.[1] In the midst is the altar, on which is the Lamb as He had been slain—a reference to the eucharistic sacrifice; and before, the sea of glass, in fact, the impluvium. The whole picture of worship on earth in a private dwelling is sublimated to represent the worship in heaven.

The curtains found in the apse when converted into a Christian chancel became an integral part of the ritual; they were drawn together at the consecration of the

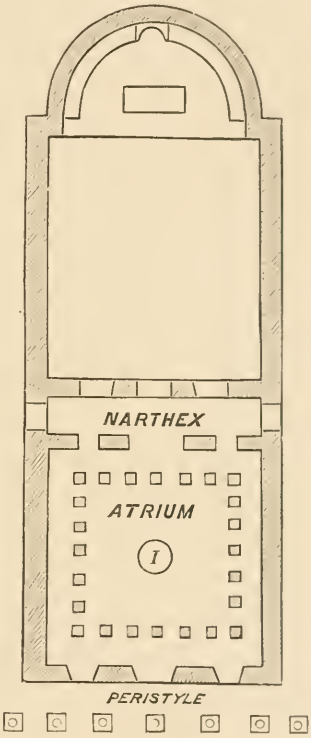
[1] The rainbow round about the throne is the ring or cornice of rich colouring found in the tablinum.

mysteries, and are represented on several of the early tombs in the catacombs, but indeed are still in use in the Greek, Russian, Nestorian, and Armenian Churches. They have long ago disappeared in the West, yet have left their trace in the liturgies, in which the "Prayer of the Veil" remains.

Our mediæval roodscreens may be said to take the place of the primitive veil. There are certain sights in life one never forgets. Such was my witnessing an Armenian liturgy in Rome. The thick dark veil was drawn close. Outside stood the choir in somewhat fantastic robes. From behind the veil could be heard the voice of the celebrant. Then the choir passed out of sight behind the curtain. It was drawn back, and behind was visible a finer veil, through which dimly could be discerned the twinkling of lights. Then suddenly all was withdrawn, and the priest, crowned, and in a royal mantle, was discovered encircled by the choir at the brilliantly illuminated altar. On that occasion the celebrant was a very striking man, with long dark hair, a beautiful Christ-like face—visible, as he stood turned, and with hands uplifted in benediction. The whole was a vision—as the Eucharist was intended to be—of heaven, with Christ in majesty, at the heavenly altar, behind the veil, which, to the eye of faith, is rent and drawn aside.

But to return to the church in a modest oriental house. Even before persecution ceased—and persecution was not continuous, nor was it general—Christians built themselves churches, as there was necessarily inconvenience in always employing domestic dwellings. But these churches they erected followed the type already fixed by usage. Only there was by degrees a difference introduced. In place of the side-rooms, for stores and beds, that existed in the

private house, the wall was knocked away and the additional space secured. Moreover, the water-tank was suppressed as unnecessary, or rather, it was relegated to a separate building—the baptistery. In the house of Livia, on the Palatine Hill, there is the tablinum opening out of the court, but there are smaller supplementary chambers to right and left, for overflow visitors. In building Christian churches, these side chambers—often side apses, were employed, and became constituent parts of the structures, though indeed only one, that on the left, was of any use for the table of *prothesis*, that is to say, for the preparation of the bread and wine for the Eucharist. Thus was the type of the Oriental church fixed for all generations.



EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

In Italy, and in the Romanised West, a different type was formed.

This is how it came about.

A large number of the noble and wealthy families in Rome and throughout the Latin West, and Syria as well, had accepted the Faith. Now, in the West, the inconvenience had for long been felt of receiving visitors in the atrium, as the slaves had to be passing to and fro to the store-closets. Accordingly, every noble family added to

his house a basilica, that is to say, a great hall of reception, modelled on the public basilicas or halls of justice. These had rows of columns dividing them into a central nave with side aisles, and at the end, opposite the door, was a *bema*, or apse, to serve the same purpose as the tablinum, with, in it, the seat of the master of the house, where he sat to receive his guests. Now, when these noble families became Christian, they surrendered their basilicas for public worship. This saved the annoyance and inconvenience of admitting a great number of people of all classes into the innermost parts of their dwelling. In the East there do not seem to have been these basilicas, at least to anything like the extent to which they were erected in the West. An entirely erroneous notion has sprung up that the public basilicas or halls of justice were given up by Constantine to the Church. There is absolutely no evidence that this was done. No ancient writer makes the statement. Moreover, it is absurd to suppose that the course of justice was arrested because the courts were turned into the street, till new buildings could be erected to accommodate them. The error has arisen from the mistaking of private basilicas for those which were public.

The Christian churches, as we see them in every town and village throughout Western Europe, are the true descendants of these basilicas, which, as the halls of Roman gentlemen, possessed nave and aisles and chancel.

At Périgueux, in the sixth century, when the Christian inhabitants built themselves a church near the tomb or "confession" of St. Fronto, they naturally erected a basilica.

The Roman basilica very often had a sort of cloister, or else merely a porch before it.

At St. Ambrogio, Milan, at St. Clement's, Rome, there

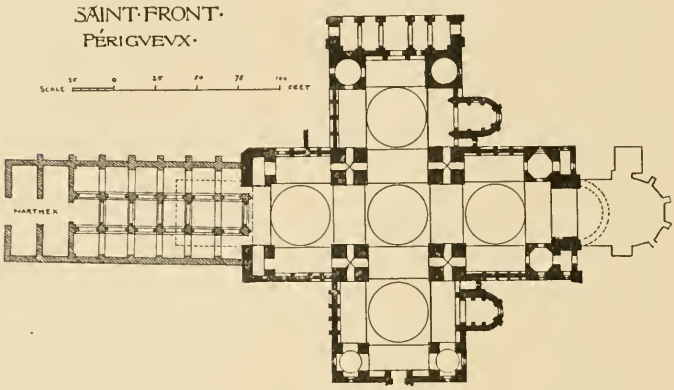
remains the cloister; at St. Fronto, Perigueux, there is the porch, or *narthex*. This, in the early age, had great importance, for the catechumens were remitted to the narthex, sent outside before the consecration of the mysteries. They attended all the first portion of the liturgy, and then were dismissed. Moreover, the penitents were not admitted within the church, but might attend the service, without, in the porch. The porters had strict orders to keep the gates against the excommunicate and the uninitiated. In times of persecution their office was most important. The lives of the Christian congregation depended on their strictly fulfilling their duties and excluding spies.

At Périgueux the narthex remains; it consisted of two parts, a portion under a balcony, and an inner portion, each approximately 17 feet deep. At some time in the seventeenth century, the wall of the narthex above the floor of the balcony was pulled down, and rebuilt on the top of the balcony rail, and then the whole roofed over at the height of the old basilica. The object sought was simply to make of it a house. It is a house now, and the old front of the basilica is inside the house, but portions of the ornamentation of the front of the narthex have been used in the new face erected on top of the balcony.

This old carving is unique. It represents saints between palm trees. Such representation is found in mosaics, but nowhere else in Europe in carving of the period. The front of the old Latin church, hidden in the house is most curious. To see it I had to climb ladders and pick my way over floors rotted and falling. The whole attic had been converted into a poultry-house, and was in an indescribable condition of dirt. Rats and martens had,

however, carried off the fowls, and only their foul remains told of what had been. The attic is utterly dark, and the carving must be examined and drawn by artificial light, and in places by standing on a ladder balanced on a rotten rafter, with the planks fallen on each side.

The façade of the Latin basilica was erected on top of an old Roman wall. A line of tiles marks where the builders of the sixth century began to work. They began



Portion in black is the Byzantine Church.
,, shaded diagonally is the Basilica.
Original Bema in dotted lines.
Actual "Abbadie" apse indicated by a single line.

with an arcade running the whole width of the façade, some of the arches enclosing dead surfaces, others enclosing windows. The arches rest on pilasters with quaint carving filling the spandrils. Above this arcade rises the original wall to the pediment. Many of the carved stones of this pediment remain, as well as a group representing Christ giving the pastoral staff and keys to St. Peter, which occupied the centre of the pediment.

In the year 1120 a fire broke out in the monastery of Puy St. Front; the wooden roof of the old basilica

flamed, and the fire, running up the interior of the tower, melted the bells. The basilica was never reconstructed. From that date it was abandoned, only a central gangway being retained, down where had been the nave, and domestic offices of the monastery, afterwards private dwellings, occupied nearly the whole of the space. Only one portion beside the gangway was reserved for sacred purposes, and this was a chapel on the north side, the property of a private family, and the priests of this family maintained the singular privilege of saying mass in it with a loaded pistol lying handy on the altar.

This chapel, and all the houses and stables that had encroached, have now been destroyed, and it is not yet certain what the architect will erect on the vacant place. That he will destroy what is of interest and priceless value we may be pretty sure, if the procedure of M. Abbadie and his successor be followed.[1]

The narthex is still occupied by stores of coke, and the huge umbrella-stands of the market-women, which in wet weather they expand over their stalls.

Now let us turn to the Byzantine church erected to the east of the old basilica; coins of John Zimisces (969–976) have been found among the rubbish, marking pretty well the date of the works, and whence the

[1] In 1852 M. Felix de Vernheil published his *L'Architecture Byzantine en France*, that contains an elevation of the façade of the basilica. Unhappily the author has mixed up conjectural additions with actual remains. Moreover, his drawings are somewhat inaccurate. I spent ten days in Périgueux planning and drawing what still exists, as the destroyer is rapidly advancing, and I feared that in another month or two it would no longer be possible to discover what was genuine from the gimcrack "imitations" that are being set up in their place, and passed off as copies. Owing to the whole place being covered with piles of rubbish, small inaccuracies may exist in my plan, but I believe they are substantially correct. The plans as given by M. de Vernheil, and by M. Corroyer, in his *Architecture Romane*, do not agree.

builders came. Moreover, we learn from records of the see that Froterius undertook great structural changes on the site of the tomb of St. Fronto. The church begun by him was completed in 1047, when it was consecrated by Aymon de Bourbon, archbishop of Bordeaux.

These Oriental architects and masons not only erected the great church, but also a tower over two bays of the basilica, and, to sustain their tower, encased the piers and pillars of the earlier church in huge masses of masonry. Holes broken through their masonry disclose the capitals of the ancient basilica embedded within. They did more; they erected a cupola over another bay to the west, and they domed over the two which they had included under their tower.

This tower is absolutely unique. It is the only Byzantine edifice of the sort known. There is nothing like it at Constantinople, nothing at Venice. It is in four stages above the basement, and is 197 feet high; the summit is crowned by a cone, resting on a circular drum of pillars. Unhappily this precious monument has been taken in hand by "restorers," which has deprived it of a great deal of its character.[1]

[1] M. Vernheil in 1852 drew some of the details. If he was correct, the present restoration is wrong in the pilaster capitals. The cloisters are now cumbered with the old stuff taken down from the tower, and as far as I could judge, the new capitals are mere fancy work of the architect employed on the reconstruction. The system adopted by the "restorers" of St. Front is to destroy all traces behind them, so as to prevent their imitations from being compared unfavourably with the originals. I must acknowledge the courtesy of the clerk of the works, but I found that he was incapable of appreciating, even of understanding, the regret, the pain, with which an archæologist regards the wanton destruction of so priceless and unique a monument—one, moreover, so instructive in the history of the development of architecture in the Middle Ages. St. Front has been a job on which architects and contractors have found means to spend vast sums to their own advantage, and to the ruin of the grandest memorial of art in Aquitaine.

During the six centuries that elapsed between the founding of Constantinople and the building of St. Front by Byzantine artists, the Oriental architect had made a notable advance in his art.

As soon as ever churches were begun to be erected in the East, the question presented itself, how to cover over the square atrium in a dignified manner.

The churches erected by Constantine at Bethlehem and over the Holy Sepulchre were domed, but the difficulty to be encountered was, how to set a circular dome upon a quadrangular base.

Before proceeding to show how they solved this difficulty, a word may be allowed on the origin of the dome. The first structures raised by man were huts or wigwams, composed of branches and poles, planted in a circle in the earth, and drawn together in the middle. The whole was thatched with grass or covered with skins.

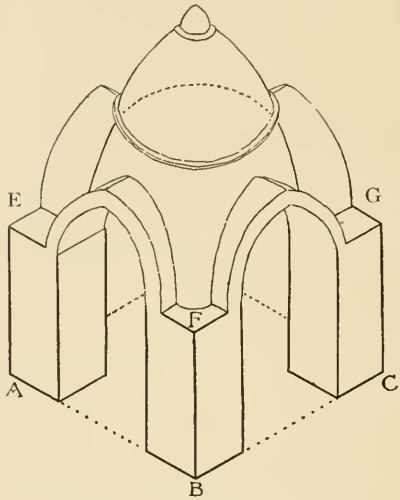
But a practical inconvenience made itself felt from the outset. The most was not made of the enclosed space. For 2 feet from the base of the poles, there was not room in which to sit up, and only near the middle, at the fire-place, was the wigwam lofty enough to allow of standing.

Accordingly, an advance was made. A circular bank of turf, or wall of stones, was raised, some 3 or 4 feet, and the bases of the rafters were planted therein. Then the entirety of the interior was available. When men were so advanced as to construct with stone, they replaced the poles with stone, laid in order, in gradually contracting rings, and then turfed over. Such are the beehive huts, of which so many remain in Scotland, Ireland, and England.

The Romans never advanced further than doming over circular buildings. Agrippa's Pantheon at Rome is nothing more nor less than a beehive hut on an enlarged

scale, retaining even the smoke-hole in the midst, open to the sky.

To the Romans there was no necessity for doming over quadrangular spaces, and it did not occur to them to attempt it.[1] But when the Byzantine architects were required to build Christian churches on an already determined plan, then they were called upon to cover over the quadrangular space as best they might, so as to give dignity to their building. They sought to fit a cupola with a circular base upon the walls that enclosed a quadrangular hall. The way in which they achieved this task was ingenious enough, and it will double the interest the traveller takes in the Aquitanian domed churches, if he understands the principle on which they worked.



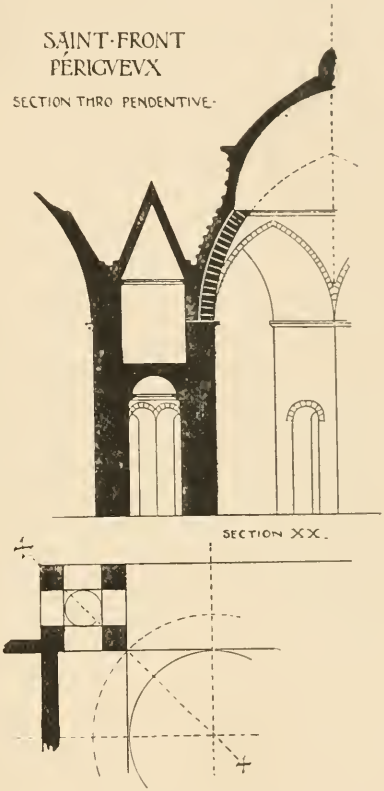
S·FRONT
DIAGRAM·SHOWING·STRVCTVRE·OF DOMES

At St. Front they constructed four huge piers within a square, A B C (D). These piers they carried up to the height of 42 feet 6 inches. Each pier is 19 feet square. They then banded these piers together by arches 38 feet in span.[2] Now, if these arches had been carried through

[1] Livia's atrium at Primaporta was barrel-vaulted, and open at the ends for a pleasing draught, as this was her summer villa.

[2] I give the measures approximately, to simplify the explanation.

till they intersected, we would have had what is called a cross vault, which is merely two barrel vaults intersecting. This was a method much used by the Romans. But this would not have given elevation and dignity such as was desired. Accordingly, the Byzantine architects conceived a semi-egg-shaped dome, which should rise from the points E F G (H). And this, being erected on the principle of the arch, threw all its weight on the piers. The four great arches cut into the egg, and all that shows—indeed, all that was constructed—was that portion which served as fan-like fillings in between the arches, as well as a certain amount above their crowns. But this, if completed, would not have given all the elevation desired.



Accordingly, the architects cut off the crown of their egg, and put a smaller half egg-shell on top of it, thus forming a small dome above an incomplete and larger dome, which sustains it. By carrying up the masonry of the piers, a solid platform was formed, with a circular opening in the middle, quite sufficient

to support this cupola, which alone shows from the exterior.[1]

The architects of St. Front laid out their plan for something much more extensive than one domed hall. They erected twelve piers, and on these twelve set up five cupolas. Their object was to form a church in the shape of a Greek cross.

Next, between the piers sustaining these domes, they drew a screen of wall, boxing in the space, including also the piers. These walls have not the smallest structural value; they sustain nothing. Knock them away, and the cupolas will stand perfectly supported. Their only object was to exclude the air, and to include the space allotted for divine worship. At the east end a bema was thrown out. This has disappeared, but before the "restoration" traces of it remained. Now a fanciful apse, in would-be Byzantine style, has been thrown up by M. Abbadie, completely upsetting the balance of parts in the church, as seen externally, and absolutely false archæologically.

The church of St. Front suffered much in the Middle Ages through neglect, through fire and water. The stone of which it is constructed is chalk, and this flies to pieces under fire. But water has done as much, if not more, mischief.

The cupolas have roofs between them, composed of tiles, and the rigid, angular tile ill fits against the sweep of the dome. Consequently, unless very closely watched, the rain, trickling down the sides of the cupolas, runs in, and enters the very marrow of the sustaining arches and piers. These domed churches are as sensitive to wet on their backs as are ducklings.

[1] In the skeleton figure I have carried the lower dome higher than it really is, to simplify the construction to the eye of the reader.

The need for continuous attention so impressed the mediæval guardians of St. Front, that they knocked away the terminals of the domes and of the piers, and roofed all over with timber and tile, at one vast span. This was very ugly, and externally entirely concealed the original character of the church.

In 1854 the restoration of this most interesting church was entrusted to M. Abbadie, with the injunction, "Faire

ST. FRONT, PÉRIGUEUX.

une restauration qui respecte autant que possible ce qui existe."

What has been done is best told in the language of a member of the Société Historique et Archéologique du Périgord, who was thoroughly conversant with the matter. I condense his protest.

"At Périgueux, M. Abbadie, by no means content with consolidating certain portions of the old church, an edifice so interesting for the history of art, has, one may say, not allowed any of it to subsist. We have been

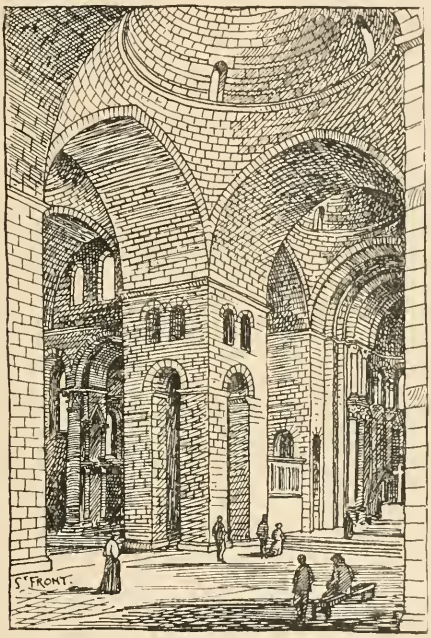
looking on for twenty-five years with pain at this radical destruction. We have watched these mighty piers and the pendentives torn down piecemeal, often with much difficulty; we have seen walls and cupolas and the gothic choir levelled with the dust. In the execution of the repairs of the southern arm of the Greek cross, with which operations were commenced, some discretion was shown; some portions of the old work were left, no doubt to satisfy the archæologists, but since then all the primitive edifice has disappeared. Even the sculpture has been replaced in the capitals of columns and pilasters, nearly all of which was in perfect preservation. Every scrap of this precious old work has been thrown away as rubbish, and replaced by copies absolutely devoid of character and interest. In a word, after twenty-five years of work, after the expense of many millions where a few hundred thousand francs would have sufficed—what has been the result? A new monument, something like the old one, has been substituted for another, unique in France, and doubly famous and precious from its remote antiquity and its Oriental origin.

"What would be thought of a skilful painter who was charged with the restoration of a rare work of art, a partially effaced fresco of Giotto, or a worm-eaten panel of Van Eyck, who executed copies very fresh, highly varnished, in brilliant colours, in which he had not failed to correct or change what struck him as defective in drawing or in tint, and who, having done this, threw the original panel into the fire, or scratched out the fresco?"

Not one word in this protest is excessive. The old church was built of L'Archaut stone, quarried close at hand. The new church is of Angoulême stone, brought from a distance. Hardly anywhere in the interior can be seen a

trace of early sculpture. All the old carving has been buried under the foundations or rammed into the filling of the walls. Nevertheless, in its outline—excepting only the apse—the church of St. Front is restored to what it must have been when completed by the Greek architects.

The sight of that glorious church, as seen from the



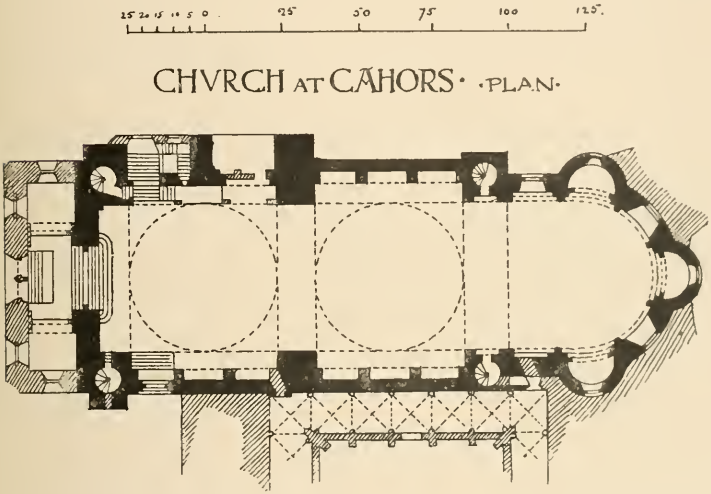
INTERIOR, ST. FRONT.

quay of the river, soaring into the blue sky, with its five cupolas, its twelve minarets, and its incomparable tower, is something never to be forgotten. One forgets that one is by an Aquitanian river, so strong is the impression that one is contemplating one of Justinian's edifices on the shore of the Bosphorus.

In the same city, Périgueux, is another domed church,

ST. ETIENNE, PÉRIGUEUX.

the old cathedral, St. Etienne. This anciently consisted of three squares under cupolas, with a western tower, only second to that of St. Front. The Huguenots took Périgueux in 1576, murdered the bishop in his bed, and wrecked the cathedral. They tore down the tower, and destroyed the easternmost and westernmost domes. They held Périgueux for five years. When they vacated it, the canons repaired the easternmost bay, that which served



as choir, but left that to the west in ruin, and the broken mass shows us exactly what was the method of construction of the vaults sustaining the cupolas.[1]

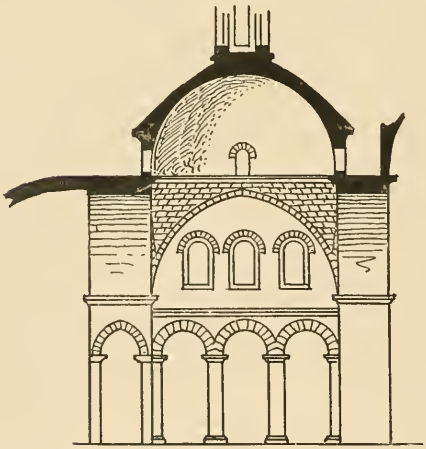
The cathedral of Cahors is built on the same lines; so is that of Angoulême, which has four cupolas. Of abbey

[1] M. Viollet le Duc has made a mistake relative to the structure of the pendentives of St. Front and St. Etienne. He had not seen Périgueux till two years before his death, and he relied entirely on inaccurate information given him. On his return from a visit to Périgueux, he drew up a retractation, which he deposited with the publishers of his *Dictionnaire raisonée de l'Architecture de la France*.

and parish churches there are many throughout the district which was influenced by the surpassing charm of St. Front.

I venture here to quote the remarks made by Mr. E. A. Freeman, after a visit to Périgueux and Cahors in 1886.

"In studying either the documentary history in one's library, or the actual monuments on the spot, it is needful always to remember the distinction, historical and monumental, between the southern lands, Aquitaine and Provence, and the rest, and the more truly French lands to the north. Above all, the widest barrier separates the ecclesiastical architecture of the two lands. We shall find noble French churches in Southern Gaul, because the later political connection with France carried French architecture into all lands subject to the French crown. But they stand there as foreign buildings, having nothing in common with the native art of the land. And most certainly we shall not find any Aquitanian or Provençal churches in the land which is most strictly France."



Again: "If we think of the domical churches of southwest Gaul, we think of St. Front as their undisputed chief and model. It is the parent of a large class of buildings,

a class which has thoroughly taken root in that region, which has put forth vigorous native developments, and which has grown into what is in every sense of the words a characteristic style.

"All the main arches of St. Front are pointed,[1] the great cupolas rest on supports of that shape. But it is a warning which can not be too often repeated, that pointed arches in Southern Gaul, just as in Sicily, have not the same meaning that they have in Normandy and England. The pointed arches at Périgueux are no more signs of coming Gothic than the pointed arches at Tiryns and Tusculum. It is a constant feature where every detail is Romanesque; it is specially chosen for the roofs, and in some cases for an obvious reason. In Provence the barrel vault is the rule, and it is a clear gain to make the barrel vault pointed; besides giving greater height inside, it lessens the space between the inner and outer roofs."

We can well imagine the thrill of surprise and delight that ran through the land when St. Front, in dazzling chalk, white as snow, stood up against the deep blue sky, its cupolas like a cluster of setting silver full moons. It impressed the imagination of the people; it determined the character of the architecture.

But this influence did not merely cause the erection of cupolas, it fought against the reintroduction of aisles; and what strikes us in the churches of Aquitaine is the absence of this familiar feature. The construction of the church of St. Front was followed for a century and more, in parish churches and in cathedrals.

At Souillac, on the Dordogne, is an interesting abbey

[1] They show less pointed than formerly, as before the restoration the piers that had been injured by fire were encased in masonry, which was carried up into the arches. The two centres from which the arches are struck are only 3 feet 3 inches apart.

church of three compartments, each domed over, and a semi-circular apse of the same date originally, but altered in the twelfth century. Each rectangular space is domed over and sustained in precisely the same manner as St. Front. The altar stands under the easternmost arch, and behind it are the stalls of the monks and of the abbot, precisely in the place where in a cathedral would sit the clergy and bishop. At Souillac transepts were added at a later date, barrel-vaulted. There, as elsewhere, the inherent vice of the cupolas for a rainy climate revealed itself, and the side walls were raised and a roof added to cover over the domes.

St. Avit le Sénieur is another large church built on the same lines, but with a square east end, like the cathedral of St. Etienne at Périgueux. It consists of three squares, each measuring 36 feet, surmounted by cupolas sustained by eight huge piers. The peculiar feature of St. Avit is that the domes are groined. The old cupolas had probably revealed their defect, and were taken down and replaced by groined domes under a huge roof. The church belongs to the first years of the twelfth century at latest, but the groined vaulting to the thirteenth century, and late in that.

At Tursac, on the Vézère, is a very quaint little church. At present it consists of one huge oblong tower, with a bunch of incongruous modern structures in bad taste at the east end. A close inspection shows us what this queer church is made up of. It is a small parish church built under the influence of St. Front. It consisted originally of two squares only, each domed in the Byzantine fashion, but the easternmost was surmounted by a huge plain quadrangular tower; only the western cupola showed externally. To the east was an apse, semicircular, that has disap-

peared. But before the century was out the practical inconvenience of the little cupola alongside of the tower had manifested itself. The rain trickled down the western wall, and ran in on the arch that sustained both cupola and tower. Accordingly, a second tower was erected over the cupola, and tied into the first as best might be. In process of time the junction has revealed itself in a wide gap.

At St. Capraise, on the Dordogne, near Lalinde, is another small parish church of the eleventh century, with an apse added in the twelfth. The older portion of the church consists of three bays; the outer walls, as at St. Front, formed of screens between piers connected by arches. Here there are no cupolas; another system was followed that was traditional. Each bay is only 7 feet 9 inches wide, but the width of the church is exactly double. Between the piers plain arches are thrown, and narrow barrel vaults repose on these arches.

I might multiply cases, but this would be tedious to the reader. Suffice it to point out here that one great principle of the builders of this epoch was to throw all their weights on their piers, and to retain these piers under cover; just as in the human system, the bones of which man is built up are not exposed, but are covered with an envelope of flesh and sinew and nerve and skin.

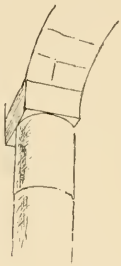
The idea of throwing the supports outside by buttress had not occurred to the architects of those days; and the use of the buttress marks a great change of structural principle, which distinguishes the pointed from the Romanesque architecture.

Now, although the plan of St. Front was taken from the East, and a thousand churches sprang up in imitation of St. Front, yet the builders did not imitate Byzantine sculpture. The whole of Aquitaine was one vast quarry

of Roman ruins. They took, where they could, pillars and capitals from the ancient temples and palaces; and when these failed, they copied them.

At Thayac the western porch of the thirteenth-century church is rich in mouldings. Two marble pillars have been utilised from some classic edifice.

The visitor to this region will not fail to notice a singular helplessness and clumsiness in the architects of the Romanesque period when left without examples to copy, or power to copy, I give two examples.



CAPITAL, LES ROZIERS.

JUNCTION OF VAULTING-SHAFT AND PILLAR, MARTEL.

The Venetian traders introduced Oriental embroideries and silks and carpets throughout Europe, and these textures were rich with grotesque beasts and birds. In Normandy, on the Rhine, in England, the sculptors copied these Oriental ornaments without abandoning the traditional basilican type of church derived from Rome. In Aquitaine the churches became Byzantine in plan and profile, but remained Roman in detail.

The difficulty about keeping the water out of the crowns of the sustaining arches of the cupolas led to their being let down, so as to have them covered by one great roof; and this lowering of the dome to a mere segment, along with the introduction of the groin, speedily

altered the whole character of the vaulting. Nevertheless, the principle of building in compartments, and these compartments being vaulted in a low curve, remained till long after the introduction of the pointed style. We are accustomed, in our English minsters, to the strong middle groin running from west to east, like the keel of an inverted vessel; this is not to be found in France, certainly not in the south, because the reminiscence of the domical construction of the vault was paramount.

Undoubtedly the churches in the country wrecked by the Albigensian wars were similar to those in Périgord, but very few have been spared. However, the great church of St. Sernin at Toulouse, and the earlier portion of the minster of St. Papoul, near Castelnaudry, remain to show that in this portion of Languedoc the Byzantine type was as prevalent as in Périgord and Quercy.

When the devastating strife ceased, the churches and cathedrals were re-erected in the new pointed style introduced from the North; nevertheless, the architects adhered to the traditional Oriental plan.

Thus we have the great aisleless churches of the South, as Alby, Montpezat, the cathedral, and St. Vincent at Carcassonne. These latter were built by order of Saint Louis; the details are all of the thirteenth century, but the plan is Byzantine.

All these churches are great Gothic halls under a single roof, without pillars, the vaulting sustained by internal piers.

This is the structure of the Gothic church of Beaumont, erected in 1272. It is that of Montpazier, it is that of Martel, it is that of Gramat, and of innumerable others. They are aisleless churches, sometimes with an apse added at the end, sometimes without.

The awkwardness of this system is manifest at Alby, where a floor has been introduced dividing the side bays into two stages. Not only do the upper chapels thus made prove useless, but, owing to the vastness of the span of the nave, the vaulting springs low, and cuts off much of the light that comes from the windows in these upper chapels.

Another inconvenience of this system is, that there is no structural choir. At St. Front one has been contrived by building up a wall between the piers, which, it will be remembered, are perforated, so as to leave a narrow gangway on each side of the easternmost cube. At Carcassonne the flat east wall, pierced with the arch giving access to the apse, is extremely ugly. At Alby this incongruity was keenly felt, and a company of workmen, released from the construction of Strasburg minster, coming to Alby, were engaged to form a choir by means of screenwork within the great hall of the church, at its eastern extremity.

The builders of churches in the eleventh and twelfth centuries were monks. To the abbeys flowed the contributions of the charitable. The monastic churches rose in dignity and sumptuousness, and the cathedrals lagged far behind. Bishops and capitular bodies could not command the means to erect cathedrals that would rival the splendour of the monastic churches. We have this conspicuously exemplified in Périgueux, where the head church of the diocese could easily have been packed under the domes of the crossing and one transept of the abbatial church of St. Front.

The period when such churches as Conches, in Aveyron, Cadouin, in Dordogne, and Moissac, in Tarn et Garonne, arose, was one of brute force, when the soil of France was parcelled out among vassals, practically inde-

pendent of the crown, and of feudal barons, practically independent of the counts. Feudalism held the people of the land in a net, that allowed them no liberty, and strangled them as they writhed in its folds. In the midst of this general reign of the fist, men and women with noble and peaceful aspirations turned to the monasteries —homes of rest in the midst of confusion, of order amidst anarchy, of culture amidst ignorance, of moral force opposed to brute violence.

At the end of the tenth century there existed a general expectation that the world would be judged in the year 1000. In this anticipation all eagerness to build great churches came to an end. Why build what must be speedily destroyed? But multitudes assumed the cowl, and more poured their often ill-gotten gains into the monastic treasuries.

But when the expected or dreaded year passed, and the end had not come, then, in a transport of thankfulness to heaven, which had given reprieve to a guilty world, men began everywhere to erect churches, and re-edify those that were ruinous. This was the epoch of the great Romanesque awakening. In the general enthusiasm, art revived, and was encouraged.

The churches had hitherto followed the basilican type, with perhaps the side aisles barrel-vaulted at right angles to the line of the church from east to west, but with the naves invariably covered with timber roofs. Fires were the frequent result, and great efforts were made in France to obviate this danger by covering the naves with a vault, in the same way as the aisles. In England it was long before this was attained. We can see in Ely Minster the Norman pilasters carried up to sustain—what? A flat painted roof of boards. Such a poor and inelegant com-

pletion was far from contenting the French, hence the various attempts made to vault the naves, and this determination to replace the wooden roof by a stone vault is one of the most characteristic features of Romanesque architecture on the Continent. We have seen how the Greek architects solved the difficulty, and showed a way at St. Front—a way at once followed throughout Aquitaine, and even farther, for the cathedral of Ribe in Denmark is built on precisely the principle of St. Front. The Normans, however, sought to solve this same difficulty in another way, by the adaptation of the barrel or the quadripartite vault to the naves. We can see in such a church as Cadouin, which is basilican in plan, this Northern system followed.

At the end of the tenth century, the royal domain was reduced to a small territory surrounded by vassal states that admitted a nominal suzerainty only. There were ten of these: Normandy, Anjou, Flanders, Brittany, Aquitaine, Gascony, Champagne, the county of Toulouse, and Burgundy, surrounded the "Isle of France," and cut it off from the sea.

Aquitaine, having gone with Eleanor to the English crown, was cut off from interchange of ideas with the North, and thus the architecture therein acquired its peculiar and stereotyped character.

Ecclesiastical architecture had been to a large extent in the hands of the monks. But by degrees it passed from them to lay corporations, and it was these latter which originated and developed the pointed style.

"Little by little," says M. Viollet le Duc, "Romanesque architecture began to expire, atrophied under the force of the new pointed school introduced by lay artists. It retreated, lingering on an indecisive life in monasteries,

and in such provinces as had not as yet felt the power of the monarchy, till some new conquest of the crown, in gaining additional provinces, extinguished it wholly; and then, in these newly acquired districts, at once, without transition, a church sprang up n the pointed style, as a standard planted in the midst of a captured city. From the thirteenth century, pointed architecture followed step by step the progress of the royal dominion; it seemed almost to form a part of the royal prerogative. It developed itself vigorously where the royal power was strong and uncontested. It showed itself timidly, confusedly, and with hesitating outlines, where that power was feeble and disputed."[1]

On the death of Philip Augustus in 1223, the principal cathedrals already constructed, or in progress of construction, in the new pointed style were Notre Dame at Paris, Chartres, Bourges, Noyon, Laon, Soissons, Meaux, Amiens, Arras, Cambrai, Rouen, Evreux, Seez, Bayeaux, Coutance, Le Mans, Angers, Poitiers, Tours.

Sixty years, those between 1180 and 1240, marked the great rise and activity in cathedral-building. Not a single cathedral begun in this epoch has been finished as projected. The enthusiasm of the people grew cold, their means were crippled by domestic anarchy, and their hearts became a prey first to despondency and then to doubt.

We look in vain in the province of Aquitaine for such masterpieces of pointed architecture as abound in the North. The hand of the English was on the land, and, worse than that, the gauntlet of the captain of the free companies. He spared nothing, for to him nothing was sacred. The richer the church, the more certain was it

[1] *Dict. de l'Archit. Française*, i. p. 140.

to attract his greed, the more inevitable was its spoliation. Even when he spared the churches, he squeezed the laity, and they had nothing to give. Every fine art languished. The only art that flourished was the fine art of warfare.

When the English rule came to an end in 1453, then for a while the land had rest, the inhabitants breathed. This was the epoch of the Flamboyant style, and we have some fine examples in the South Centre. Notable among all is the cathedral of Rodez. This was only concluded in the sixteenth century. Its great Renaissance tower is in its way as remarkable as the Byzantine tower of Périgueux. It is a miracle of rich sculpture, intricate and quaint; it is a bridecake decoration cut in pink sandstone, crowned with the Virgin in the midst of the twelve apostles.

The grave and earnest builders of the tower at St. Front knew what they purposed, and carried out their purpose without deviation. The merry masons of Rodez followed their fantasy as the fancies arose. The tower is confused in outline and detail, but it is full of quaintness; religious expression is given laughingly. At Rodez the Renaissance sculptors had sandstone to trifle with, at Cadouin they had clunch. There the cloisters are a marvel also. There the sculptors were so broad in their humour that the abbot was constrained to efface some of their sculpture. There sacred story and romance are united, as though the Scriptures and the fabliaux stood on the same level. In one boss we have Samson rending the lion, in another Aristotle ridden by a harlot. On one pillar we have Lazarus as a ballad-singer before Dives, on another Virgil in a basket hanging from the window of the fair lady he loved, with the maids peering out of the casements mocking him. We have monks praying

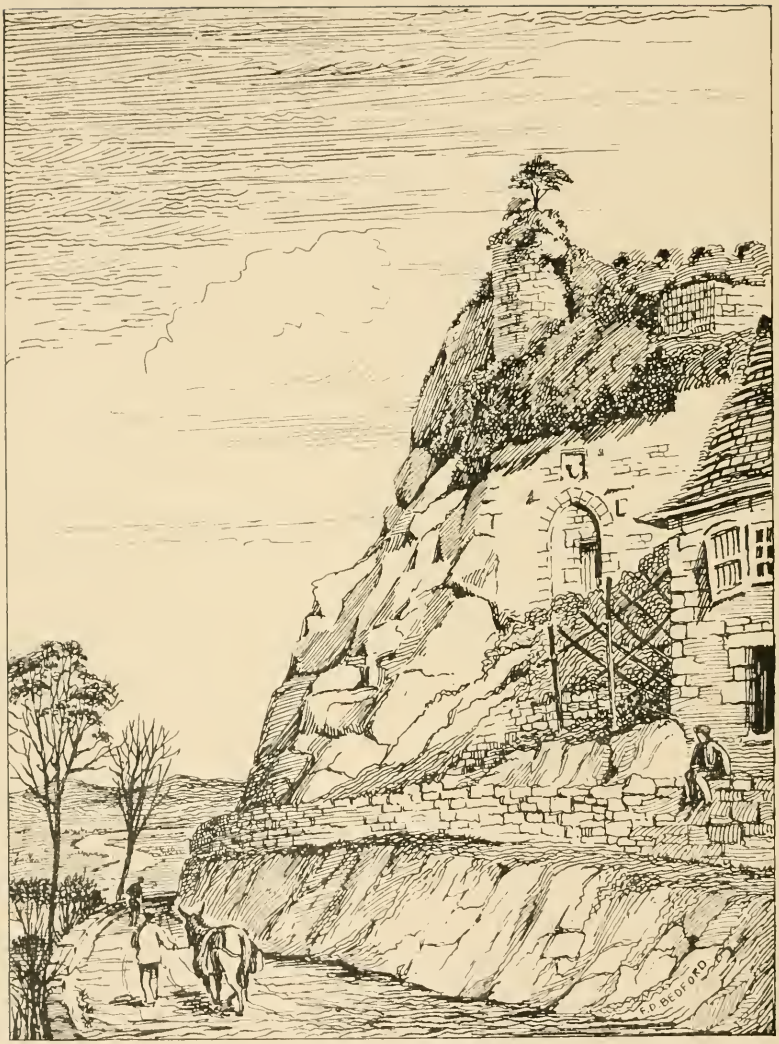
and singing, and monks scratching each other's eyes out, a monk and a nun peering out of windows and lamenting to each other their several toothaches.[1]

Cadouin possesses an inexpressibly solemn church of the twelfth century and an unutterably frivolous cloister of the fifteenth.

WINDOW, ASSIER CHURCH.

At Assier we have a still later church, extraordinary for its loss of reverence; the entire church is belted round with a band of sculpture representing sieges, cannon drawn by horses, charged, exploded, men fighting, men falling, men dead. A house of God, a house dedicated to the Prince of Peace, in which warfare is glorified as the great end and aim of man.

[1] To the sculptor nothing was sacred. He has even made mock of the Trinity.



DOMME.

CHAPTER XX

THE CASTLES

The History of Military Architecture—The Merovingian Camp—The Motte—Description of a Castle in the Twelfth Century—The Feudal Castle after the Crusades—The Machicolation of the Thirteenth Century—Embrasures for Firearms in the Fifteenth Century—Modification of Plan—The Design loses its Character—The Domestic Buildings encroach on the Court—The Renaissance Château—Castelnau de Bretenoux—Its History—The Fire—The Oubliette—The Capitular Church—Fénelon—Assier—Galiot de Genouillac—Montal.

In a country stuck full of castles, so that one is seen at almost every turn, the visitor naturally desires to know something about them, to be able to differentiate them. Their history is unwritten, or, if written, exists in monographs not easily accessible. Moreover, the passing traveller does not desire to know too much, but just sufficient concerning them to occupy his mind whilst scrambling among their ruins, or traversing their restored halls. What he asks is that the old château shall itself tell its tale, take him into its confidence, and in a few words give him a summary of its story.

In an old fairy tale a prince took a leaf and ate it, when at once his ears were opened, and he understood the language of the birds. The reader must take the few leaves of this chapter, and they will open his eyes to the tale of the castles.

The stronghold in the Merovingian days consisted of an oblong fortification composed of a great earth wall with a stockade on top. At intervals, certainly at the gate, there were mounds surmounted by rude palisading enclosing spaces in which the defenders could gather in numbers instead of being dispersed along the length of a wall. In the midst of the enclosure, or at one end or side, was a lofty mound, a *butte* or *motte*, and the summit of this was occupied by a tower of woodwork, in which lived the chieftain. Within the enclosure were other timber constructions, storehouses, and a hall.

The facility with which a besieger could reduce such a fortress by fire forced the Merovingian Franks to devise some more durable means of defending themselves.

The Frank turned to the walled enclosures of which he had examples in the old Roman towns. The Gaul had constructed his walls of timber and stone together, with the result that the rotting of the beams brought the whole wall down in ruin. He had sought to obviate this disadvantage by smelting the wall into one vitreous mass. But this solution was not generally resorted to, nor was it of long duration. The Frank sat down before the old Roman structures, studied them, and imitated. Thus, at Carcassonne we have stone Merovingian masonry. At Castelnau on the Dordogne, nearly opposite Beynac, there is a portion of the castle which probably dates from this period. Though the Frank altered his method of walling, he adhered to the type of castle he found best suited to his institutions. The mound within the enclosure was now crowned by a stone donjon, the palisading was replaced by curtains, and the semicircular gathering-places became bastions.

The great donjon, usually circular, the wall of vast thickness, remained the residence of the chief, and also the last resort in the event of the walls being escaladed and the enclosure invaded by the enemy. Thus, accordingly, we have the type determined — the encircling walls, studded with round or semicircular towers at intervals, and the keep on an elevation dominating all.

In the life of St. John of Terouanne (*d.* 1130), written by a contemporary, John Collemedius, archdeacon of the same church, there is an interesting description of a seigneural fortress of the beginning of the twelfth century. "They raised," says the writer, "a mound as high as possible of earth that was brought together for the purpose. This they surrounded with a fosse of considerable width and of a frightful depth. On the interior side of the ditch they planted a stockade composed of squared posts of wood strongly fastened together, so as to form a wall. If possible, they supported this palisade by establishing towers raised at intervals. In the midst, on the mound, they erected a house, or rather a citadel, whence the country could be surveyed on all sides. To reach the door of the fortress, a bridge was contrived, which was made to fall over the moat on coupled piers. When down, one ascended gradually to the farther side, and so mounted to the summit of the mound where was the door of the mansion of the chief."

A great number of these *mottes* or mounds remain, and towers of a later date have been constructed upon them. In many cases, instead of being artificially thrown up, as in the flat country of the Morini, or French Flanders, as described by the biographer of St. John, they were artificially carved out of bosses of rock on natural platforms above ravines. In not a few cases ancient Gaulish

tumuli were utilised, sometimes added to till they had acquired the desired elevation.

Now, the Normans were not under any influence from pre-existing systems, and they built quadrangular donjons. In the South, however, the old forms of castles, with their outer dykes, mounds, and palisades, and their inner *butte*, remained, and when stone castles were erected, no alteration of plan took place.

Such was the type of castle till the close of the age of the Crusades. The expeditions to the East had taught the Western knights many lessons; amongst others, they had made a great advance in the means of attack, and consequently found the existing defences of their towns and castles inadequate. A great epoch of reconstruction ensued.

The tops of the walls and towers were provided with a projecting gallery made of wood, and roofed, by means of which the besieged could walk round the top of their fortifications on a balcony, and pour down molten lead, burning pitch, or stones on the besiegers, who were engaged, under cover of a "cat," or covered approach, in undermining the bases of the walls. But that was not all. The towers were so constructed as to be easily insulated, in the event of a breach being effected in the curtain. Each tower, moreover, was provided with food and ammunition to withstand a siege, as a separate bastide. Thus, supposing the enemy did penetrate into the court or enclosure, they were harassed from these separate towers in flank, each of which had to be reduced before the donjon could be attacked. But a great inconvenience made itself felt, in that the wooden galleries were liable to catch fire. Catapults were employed by the besiegers to hurl barrels containing the terrible Greek fire over the

roofs, and when their timber balconies were reduced to ashes, the besieged had no means of resisting the operations of the miners who sapped their walls. Accordingly, in the thirteenth century, the military architects introduced stone corbels that supported a stone gallery that was crenelated. The corbels, with openings between them through which molten and flaming matter might be poured down on the besiegers, are called machicolations.

The crenelations are the notches in the parapet through which the besiegers could observe the enemy, and the crossbowmen aim their bolts. These crenelations had been in the former system the doors of access to the gallery. They were now thrust forward and given a different purpose.

Consequently, where we see employed this system of treating the tops of the walls and towers, we know that the date is the end of the thirteenth or the fourteenth century.

The science of rendering a fortified place impregnable was matured between 1300 and 1400; and then a new element was introduced in warfare which upset all the calculations of the military engineers. This was the use of cannon.

Machicolations now ceased to be of much advantage, for the walls were no longer sapped, but battered to a breach from a distance. Nevertheless, machicolation was not at once abandoned. For some time the architects remained in perplexity, and the indications of this perplexity are apparent in their work.

From Charles VIII. to Francis I., towns and castles could not hold out against an army furnished with artillery, and the history of that period shows us none of those prolonged sieges and successful resistances that were so

frequent in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. Much was done to adapt the old walls to new exigencies, embrasures were opened, for the cannon used in defence, in the basement of the tower, and the crenelated crowns of wall and towers were abandoned to the arquebusiers. An interesting example of this new system may be seen at Puy St. Front at Périgueux, where is an oblong rectangular tower with embrasures constructed in the basement for sweeping the river, the bank, and the face of one of the curtains. There are four embrasures, but the tower is so small that it could accommodate two cannon only, which were moved about according to the exigencies of the moment. The tower is crowned with a parapet, bracketed out boldly, but without crenelations. Instead, it is pierced with round holes for culverin barrels.

It was speedily made manifest that this method of defence was insufficient. These little covered batteries could do very little harm to the besiegers, and did not render an efficient protection to the besieged. The cannon were, as it were, imprisoned in stone boxes, and could not easily be run out. Moreover, the embrasures gave a limited range, and it was not possible for the cannon through them to be directed on the batteries that played on the town.

This system, which has left but few traces behind, was speedily abandoned. The old walls and towers were left standing to be held by the arquebusiers and crossbowmen, and a range of uncovered batteries was erected in front of the old fortifications; these were either earthworks or of stone and brick. From this the advance to the modern system, initiated by Vauban, was rapid.

So much for the system of defence. Now let us look at the successive modifications of the plan.

On the death of Philip Augustus (*d.* 1223), the great feudatories who had assisted the king in reuniting some of the finest provinces to the crown, were rich and powerful; and just as the king had absorbed some large fiefs into the royal domain, so had they swallowed minor fiefs, incorporating them into their own territories. They thereupon set to work to build for themselves castles which might adequately represent their greatness and power.

By degrees, however, the independence of these nobles was reduced, and from the time of St. Louis, the feudal power in France was scotched, though far from killed.

In the thirteenth century a great change took place in the construction of the châteaux. Hitherto the tradition of the seigneur living in the donjon had been maintained. But the great drum of a tower, with narrow slits for windows into which the sun could hardly penetrate, was felt to be unsuitable to the spirit of comfort and luxury that began to prevail. Accordingly, the nobles abandoned their donjons and built themselves mansions within the circumference of the walls, better lighted, better warmed, altogether more cheerful, and with architectural enrichments. The huge donjon, obstructing the court, casting its cold shade over it, was in some cases torn down, in newly erected castles was omitted altogether. One of the special peculiarities of the castle at the close of the thirteenth century and the beginning of the fourteenth is the great importance given to towers in the walls, which, with rare exceptions, are cylindrical. Engines of attack were then very much perfected, and accordingly the towers had to be augmented in diameter and the walls made more solid.

The feudal power was greatly weakened, and, but for the English domination in Guyenne, would have been

earlier reduced. Under Charles V. there was for a while rest. No longer was there a foreign foe to resist. The only danger that menaced the nobles was from a popular outbreak. Habits of luxury prevailed, and at the close of the fourteenth century the nobles modified their old châteaux, gave them a less severe aspect, introduced more sculpture, broke windows through the walls in place of loopholes, surrounded themselves with pleasances and orchards, and changed their fortification so as to enable them to resist a sudden attack without being obliged to maintain so large a retinue of armed men. The castles at the end of the fourteenth century had shrunk as to the extent of ground they covered. They were no longer great open platforms ringed about with walls and circular towers, and with a vast donjon overtopping and overshadowing every portion; they consisted of spacious and noble buildings backed by the curtains, which are very high, and with angle towers and with an entrance also furnished with towers. The donjon formed a portion of the entire block of buildings, differing from them by being loftier, the walls thicker, the apartments therein less convenient and shapely.

Then came the introduction of artillery, which broke down the confidence of the nobles in their strong walls. They were quite incapable of meeting this new agent of destruction. Moreover, their independence was almost gone. They accepted the situation. They built their castles afresh, or altered those already existing, and turned them into country houses. Defence was no more thought of. All that was regarded was to make their residences as rich in sculpture, as pleasant to live in as they were able. The taste for sculptured palaces had been contracted in Italy during the campaigns of Charles VIII.,

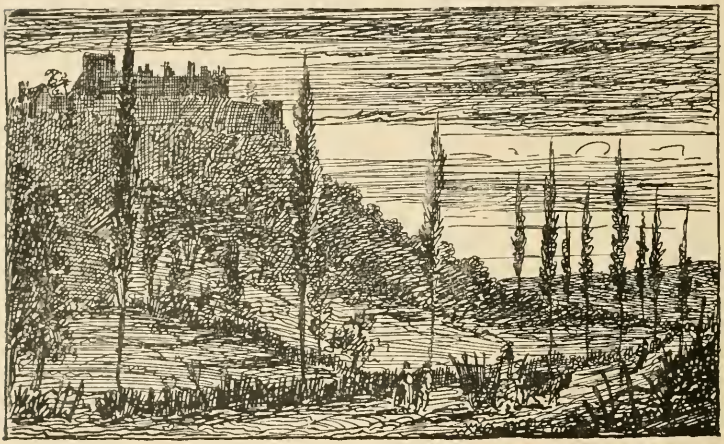
Louis XII., and Francis I. The nobility which had served in Italy returned to France to contrast their cold and gloomy châteaux with the marble mansions of Italy. They set about the reconstruction of their ancestral homes. They retained the donjon and the corner towers, greatly reduced, as symbols of their ancient power, but threw down the curtains and replaced them by edifices

ROQUEDOLS.

with balconies and traceried windows. The crenelated crown was exchanged for louvre windows richly sculptured, crocketed, and pinnacled. As an example of the château in its last stage, when the angle towers are retained for ornament rather than use, I give Roquedols, near Meyrueis. Such, then, in brief, is the story of the construction of castles in France, and any one who has mastered this, when next he travels in that fair land,

will be able to study them with more interest than hitherto.

Among the innumerable châteaux that are strewn throughout the land I am describing, there is hardly another so interesting as that of Castelnau le Bretenoux, at the junction of the Bave, the Cére, and the Dordogne. It is in the ancient viscounty of Turenne, and the seigneur of Castelnau owed feudal homage to the viscount. Every year a waggon drawn by oxen, their horns gilded, and



CASTELNAU LE BRETENOUX.

adorned with ribbons, started from Castelnau. The waggon was decorated with flowers and flourished about with garlands and streamers. Javelin-men marched before and after it. In the vehicle amidst the flowers was a nest composed of moss, and in that nest one egg; this was the annual due from the lord of Castelnau to the viscount of Turenne. The saying went among the peasants,—

"Tourenne reno Castelneau te crainio ma d'un eou." That is to say, "Turenne se fache, Castelnau ne te craint que d'un œuf."

The castle occupies a natural elevation, a bunch of rock that rises out of the plain formed by the junction of the rivers. The rock is a spur to a ridge that projects, but is naturally cleft and isolated. The entire summit is crowned with towers and walls like a diadem, and these towers and walls belong to all periods, from the twelfth century to the sixteenth. It is the capital, so to speak, of a little district called the Prudhommat, in which are the bastide of Bretenoux and five little villages, each with its church or chapel. Castelnau, however, is no town; it is but a castle, with a capitular church and some cottages clinging to the side of the hill.

It belonged to the illustrious family of Castelnau, who owned lands that extended as far as Figeac; but they were vassals under Turenne. One portion of the castle, with a singular chimney, and with two windows comprising four roundheaded openings under one arch in each, forms a portion of the great hall in which Henry II. assembled the estates of Quercy. The seigneurs of Castelnau held resolutely to the French side in the Hundred Years' War. One of them, Bego, became bishop of Cahors in 1366, but he absolutely refused to enter his episcopal see because it was in the hands of the foreigner, and he would not swear fealty to the English king; ("quia sede se Anglo permittere, nec sub hostili jugo oppressam urbem videre posset"). This voluntary exile lasted four years, during which, however, the prelate was not inactive. At last, the hour sounded. On November 12, 1370, the French flag floated from the tower of the minster at Cahors, and Bego of Castelnau at the same time made his triumphal entry.

Jean de Caylus de Castelnau, of the same name and family, succeeded to the episcopal throne of Cahors. He sat from 1435 to 1460. At this period Joan of Arc

had appeared. The English leopard still overran the land, but limped. Jean de Castelnau assembled the estates of Quercy within the walls of the ancestral castle to concert means for expelling the English from the land.

The direct line of Castelnau became extinct in 1395, and the castle passed to the family of Pons de Caylus. The last of that new race died in 1705, when his widow carried the immense estates and the castle into the family of the Dukes de Luynes.

Then came the Revolution.

Orders were sent to the mayor from the Directory that the magnificent castle was to be destroyed. The mayor was named Gindre—he should be remembered with respect. He took a ladder and a chisel, and chipped away the coat-of-arms over the door, and wrote to announce "the demolition of this stronghold of tyranny."

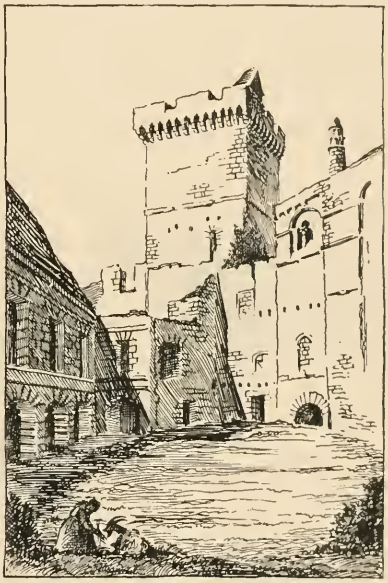
At the Restoration, the Luynes family sold Castelnau for a trifling sum. They had not seen it, and were unaware what a monument of art it was. It not only possessed a series of chambers decorated in 1581, but a superb gallery, elaborately carved and painted and gilt, which ran the length of the château, and which was one of the finest pieces of Renaissance work in the department.

The castle passed into the hands of an ancient *registreur* at Bretenoux, who tried hard to get the Government to purchase the castle as a *monument historique*; but it was too far from Paris for that; and when this failed, he turned to the authorities of the department, but they had not sufficient funds. Then he heavily insured the castle.

On the night of January 28, 1851, a fire broke out under the magnificent gallery, where a large amount of fuel had been stacked, and this superb relic was utterly destroyed. The flames, moreover, penetrated to the

chapel, which was frescoed throughout, and destroyed the paintings, also several chambers that were richly decorated.

The insurance company refused payment, and finally the castle was sold to the *curé* for a sum of about—in English money—£400. He lived in it till his death, when he bequeathed it to his nephew. As the boy was under age, the guardians sold the castle, and it was purchased by a M. Pradines, who devoted his small means to the preservation of what remained. That gentleman is now dead, and his brother is desirous of disposing of the castle.



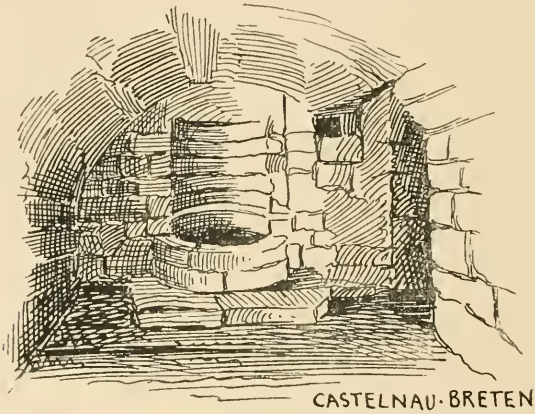
CASTELNAU.

The château is a congeries of constructions of many ages. The feudal past is there in a picture before one's eyes, in its glory, in its piety, in its ferocity. The earliest portion, that which saw the English domination begin, was constructed by Hugh de Castelnau in 1080. Other portions belong to the thirteenth century, others again to the fourteenth. The splendid Renaissance apartments were painted in 1581, as already said. The grand state staircase is of the seventeenth century.

The castle occupies a triangular platform, enclosing a large court. Three circular towers of unequal size rise at the angles, three others are planted on the sides. Other

towers defended the entrance. The donjon is square and crowned with machicolations. It is called the Roman tower, but belongs in its present form to the fourteenth century. The beautiful little chapel, with its delicately carved roodscreen and gallery, is of the beginning of the fifteenth century.

Under the donjon is the prison, and in the vestibule to the prison an oubliette. This vestibule is so low that one can hardly stand upright in it. At the extremity opposite

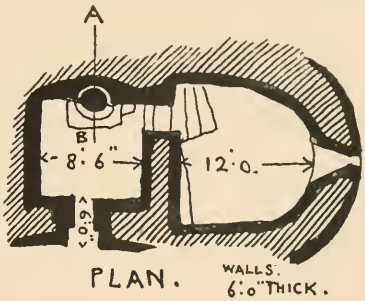


CASTELNAU·BRETENOUX
ACCESS·TO·OUBLIETTE.

the door, in a recess, is a well-like opening, which gives admission to the oubliette, down which the seigneur dropped such prisoners as he desired to get rid of speedily.

In 1819 a peasant was let down, but shouted to be pulled up again, as seven skeletons were lying about the floor. A few years ago, M. Pradines thought it advisable to explore the place, and he found that the number was in reality only four. If the story I was told be true, three lay against the wall, as though the poor wretches had crawled to the farthest limits to cast themselves down to die. The fourth, however, lay immediately under the

opening, as if the man thrown in had lingered there till death, straining his eyes to catch the only glimmer of light that could reach him. The present proprietor was not sure what his brother had done with the remains, but believed that some barrow-loads of earth had been thrown down the well to cover them.



Being dubious about oubliettes, I resolved to descend this one. It is by no means unusual for cisterns destined to receive the water from the roofs to be called oubliettes, even for the openings connected with the sewage system of a castle to be confidently so entitled.

Before describing my examination of this oubliette, I venture to give a little personal incident connected with it.

I had reached Castelnau in the afternoon, and spent some hours in exploring the castle. When I had made up my mind to descend into the oubliette, it was too late to undertake this the same evening, and I had to defer the expedition till the morrow, and seek an inn where I might spend the night. Where that inn was, for reasons that will be obvious to the reader, I will not specify.

Suffice it, that I found one—a very primitive, rude *cabaret*. The season was winter, the month December,

and snow was falling and water was frozen. The *salle à manger* had not only no fireplace in it, but the window, consisting of four panes of glass, had two of these broken. The landlord, an old, kindly man, somewhat depressed, said he would do what he could for me, but, alas! he had lost his wife, quite recently, last week.

I observed that parting with a good wife was the greatest loss a man could endure—and naturally, as I said this, my thoughts travelled off to the best of wives at home. "Yes, a *good* wife," said the host, with a shrug of the shoulders.

Presently the whole painful story came out. His wife had run away from him, and not alone.

"Conceive," said he; "she is old—forty-five—and ugly—ugly à faire peur."

"I have no doubt you told her so," I replied; "and no woman will endure that. I do not wonder that she has run away."

He shrugged his shoulders again, and asked my opinion as to what he should do under the circumstances.

"That is an awkward question to ask a stranger and an Englishman," said I; "but there are two pieces of advice I can offer. One is, that you at once insert in the local papers that you will not be responsible for your wife's debts; and the other"— I produced a bad five-franc piece that had been passed on me some days previously. "What is this?" I inquired.

The landlord took the coin, tested it, turned it about in his palm, and said, "It is bad, elle ne vaut rien."

"Well," said I, "if you had that coin, that is worthless, what would you do with it?"

With promptitude he answered, "Try to pass it."

"Eh bien!" said I. "Be content. You have passed your bad piece, celle qui ne vaut rien."

At two o'clock in the morning the old fellow came into my bedroom to get his Sunday clothes, that he might be off to Figeac to insert his advertisement in the papers.

After breakfast I was driven to Castelnau, and found a farmer there ready, provided with ropes, and he and my driver let me down the neck of the oubliette.

As the neck is narrow, and both hands were needed for holding the rope, I could not carry a light, but had a candle in my pocket, as well as matches.

The contracted throat soon gave way, and I was in space descending, and finally my feet rested on a mound of earth and rubble. I lit my candle and carefully examined the place. The depth is only about 30 feet. The chamber or vault is constructed of quarried stone, and is 13 feet square. It is arched over above, and with no opening, as far as I could discern, by which water could have been allowed to run in. I had no magnesium wire with me, and absolute certainty I could not arrive at; but I looked round carefully, without detecting any other opening than that by which I had descended.

There was a great heap on the floor, which I did not disturb, as I had no pick with me, nor did I care to turn over and expose the bones of the unhappy wretches beneath.

These dungeons, accessible only from above, have been known and used from a very early period. Jeremiah was let down into one (Jer. xxxviii. 6). "In the dungeon there was no water, but mire: so Jeremiah sunk in the mire." Ebed-melech the Ethiopian delivered him. "He took men with him, and went into the house of the king, under the treasury, and took thence old cast

clouts and old rotten rags, and let them down by cords into the dungeon to Jeremiah. And Ebed-melech the Ethiopian said unto Jeremiah, Put now these old cast clouts and rotten rags under thine armholes under the cords. And Jeremiah did so. So they drew up Jeremiah with cords, and took him out of the dungeon."

This horrible well was the *barathrum* of the Romans. A Roman prison consisted of the outer court or general prison, and an inner one called the *robur* or *lignum*, in which were the stocks, and it was into this that Paul and Silas were thrust at Philippi. In the floor of the *robur* was a trap-door over the abyss or *barathrum*, a hideous hole that descended to the foundations, and into which flowed the sewage of the prison. The *robur* itself was a bad enough place, as it was without light, and in the Acts of the Martyrs there is repeated reference to the horrors of this place. In the Acts of St. Pionius and others of Smyrna, we read that the jailers "shut them up in the inner part of the prison, so that, bereft of all comfort and light, they were forced to endure extreme torment, from the darkness and stench of the prison."

Sometimes prisoners were let down into the *barathrum* and confined in it. This was what was done to Jeremiah. Sometimes they were despatched by being precipitated headlong into it. Those who were executed in prison had their corpses thus disposed of. The cold dungeon in the Tullianum into which Jugurtha was let down was an oubliette of the cleaner sort. "He was thrust down naked into a deep abyss," says Plutarch, "and in his frenzy, with a grinning laugh, he cried out, 'O Hercules, how cold your bath is!' After wrestling with famine for six days, he perished."

Into the viler *barathrum* St. Ferreolus of Vienne, in

Gaul, was let down in 304. Stifled by the loathsome odours of the place, tortured by his wounds, unable to repose in the knee-deep filth, he resolved to make a desperate effort to escape. He succeeded in breaking the shackles off his feet, and in working his way through the outfall into the Rhone, which he crossed by swimming. On the further side he was recaptured, brought back, and decapitated.

That the mediæval robber knights and feudal tyrants should have employed similar means of getting rid of their enemies is not only probable, but certain.

Bernard VIII., count of Armagnac, cast his cousin Gerald, in 1403, down one, in the castle of Rodelle, in Bigorre. The unhappy man lingered in it from ten to twelve days. Bernard had also captured the two sons of Gerald. He had the youngest brought to the same dungeon, but the horror caused by the sight of the oubliette in which lay the corpse of his father, and down which he believed he also was to be precipitated, produced such a shock, that he fell down dead on the spot.

In the middle of the fourteenth century, Stephen, archbishop of Toulouse, had to interfere, because Matthew, prior of St. Martin de Prés, had introduced the oubliette into the monastery over which he ruled, and cast down refractory monks, whom he kept alive with bread and water, without light, till death closed their miseries.

The *vade in pace* was not unknown in other monasteries. In the time when Joseph II. made his reforms in Austria, something very much like one was discovered in the Capuchin convent at Vienna. If these things were done in the green tree, in religious houses, what was done in the dry, the lawless haunts of ruffian nobles?

There is a droll story in MS. in the Lambeth library, that

has been printed for the "Early English Text Society," which bears on the matter of oubliettes. This is the tale of "The Wright's Chaste Wife," and is of the date 1462.

A wright married a modest, good maid, and received with her as her only dower a crown of white roses, which would bloom as long as his wife was true. This he always carried about with him. Now, he had in his house a tower, and in the floor of the tower a trap-door over an oubliette, so contrived that whoever trod on it fell down, and could not get forth again. Once he was engaged for a nobleman, to build his hall, a job that would take him three months. Whilst working at the hall, the nobleman saw the crown of roses, and asked its meaning. The wright told him. Then the lord was curious to see if the wife was true, and he went to the wright's house, and endeavoured to beguile the wife. She sent him up into the tower, and he tumbled down the oubliette. When down there, she refused him meat and drink unless he spun flax for his livelihood. At first he refused, but finally, moved by hunger, he yielded, and she threw down a distaff and flax and hemp.

> "Sche brought the lyne and hempe on her backe.
> 'Syr lord,' sche seyd, 'have thou that,
> And lerne for to swete.'"

After he had worked hard for a night and a day, she let down food to him.

Now, it fell out that the steward also saw the crown, and also wished to essay its virtue, and it fared with him precisely as with his lord, only that he was much less inclined to card and spin in the hole than the nobleman. His master eats all the food and drinks all the water, and will share none with him, so he also is at last forced to work for his living. Then comes the proctor of the parish

church, and he also has the same wish, and meets with the same fate.

The proctor vows he will not beat and card linen and spin flax; but when food is let down for the other two, which they greedily eat, and will share none with him, he also gives way, and spins vigorously.

Thus the three work at the bottom of the dark hole till the wright returns home, when his wife shows him the three men working at the flax and hemp in the oubliette. When the three see the wright, they plead to be let out, but this the wife will not allow till the lady of the lord be brought to see the fun; after which all are allowed to crawl forth.

But enough of this story.

When I returned to the inn, I found the dolorous host there, in his Sunday suit, returned from Figeac.

"Well," said he, "have you been down the oubliette?"

"I have," answered I.

"Ah!" sententiously; "I wish there were oubliettes now, and we could drop into them certain wrong-doers."

"There are," I replied, "at all events, oubliettes in our hearts into which we may let drop, not indeed the wrong-doer, but the memory of the wrongs done us."

M. Viollet le Duc throws great doubt on oubliettes. He says, what is quite true, that there is not a castle of the Middle Ages shown in which such a place is not pointed out, called *vade in pace* or oubliette; but that in only three instances, to his knowledge, are there such dungeons which are unmistakably what they are supposed to be.

The discovery of the skeletons in the subterranean chamber at Castelnau is a fact, and I could not discover either an opening by which water could enter to convert

this place into a cistern, or an outfall to show that it had been intended for sewage.

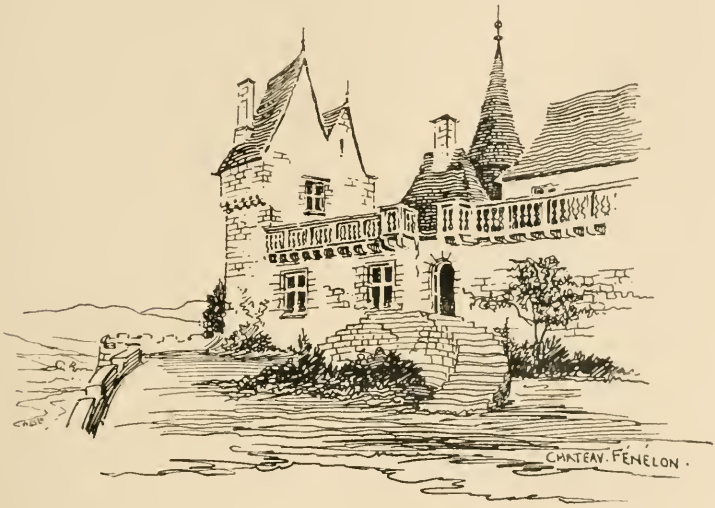
Nearly every such place shown was never constructed to be what is pretended. They are mostly cisterns to receive the water from the roofs. Castles built on top of rocks required such cisterns for the supply of the garrison. Nevertheless, I can hardly doubt that such places, and still more horrible holes, were used in the times of mediæval savagery by the utterly unfeeling barons, though no doubt only rarely.

We must not leave Castelnau without a visit to the lovely Flamboyant church outside the castle, with its cinq-cento glass, and its exquisitely carved stalls for the canons. One of the windows represents St. Louis learning to read at the knee of his mother, Blanche de Castille. The carving on the stalls is admirable. On them we see represented various handicrafts—a fisherman with his net, a carder with his comb, an apothecary pounding in a mortar, a hatter with his block, a nun saying her hours.

The château of Fénelon, on the Dordogne, is in the little village of St. Mondane. It belongs to the Marquis de Malville, who has thoroughly restored it at great cost in the best manner. It is quite small, and belongs to the early Renaissance period, when the towers and battlements were nothing other than reminiscences of a feudal past, and yet when the Wars of Religion made it necessary for every man's house to be a castle. To reach the door into the block of domestic buildings the circuit of the walls has to be made thrice; that is to say, one has to pass in a spiral three times round the height on which the castle itself stands, exposed to the fire of muskets and cannon from the walls on each side. Finally, when the platform in front of the castle is reached, admission is obtained by

a drawbridge, which is a mere fancy of the architect, for a flight of steps conducts to it, and the curtain is converted into a balustraded terrace. By the time an enemy had got so far, further resistance was impossible.

The grounds about the castle are well laid out. It commands a magnificent view over the Dordogne valley, and below it is an eminently picturesque home-farm, with



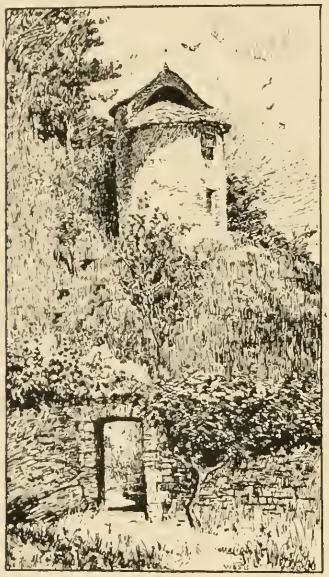
FÉNELON.

ornamental dovecot. Moreover, on the way to the castle a very interesting rock habitation is passed. The room, together with the bed in which the great Fénelon was born, are preserved in the château in the same condition as they were two centuries ago.

Almost everywhere the Renaissance pigeonry is a feature of great picturesqueness in this country.

The château of Assier, built by Galiot, is the Heidelberg of the Causses of Quercy. Galiot de Genouillac—his real name was Jacques Gourdon—was a native of Assier,

and grand master of artillery under Francis I (1475–1548). He was maligned to the king. Brantôme relates what he said to his master when he saw that Francis was touched with suspicion: "C'est vous qui m'avez donnés les biens que je tiens, vous me les avez donnés librement, aussi librement me les pouvez ôter, et suis prêt à vous les rendre tous. Pour quant à aucun larcin que je vous aie faict, faictes moi trancher la tête si je vous ai faict aucun."



PIGEONRY, ROQUEDOLS.

The king asked for no further justification.

"Vous dites vrai. Aussi me les redonnez, et moi je vous les rends de bon cœur. Aimez moi et me servez bien toujours comme avez faict, et je vous serrai toujours bon roi."

Galiot retired to the splendid castle he had erected at his native place. This edifice was constructed on the site of the Tour du Sal, which had been an English stronghold in the Hundred Years' War. The Count d'Armagnac obtained it by purchase from the freebooters, and he sold it to Ogié Dubois, from whom Galiot was descended through his mother.

The plan of the château built by him was a great court surrounded by buildings, with a stately façade. This façade still exists, as well as one of the round towers, with which each angle was furnished. Singularly enough,

one rude old tower of La Sal was left, and now this stands stout and weather-beaten amidst the ruins of the delicate and lovely sculpture that has been thrown at its feet. The old tower is constructed of unshapen common stone, taken at random from the surface of the Causse; whereas the new work is of hewn and sculptured stone, brought from a distance.

The staircase is richly carved. On it is Hercules strangling the Nemæan lion and trampling on Antæus. Under the labours of Hercules can be read the name of Galiot, and his device, "J'aime fort une"; or else, "Oui je l'aime sicut erat in principio." Elsewhere again the "fort une" are united, and the device reads, "J'aime fortune."

Galiot's daughter turned Calvinist, and one room in the castle is called the chamber of Calvin, as he is said to have visited the place and preached there. The church was begun in 1545.

On Galiot's tomb in the church is inscribed, "Après la mort bonne renommée demeure."

Another fine specimen of Renaissance is, or rather was, the Manoir de Montal, built in 1534, now reduced to two wings, flanked by a tower at each angle. The structure was in the richest style of the period. It was rich externally, richer within. The staircase ceiling was a mass of delicate ornament, with busts of Roman emperors, griffins, dolphins, syrens, fruit, and birds. A louvre window that rose above the cave had cut below it the mournful legend, "Plus d'éspoir." The legend goes that Rose de Montal, daughter of the sieur, had been much attached to a young gentleman of the Castelnau family, and for some time he seemed to be greatly in love with her. Presently he became cold, and no longer visited

the manoir. She watched for him from this window, and one day perceived him riding along the road that ran below the mansion. He approached without looking up, passed with averted head. Then she knew for certain that he loved her no longer, and, crying "Plus d'éspoir!" she cast herself from the window.

Alas! the Manoir de Montal is now a gutted ruin, void of all interest. It was sold a few years ago to a Parisian curiosity-dealer, who tore out everything that could be sold,—chimney-pieces, staircase,—and has left it an uninteresting wreck.

CHAPTER XXI

THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR

The Traces of the English Domination in Guyenne—Edward III. resolves to claim the French Crown—Robert of Artois—The Treachery of Philip VI. furnishes an Excuse—The Army under the Earl of Derby joined by the Guyenne Seigneurs—The Count de l'Isle—Taking of Bergerac—All Périgord submits—Battle of Auberoche—Battle of Crecy—Truce, and Death of Philip—War breaks out again—The Black Prince in Guyenne—Expedition into Languedoc—Battle of Poitiers—Taking of St. Cyr-la-Poppie—The Défillé des Anglais—Condition of France during the Captivity of King John—Edward III. traverses France—Treaty of Bretigny—Formation of the Free Companies—The Nobles of Guyenne—The Spaniards under Henry of Trastamare—Compacts made with the Companies—The Companies invited to march into Spain—Pedro the Cruel solicits Help from the Black Prince—The Companies return into Languedoc—Success at Montauban—Quercy rejects the English Yoke—The Black Prince's Cruelty—The Massacre at Limoges—The Château des Anglais at Brengues—Another at Autoire—Demoralisation of the Country—The *Patis*—The English in the Gevaudan—Charles V. gains the Towns in Guyenne—Expedition of 1373—Loss of Guyenne—Charles VI.—Confusion—Expedition of Henry V.—Battle of Agincourt—a Barren Victory—His Prediction—The Nobles as great an evil as the Routiers—Litany for Peace and Relief.

THE English occupation of Guyenne has left its ineffaceable stamp, not only on the aspect of the country, but on the popular imagination.

The lime and chalk crags had been taken advantage of for conversion into fastnesses, which were held either by the English or against them, often first by one party, then by another.

Every point of vantage for commanding and intercepting passage from one city to another was blocked by a gate, or observed by a watch-tower. Every height was

CABRERETS.

scaled and every abyss sounded, to find some place whence an armed force might spring on an enemy, or whither the helpless peasants, pillaged, maltreated by friend and foe alike, might flee at the approach of the marauder.

Whatsoever of man's construction is marvellous, that the popular fancy attributes to the English, as anywhere else it would be attributed to the devil. Indeed, the rock castle above Cabrerets is called indiscriminately, Le Repaire des Anglais, or Le Château du Diable. Even the prehistoric monuments of rude stone are supposed to date from the English domination, and many a dolmen has been destroyed by the peasants, because they believe "c'est un tombeau d'un de ces cochons d'Anglais."

The ballads of the people tell of their sons carried off to be impressed for arms, and their daughters to be the paramours of the English king and his knights.

> "At early morn the peasant maid arose,
> She donned her kirtle and slipped on her shoes.
> Her father askéd, 'Daughter, whither hie?'
> 'To view the English king go riding by.'
> 'O daughter, daughter, tarry here by me,
> Or ne'er again shall I your sweet face see.'"

Of course the wilful maid goes to the highway side, and of course is snatched up and carried off *en croupe*.

At a tournament held by Edward III. at Windsor, in 1343, when he instituted a "Round Table," in imitation of the fabulous Arthur, there appeared before him certain Gascon lords, who had come to request him to despatch soldiers into Guyenne, capable of holding the country against the encroachments of the French. Edward had other reasons for seeking war with France. Charles IV. had died without issue in 1328, and Philip of Valois had succeeded—his first cousin. But Edward III. of England was son of Isabella, the sister of the late king, and he was pleased to suppose that he had a prior right to the crown. Intestine troubles in England had prevented him from making his claim on the death of Charles, and he had

been obliged to recognise the rights of Philip VI., and to do homage to him for his duchy of Guyenne.

Philip, who knew the ambition of the English king, sent aid to the Scots, who were at war with him. But Edward defeated the Scots, and resolved to lend his aid to the first enemy of France who asked it, in retaliation for the support rendered by Philip to his foes.

When Robert of Artois, accused of having attempted the king's life, fled to England, he was well received. This Robert was a prince of the blood. He had pretensions on the county of Artois, which was held by his aunt, and which would be transmitted from her to her daughters. In order to enforce his claims, he fabricated forged titles, and engaged false witnesses. The forgeries were so clumsy that they were discovered. The investigation revealed another crime. Robert had poisoned his aunt and the elder of his cousins. He was banished the kingdom, and his estates were confiscated (1332). He retired into Brabant, and, in his spleen, attempted to compass the death of the king by unhallowed means. He fashioned a wax image of Philip, and after mass said over it, and its baptism in the name of the king, he stabbed the heart with needles, and melted it in the sun. He was confident that by this means he would torture the king with aches, and waste him away with consumption. The attempt was discovered. Robert, afraid of being tried for sorcery, escaped to England, where he used all his influence with Edward to spur him on to war (1334). Except for some desultory fighting in Brittany, nothing was done till 1345. War was then provoked by Philip himself, through a monstrous act of treachery. Philip had invited Oliver de Clisson and fourteen Breton knights who were in the English allegiance to a great tournament

at Paris. On their arrival he had them arrested, and executed without trial. Such an act as this set fire to the magazine in which the combustible material had been accumulating.

In 1345–46 France was invaded by the English armies. The first, commanded by Henry of Lancaster, Earl of Derby, disembarked at Bayonne on June 5, 1345. A second, under Edward himself, landed July 22, 1346, in Normandy.

After having passed a week at Bayonne, the Earl of Derby marched to Bordeaux, where he was received with enthusiasm. All the Gascon nobles on the English side rallied around him. These were the seigneurs of Albret, Caumont, Lesparre, Grailli, and Mussidan. The Count de l'Isle was governor in Guyenne for the French king. As soon as he heard of the landing of Lord Derby he summoned to him at Bergerac all the nobles of the French party, the count of Périgord, the seigneurs of Castelnau, Duras, the viscount of Caraman, and the count of Comminges. The earl remained a fortnight at Bordeaux, and then, having heard that the barons and knights of Gascony, Périgord, and Quercy were united at Bergerac to resist him, he resolved to march against them at once. The English army consisted of 1200 men-at-arms, of 4000 archers, and 3000 spearmen. The earl had appointed Sir Walter Manny and Franck de Hale his marshals.

The English army halted at Montcuq, and spies were sent out to note the preparations made by the French. These returned when the earl of Derby was at table with his principal officers. They reported that the French army was not one to inspire much fear. Sir Walter Manny looked at Lord Derby, and said, "Monseigneur, if we be good fighting men, let us drink this evening for

our supper the good wines of these French gentlemen in Bergerac." "I desire that truly," answered the earl. "To horse! and forward!" shouted the knights, leaping from table.

Bergerac was well fortified. It had ten towers and five bastions.

The French no sooner heard of the approach of the English than they were rejoiced. They issued from the town, and ranged themselves before the barriers of the faubourg, placing the foot soldiers (*bideaux*), armed with lances and short swords, in front.

The English advanced in good order and close rank. No sooner did their flight of arrows fall among the ill-protected French soldiers, than they gave way, and attempted to escape behind the horsemen. The knights, unable to advance through the panic-stricken crowd, did precisely what was done next year at Crécy. They drew their swords, and fell on their own front rank men, these terrified *bideaux*, and massacred them.

The English archers opened, extended their line, and closed around the French knights, who retreated in confusion; then the English cavalry charged, and entered the faubourg, when a desperate fight ensued.

The faubourg was united to the town by a bridge over the river. Speedily the routed knights and men-at-arms were flying across it, pursued by the English.

On the river face Bergerac was defended by a palisading only. When the faubourg on the left side of the river was in the hands of the enemy, it was not possible to think of prolonging the resistance. Nothing further could, however, be done that night, except for the English to send for a small flotilla of boats, in which to cross the river. Next day Bergerac surrendered. During the night

the noble defenders had escaped at full gallop for La Réole. It would have been folly to have remained in a town incapable of further defence.

The Hundred Years' War opened with this siege and capture of Bergerac.

After this great success, the English took many places in the neighbourhood. Fifty-six towns and castles in Périgord submitted to Edward III. The barons of French Aquitaine endeavoured to recover these disasters by sending for four great engines for hurling masses of rock, and assembling ten thousand men about Auberoche in Périgord, which was held by a small garrison for the English king. When Lord Derby heard this, he hastened to the relief of Auberoche with three hundred men-at-arms and six hundred archers; the rest of his force was dispersed, garrisoning the several places that had been taken.

At the head of this small company the earl approached Auberoche, and concealed himself in a wood near the French, where he consulted what was to be done. Sir Walter Manny advised an attack whilst the French were supping. This advice was followed. The English broke out of the wood, surprised and completely routed the enemy. The counts of Ile-Jourdain and of Périgord were taken, along with six other counts and viscounts, and numerous barons. Such a number of gentlemen were captured on that memorable day (October 23, 1345), that every English man-at-arms had two or three as his share to put to ransom. The victory of Auberoche ensured Lord Derby the submission of the rest of Guyenne, with the exception of Périgueux and Blaye. Angoulême surrendered, and the English were masters of all the country between the Garonne and the Charente. The earl and Sir Walter Manny showed themselves to be good and gentle knights;

they did not aggravate the horrors of war by unnecessary cruelties.

What had specially rendered the defeat of Auberoche humiliating to the French was the fact that the duke of Normandy, afterwards John II., had been appointed to hold the English at bay. He had kept so poor a look-out on their movements that he was unaware of the advance of the earl, and whilst three thousand knights and nobles fell into the hands of a few English, he remained ignorant and inert.

The battle of Crécy, fought on August 26, 1346, completed the discomfiture of the French. The duke of Normandy, who had wasted four months at the siege of Toulouse, now fled to his father in the disguise of a pilgrim, leaving his troops under the command of the count of Armagnac. That incapacity which he exhibited in the campaign of 1346 was to be made more manifest in the fatal battle of Poitiers, ten years later.

On August 4, 1347, Calais fell into the hands of the English, and a truce was concluded between the French and English, which it was hoped might lead to a permanent peace. Philip of Valois died in August 1350, and was succeeded by John, duke of Normandy, who had proved his incapacity in the defence of the South.

In 1355 war broke out again. The king of England had entered into an alliance with Charles, king of Navarre, who had been alienated from France by the bad faith of John. It was agreed that France should be invaded simultaneously by three armies. One, under Edward III. himself, was to land in Normandy, when the king of Navarre was to meet him; the second, under the duke of Lancaster, was to operate in Brittany; and the third, under the Prince of Wales, was to land at Bordeaux.

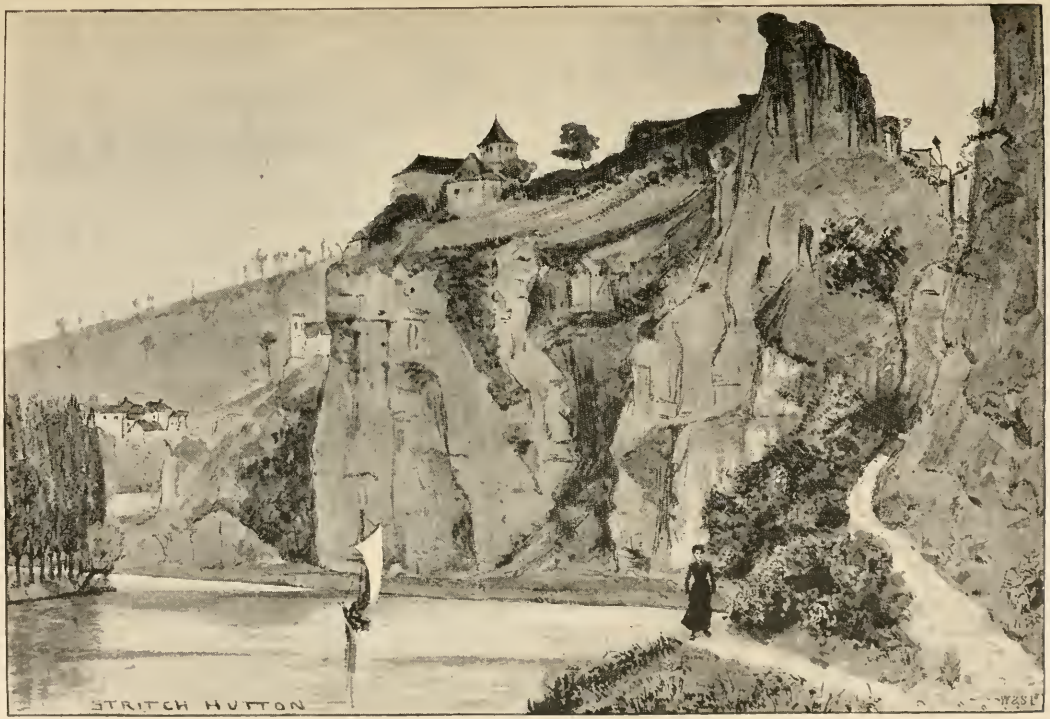
The first of these armies was prevented by storms from reaching its destination; the second was driven back by the same storms, and did not sail again for Brittany till the following year; the third departed from England in August, and the Black Prince disembarked at Bordeaux at Michaelmas 1355, placed himself at the head of a large army of English and Gascons, crossed the Garonne above Toulouse in the middle of October without encountering opposition, and swept through the territories of the count of Toulouse, pillaging, burning, and carrying off the inhabitants prisoners. He took Castelnaudry and Carcassonne. Hearing that the count of Armagnac was near Toulouse, he returned to Bordeaux along the foot of the Pyrenees, laden with spoils. "The English and Gascons," says Froissart, "had found the country full and gay, the rooms furnished with carpets and draperies, the caskets and chests full of beautiful jewels. But nothing was safe from these robbers. They, especially the Gascons, who are very greedy, carried off everything." During the whole of this expedition, no brilliant feat of arms was effected; towns were plundered and burnt, when not too strong to be assaulted with safety. The expedition was of no strategic value; it did nothing save intensify the hatred of the natives of the fair South for their invaders: the only positive result was that the incompetence of the count of Armagnac, to whom the protection of the country had been committed, was effectually demonstrated. Even Froissart, the eulogist of the Black Prince, designates the army as one of robbers, and can point to no better gain than plunder.

"The expedition of the Prince of Wales into Languedoc in 1355," says M. A. Molinier,[1] "is one of the

[1] In a note to the new edition of Doms Vic and Vaissette's *Hist. de Languedoc*, lib. xxxi. 59.

saddest episodes of the war of the Hundred Years. The forces of the invaders were so inferior to those of the French generals in command, the damage done was so vast, that one is at a loss which to wonder at most, the audacity of the enemy or the fidelity of the natives of Languedoc, who remained faithful to the national cause, in spite of the royal officers, who simply abandoned them to their fate. And these same natives were ready to prove their devotion to the same cause next year, after the fatal battle of Poitiers. The enterprise of the Prince of Wales was in itself absurd, and the fact alone of having ventured on it, shows that this bold knight had none of the qualities of a general. If, in 1355 and 1356, he was able to extricate himself from the false positions into which he had rushed headlong and without consideration, that was due to the incapacity of his adversaries rather than to the skilfulness of his manœuvres. He and his horde of soldiers had but one object in these two expeditions, to pillage a defenceless country, with the least possible risk to themselves, by falling on the richest towns and avoiding the strongest fortresses. For this grand object—worthy of Gascons and Welsh fillibusters—no land lay more convenient than Languedoc, which had enjoyed a long peace, and for many years had not seen an Englishman in it. According to Froissart's account, 'the country was gorged with riches, amassed through peaceful prosperity;' and this campaign was no better than an invasion by a large body of mere brigands."

The story of the campaign in 1356, and of the disastrous battle of Poitiers is too well known to be given here. King John fell into the hands of the Black Prince, who conveyed his illustrious captive to Bordeaux. On the capture of the king of France, the government of



ST. CYRQ-LA-POPPIE.

the country devolved on Charles, duke of Normandy. A truce was concluded between the French and English for two years.

It was at that time that the strongly fortified town of St. Cyrq-la-Poppie, on the Lot, was taken by the English. Local tradition tells the manner how.

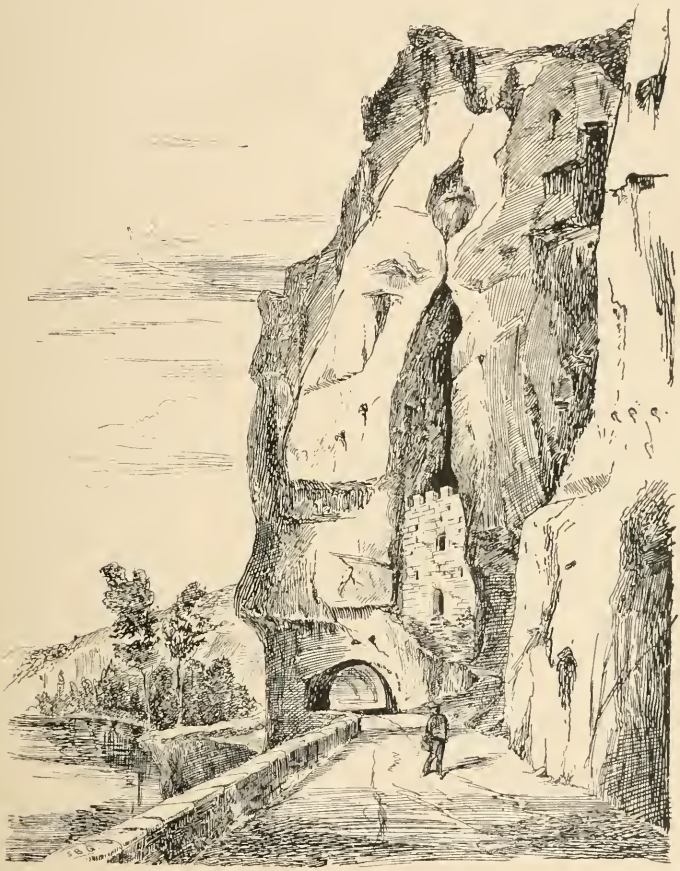
St. Cyrq occupies a singular position. A great organ-front of dolomitic limestone rises precipitously from the river. Intermingled with the natural curtains and turrets of rock are others that are structural, but the major portion of the castle lies screened behind the face of limestone. Between this great screen and the mountain side is a dip or elevated glen, that does not descend save by abrupt falls to the water. In this dip lies the town, of which the parish church stands on a platform above the river, that prolongs the screen which conceals the habitations from the other side of the Lot. The place would seem to be impregnable by nature. However, there is a cavern at a steep incline, which perforates the organ-front, and which opens above the river, and was employed by the garrison as the drain for their sewage.

It never occurred to them that it was possible that their castle could be entered by this means. Nevertheless, the English men-at-arms contrived, at the risk of their necks, to crawl along a ledge above the river, reach the turf slope below the cave, and, scrambling up its steep floor on hands and knees, to penetrate to the centre of the castle.

The band which captured St. Cyrq was one of the free companies.[1] They held also the valley of the Lot at a point a little lower, where the precipices contract on the river, and the road has to penetrate one of the rocks by an

[1] St. Cyrq was again taken by a free company in 1361; it is not certain to which occasion the tradition refers.

artificial tunnel. This is called "Le Défillé des Anglais." By the side of the walled gate-house is a guard-room, a



LE DÉFILLÉ DES ANGLAIS.

natural cave, in which the holders of the pass kept watch on the river and revelled.

The condition of France during the period of her king's captivity was most deplorable.

The duke of Normandy and the nobles, indifferent to everything save luxury and extravagance, burdened the country with enormous taxes, debased the coinage, and left unrestrained the disorders that broke out owing to the prevailing distress.

During the thirteenth century, many of the judicious ordinances of St. Louis against private wars had been enforced with excellent effect. Feudal lawlessness was restrained, and the power of the vassals weakened, before the authority of the crown. But a fatal mistake had been committed. This was the enrolment of salaried companies, the captains of which were nominated by the king, whereas the mercenaries therein were responsible to their chiefs alone. Moreover, these companies were not permanently engaged, but were dismissed the moment their services were no more needed. This prepared the soil for the Grand Companies of the fourteenth century. The man of war who lived by his sword, devoid of resources during peace, naturally became a brigand.

The war between the English and the house of Valois found a multitude of men unacquainted with or indifferent to the arts of peace, ready blindly to follow their chosen leader, regardless of all considerations save plunder and pay, void of patriotism, unscrupulous, and ready to sell their swords indifferently to any prince who could outbid his rival. During the captivity of King John, the disorder in the country grew to a head. English and French Routiers overran every province. The peasants were forced to convert the belfries of their churches into fortresses. Sentinels were appointed to keep watch by day, whilst the people were at work in their fields, to give signal should the enemy appear. At night they retired to islets in the rivers, or slept in boats anchored in

midstream; in lime and sandstone districts they took refuge with their cattle in rock dwellings. In the midst of such constant alarm, the harvests suffered, and famine menaced the land in addition to war.

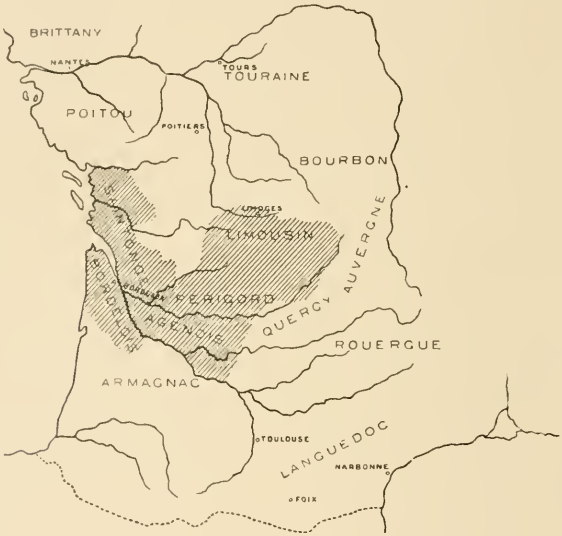
Negotiations for peace continued. Tired of the magnificent hospitality he received at Windsor, John was eager to effect an arrangement. He undertook to surrender to the king of England the entire north coast of France, all Aquitaine, Anjou, and Touraine, and to pay besides four million gold crowns as his ransom. This was a surrender of half France, and of the best half, along with the mouths of all the rivers.

When this treaty was brought to Paris, the Dauphin refused to execute it. He convoked (May 19, 1359) an assembly of the three orders at Paris, which tore up the disgraceful convention, and added that "King John must continue to dwell in England, and that God would provide the remedy, at His good pleasure."

Five months after, on October 28, 1359, Edward disembarked at Calais with his four sons and a vast host. He had chosen a bad season. It rained incessantly. On November 30, the English were before Rheims. The archbishop closed the gates and refused to surrender. Edward spent seven ineffectual weeks under its walls. The French had learned a lesson at Crécy and Poitiers, and refused to meet the English in the open field. The citizens enclosed within their walls, the nobles shut in their castles, allowed the storm to roll by. The unfortunate peasantry were alone exposed to it.

At length Edward became weary of this inert but invincible resistance. He had no wish to carry on the war in a cruel manner, but he was unable to control his soldiery. On one occasion, he issued from the abbey of

St. Lucien in the Beauvarais, where he had attended matins; on turning his head, he found that his men had set fire to the abbey. He was wroth, and hung twenty of them. But when he saw how little his moderation was appreciated, and how stubborn was the resistance of the French, he abandoned all attempt at restraint.

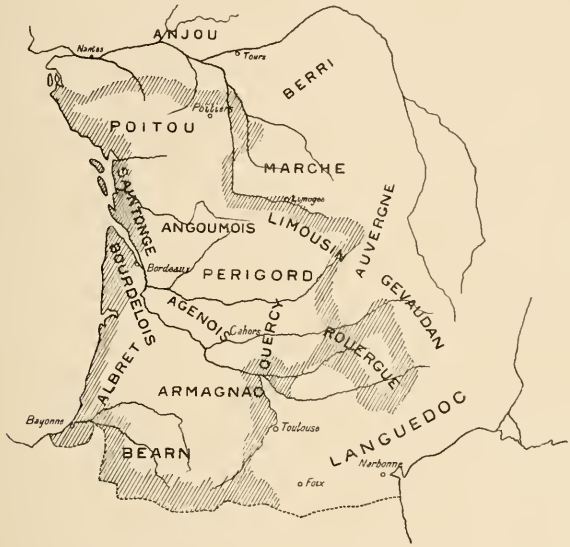


ENGLISH TERRITORY BEFORE THE TREATY OF BRETIGNY.
[English territory shaded.]

Whilst engaged in negotiation with delegates from the regent, near Châteaudun, a furious storm burst over the English camp; men and horses were struck down by the hail and blinded by the lightning. Edward was alarmed, and, looking in the direction of Chartres, vowed that he would conclude peace.

The conditions of peace were signed at Bretigny on May 8, 1360. Edward renounced his pretensions to the French throne, and to the ancient possessions of the

Plantagenets north of the Loire, but received sovereignty over the duchy of Aquitaine with all its annexed provinces, (Gascony, Poitou, Saintonge, Aunis, Agenois, Périgord, Limousin, Quercy, Rouergue, Angoumois), and Calais, with the counties of Ponthieu and Guines. The ransom of the king was fixed at three millions of gold crowns—



ENGLISH TERRITORY AFTER THE TREATY OF BRETIGNY.
[English territory within shading.]

about 247,500,000 francs at the present day, which was to be paid in annual instalments.

France was crushed by this enormous debt, and was dismembered and bleeding. Edward at once withdrew, and summoned the companies that had been in his pay to evacuate the fortresses they held in the territory of the king of France. The majority obeyed, and the captains disbanded their men. Then thousands of ruffians, accustomed to live by war, incapable of returning into social

life, found themselves without resources and without homes. Only a great war could have drained them away. There was but a petty one going on in Brittany. Some passed into that province, but the bulk remained in France, rallied under new chiefs, and recommenced war, without pretext, without flag, confessedly for the sake of plunder.

Bands of Gascons and Bretons began to ravage the land between Paris and Orleans. A cloud of Lorrainers, Brabanters, and Germans overran Champagne. These called themselves the Tardvenus, because they had lagged behind in the great feast of blood. Provence and Languedoc were occupied by companies. The most formidable was organised in Burgundy; it comprised 15,000 combatants.

One might have supposed that Guyenne would have escaped this scourge which fell so cruelly on lacerated and exhausted France. But it was not the case. The terrible truth is, that the very nobles, the barons, demoralised by civil war, had no scruple in torturing the unhappy peasants in the fields, and the cities which strove to retain the benefits of commerce and civilisation.

Moreover, the King of England was too far off to coerce these petty tyrants. Particulars relative to them, with an account of the chiefs who made themselves most notorious, are reserved for another chapter.

The Black Prince had been created duke of Aquitaine. As long as he was present, he either found employment for the companies or held them down under his iron hand. Although composed of men of all nationalities, it is satisfactory to know that only three of the captains bear English names—Sir Hugh Calverley, Sir Nicholas Dag-

worth; and Richard King; and the two former were rather English officers than independent freebooters.

John was succeeded in 1364 by one of the ablest and most remarkable of the French kings, Charles V. He vainly endeavoured to induce the companies to engage in crusade against the Turks; they would not listen to his overtures.

The French Marshal L'Audenhan had taken into his service Henry of Trastamare, natural son of Alphonso VII. of Castille, with large bodies of men from Spain. These men became as difficult to deal with as the Routiers, and as great a danger to the country. On July 23, 1362, a treaty was concluded with the chiefs of the companies, whereby they were accorded six weeks in which to clear out of the country, and were to follow Trastamare into Spain and wage war against Peter the Cruel, king of Castille; they were to be paid 100,000 gold florins, and the count 53,000, to engage them to depart.

At the same time Gaston, count of Foix, who was also troubled with these bandits, covenanted with them to cross the Pyrenees and exercise their activities in Spain. These compacts, which were evidences of weakness on the side of the representatives of constituted authority, naturally failed. The companies speedily tired of regular warfare, and poured back through the passes of the mountains and spread over Aquitaine and Provence.

In 1361, Perrers Bouvetaut, captain of one of these companies, took the abbey of Monastier St. Chaffre, in Velai, and made it his headquarters; but it was taken by assault in 1363 by the Count de Polignac, after a siege that lasted from January 19 to March 7, and all the free companions were put to the sword. Another company,

under a captain named Bertaquin, in 1363, swept from Beziers to Montpellier, burning and plundering.

In 1365 began the Spanish campaign. Pedro the Cruel, by his crimes, had roused the Castilians to revolt. The French king determined to support Henry of Trastamare in his claim to the throne, partly so as to free the country of the companies, but mainly so as to aim a blow at England. Pedro was the ally of Edward III.

The command of the French expedition was entrusted to Bertrand du Guesclin, who at once opened negotiations with the companies. These marauders had been excommunicated by the Pope. Du Guesclin undertook to obtain for them absolution, and a reward of 400,000 florins, to be paid, half by the king of France and half by the Pope, and he held out to them the prospect of vast spoil on the Spanish plains. Du Guesclin's proposals were accepted by a large number of the captains—twenty-five in all; and they agreed to surrender the fortresses they had taken or constructed, and march into Spain. Meanwhile, the king of England opened negotiations with some of the companies, but he was too late—30,000 had followed Du Guesclin.

Not a blow had been struck in Spain. Pedro fled before the French, and Henry of Trastamare was crowned at Burgos on April 5, 1366. Pedro came to Bordeaux and entreated the assistance of the Black Prince. Edward at once summoned Sir Hugh Calverley and the chiefs of the companies to come to his aid. They at once quitted the service of Henry of Trastamare, and endeavoured to make their way into Gascony.

In 1368, on the return of the Black Prince from Spain, the companies who had fought under his banners demanded their pay. Edward was in difficulties, for he

had not received what had been promised him by Pedro; he therefore melted down his own plate, and distributed among them his private means. As this did not satisfy them, and he was forced to disband the ruffians, they spread through Aquitaine, pillaging everywhere. The prince ordered them to leave his territories and seek their livelihood in France. They passed the Loire in February 1368, and gave out publicly that they were sent by the Prince of Wales.

In 1369 war broke out again between France and England, when some of the barons and towns of Quercy rose and threw off the English yoke. At the same time the French king sent bands of the free companies, one under Ratier de Negrepelisse, into Quercy to storm the castles that remained loyal to the English.

"War in the Middle Ages" says Quicherat, "was very different from what it is in this century. Under the discipline which holds the modern soldier in control, he cannot commit acts of violence and pillage without the permission of his commander. But it was not so in earlier ages. The constraint of a camp was but the prelude to the lawlessness that ensued upon victory. It gave zest to the freedom then indulged in, and which a general found it impossible to curb. The soldier demanded as his right absolute licence to rob, outrage, and murder. Not only were crimes committed in the blindness of revenge, in the intoxication of success, but wantonly, out of love of destruction. The soldiers fed their horses on the springing corn, they tore down houses to make up their fires with the rafters, and they burned the stacks of wheat and barley which they could not carry away. They massacred for the savage pleasure of seeing blood flow. Nor did the generals care to arrest the butchery and havoc. They

even provoked it, being not less cruel than the worst among their soldiers."

When, in 1472, Charles the Bold passed the Somme, the little town of Nesle capitulated. Regardless of the capitulation, he gave orders that everyone in the town should be slaughtered. Men, women, and children had taken refuge in the church; they were massacred there. The duke rode into the sacred building, made the sign of the cross, and shouted, "By St. George, lads, you have made a fine butchery here!" The floor was six inches deep in blood.

Nothing gratified the soldiers so much as a conflagration. Henry V. of England was a type of a generous and humane knight, pious withal, as the fifteenth century understood these qualities. Yet, when his French subjects remonstrated because of the fires kindled everywhere by his troops, he replied, "It is well! it is well! war without flames is naught, no more than eating chitterlings without mustard."

In 1370 the duke of Anjou and Du Guesclin marched towards the Agenois. Their success was great. City after city fell, and they came within a few leagues of Bordeaux. The duke of Berri, moreover, entered the Limousin and took Limoges. The English were unprepared. The Black Prince was sick; disappointment and illness combined to make him furious. He swore "by the soul of his father" that he would retake Limoges. As he was unable to ride on horseback, he was carried in a litter. At the head of over five thousand men, he sat down before the walls of Limoges, and after a month took it. A breach was made in the walls, and the English and Gascon soldiery poured in. Edward, embittered by the stubborn resistance, steeled his heart against pity. The

soldiers were given orders to spare neither man, woman, nor child. "It was great pity," says Froissart, "for men, women, and children threw themselves on their knees before the prince, crying, 'Mercy! mercy! gentle sire!' He would not listen to their cries; and," continues Froissart, "there is no man so hard of heart that, if he had then been in the city of Limoges, and had thought of God, he would not have wept tenderly over the great mischief which was there; for more than three thousand persons of all ages and of both sexes were killed that day. God have mercy on their souls, for they were truly martyrs!"

The Black Prince returned to England, where he died in 1376.

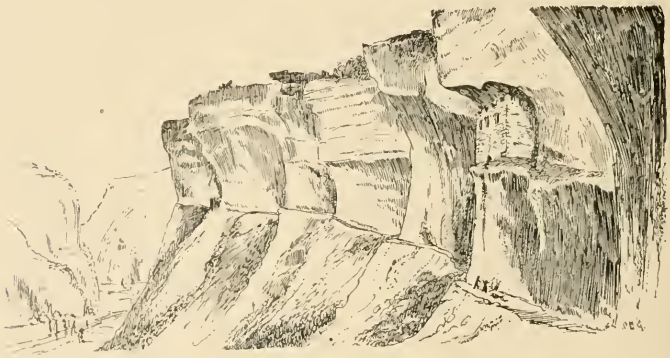
After the departure of the Prince of Wales from Aquitaine, Edward III. endeavoured to send succour into Gascony, which had fallen into confusion, but all his attempts failed. Among the barons some favoured the English, others the French, and they were so mixed up one with another that the whole country was the scene of their broils.

Froissart says: "So matters were woven together there, and the lords and knights were so divided, that the strong trampled down the weak, and neither law nor reason was measured out to any man. Towns and castles were interlaced one within the other, some English, some French, and they attacked and ransomed and pillaged one another unceasingly."

In the valley of the Célé, that opens into the Lot at Conduché, are more than one of the rock nests that were held from time to time by the freebooters. They built them for places of refuge, from whence they could not be dislodged.

One of these, still called "Le Château des Anglais," is

at Brengues, not far above the rock castle that had been occupied by Duke Waifre, and which in the Middle Ages was held by the family of Cardailhac. The castle in question is accessible on two sides only. A steep rubble slope extends from the river to the height of about 240 feet, and thence rise limestone cliffs that overhang to the height of 150 feet. Here a path, trodden by goats, runs along the junction of the rubble and the crag, and was formerly closed at each end by a fortified gate. One of



CHÂTEAU DES ANGLAIS, BRENGUES.

these remains. The other has been destroyed. A mill on the river was to be rebuilt; accordingly, the gate-house above was destroyed, and the blocks rolled down the incline to where the mill had to be constructed. Having reached the path, the castle itself is seen hanging in mid-air, plastered like a swallow's nest under the cave of overhanging cliff which serves it as roof. Its foundations are planted on a jutting piece of rock that overhangs. The interior of the castle is now, and ever was, absolutely inaccessible save by a ladder. It was from this stronghold, as well as from others in the same valley, that the

companies issued in 1371, and evacuated it only when paid a ransom of 120,000 gold francs.

But, indeed, in every river gorge may be seen similar structures, some more bold and hazardous in conception than others, but all telling the same tale of brigandage and desolation of the country.

It would be as tedious as it is useless to detail the many raids made by these freebooters through the long interval of the Hundred Years, of the compacts arrived at with them, only at once to be violated, of the efforts made to put them down. At one moment they seemed to control the entire country, at the next they were temporarily crushed, only again to recover and push their forays with more audacity than ever.

One of the editors of the new edition of Doms Vic and Vaissette's *Histoire de Languedoc* pertinently comments on the result of the English domination, and its encouragement of the free companies.

"In 1390 several places still remained in the hands of the enemy. This prolonged occupation had many vexatious results. In the first place, it impoverished the land, and interfered with trade and agriculture. But there were other inconveniences more grave than those which were material, and which are reparable in a few years of peace. What was far worse was that the distinction between friend and foe became effaced in the feelings of the inhabitants, who entered into communication with their invaders. In fact, it would be erroneous to compare this permanent occupation to an invasion by a hostile force. Nowadays the invader is isolated in the midst of the country he occupies, and his relations to the inhabitants are strictly limited to necessaries. In the fourteenth century, on the contrary, the inhabitants, citizen

and noble, finding themselves abandoned by their legitimate protectors, and incapable of protecting themselves, were constrained in their own defence to enter into negotiations with the robbers, and to conclude treaties with them—*patis*, they were termed. Nearly all the towns of Auvergne, the Rouergue, Quercy, the Gevaudan, and Velai concluded compacts of this description, and later on, the crown was obliged to pardon or overlook these transactions, which were contrary to the laws of the land. But these inevitable relations became speedily still more intimate, and drew the contracting parties further than was at first designed. The sum covenanted to be paid in the *pati* had to be raised, the Routiers were exacting, and what they required was not so much money as merchandise, cloth for their backs, arms for their hands, cattle, corn, etc. They loved luxury and good cheer, they spent their leisure in debauch, and demanded silk garments, costly wines, and spices. The inhabitants of the towns furnished them with these in defiance of royal rescript. It was soon found that the devil is not so black as he is painted, and relationships of friendship and of blood were contracted between the citizens and the enemy. They rendered each other small services. A tailor of St. Flour went to Turlande to equip the entire English garrison. A seigneur of Gevaudan sent his physician to attend the captain of a freebooting company who was ill. The moral sense became relaxed, the distinction between friend and foe disappeared; love of adventure was excited, and the youths flocked to the robber castles to tender their services as pages or squires. Intrigues were engaged in. A clerk of Gaillac endeavoured to open the gates of Penne to the English, the master workman at Gaillac endeavoured to do the same with Lescure."

The journey of Charles VI. into Languedoc was undertaken to learn the state of affairs and bring it to an end. Jean de Blaisy was commissioned in 1390 to enter into negotiations with the English, and persuade them to abandon their fortresses for 30,000 gold francs. The engagements made were broken and fresh bribes offered, almost always ineffectually. The robbers took the money, vacated their fortresses for a while, and built others, or retook what they had surrendered. In 1415, the duke of Berri convoked the estates of Guyenne and Languedoc, to consider how to relieve the country of the brigands. No better means was suggested than buying them off.

The Gevaudan was not one of the provinces ceded to England by the treaty of Bretigny, and the English therefore had no excuse whatever for disturbing it, and endeavouring to establish themselves therein. Nevertheless, the companies were hardly less troublesome there than in Quercy. They came down on it from Auvergne. The first time they made a descent, they were bought off at the price of 6000 gold francs, accorded by the estates of the Gevaudan, but they speedily returned to the charge, and took Châteauneuf de Randon, Balsièges, near Mende, Aumont, Chirac, Nasbinals, Grèzes, and Montrodat. Marvejols resisted them, under Oliver de Mauny, one of the lieutenants of Du Guesclin. They met with a reverse at Chirac, where the "Cimitiére des Anglais" is still pointed out. They attacked St. Chély d'Apcher, and were defeated in a bloody engagement. A little stone cross raised on the scene of the battle is called "La Croix des Anglais." In 1386 the Constable Du Guesclin came before Châteauneuf de Randon, which was the headquarters of the English Routiers. After a long resistance, the English captain consented to surrender the place if he received no relief

within fifteen days. During the interval, Du Guesclin died—he had been ill when he began the siege. The English, hearing of the constable's death, refused to yield up the place at the close of the armistice. Then the Marshal, Louis de Sancerre, threatened to put the hostages to death, and the freebooters were forced to surrender the keys of the town, which they laid on the coffin of the illustrious captain.

Edward III. had become old, feeble, and had fallen under the influence of Alice Perrers. The power of the lion seemed broken. Charles V. had bided his time. He never suffered his marshals to meet the English in the field; but he harassed them at every point, and he laboured to win the affection of the towns in the South. In 1370 he gave letters to the city of Rodez, empowering its merchants to trade freely throughout France. In the same year he granted assurance to the citizens of Figeac, although they were under English obedience, to pass everywhere unmolested in the realm.

He granted exemption from taxation for twenty years to Milhau, and privileges to Tulle, to Cahors, to Puy la Roque, to Sarlat, to Montagrier. In 1372 he recovered Poitiers and retook La Rochelle. An expedition started from England in 1373 under the duke of Lancaster, 30,000 strong. It was destined to conquer France, it did no more than traverse it. Wasted with disease and famine, ragged, without a horse in the remains of the host, it reached Bordeaux, reduced to 6000 men, without having fought a battle.

The English, disgusted with a war in which their foes declined to meet them in the field, asked for a truce, which was prolonged till the death of Edward III. in 1377. Then Charles knew that his time was come; he broke the

truce, and dealt blow after blow at the enemy. He set five armies on foot, and reconquered the whole of Guyenne, whilst a Castilian fleet manned by French troops harried the coasts of Kent and Sussex.

In 1380 there remained to the English but the French towns of Bayonne, Bordeaux, Brest, Cherbourg, and Calais.

The long reign of Charles V. came to an end in 1380, and he was succeeded by his eldest son, aged twelve, who was under the tutelage of his rapacious and unscrupulous uncles, the dukes of Anjou, Burgundy, and of Berri. The unfortunate king, allowed to indulge his every whim, and run through the whole gamut of pleasure, speedily degenerated into a madman. His reign of forty years was one of the most unfortunate for France.

On August 14, 1415, Henry V. of England disembarked at Havre and laid siege to Honfleur. No one was ready to oppose him. The French army was not ready, although the preparations of the English had lasted many months; no measures for national defence had been taken by the council of France. Never had unhappy France been in such hands as at this moment, when assailed by an adroit and shrewd prince, at the head of the flower of the forces of England, impatient to renew the glories of Crécy and Poitiers. She had no other chiefs than a young debauchee rendered imbecile by his extravagances, and a selfish and cowardly old man, the duke of Burgundy, who had the feebleness of age but none of its experience and wisdom. The treasury was empty. In all haste a levy was ordered, and the men-at-arms,—most of them old free companions hired for the occasion,—coming to the rendezvous appointed, pillaged the land on their passage, sacked churches, maltreated the peasants, insulted the

citizens of towns, who shut their gates against them as against an enemy.

Harfleur surrendered on September 18. But dysentery was ravaging the English army. Two thousand men had succumbed to it, together with the bishop of Norwich, and several nobles. Large numbers of the sick had to be sent back to England under the conduct of the duke of Clarence.

If there had been any competent commander in the French host, which had by this time assembled, he might have fallen on and routed the enfeebled army of Henry. The constable, Charles d'Albret, and the princes sent heralds to the English camp to ask Henry to name the day and place where he would fight them. He replied curtly that he would choose his own place and time without consulting them.

The battle was fought on October 24, at Agincourt. The result is well known. The disaster to the French nobility at Agincourt surpassed those of Courtrai, Crécy, and Poitiers. Of ten thousand French dead on the field, eight thousand were gentlemen and nobles. Among these were the dukes of Alençon and of Brabant, the duke of Bar and his two brothers, the constable, the counts of Nevers, Marle, etc., and a hundred and twenty great barons and royal bailiffs. The dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, the counts of Eu, Vendôme, and Richemont, the marshal Boucicaut, and fifteen hundred knights and squires, were taken prisoners.

After this splendid achievement, Henry V. re-embarked at Calais. His army, reduced to ten thousand men, was too exhausted to think of any further enterprise.

The treaty of Troyes (1420) gave the crown of France to the English. Charles disinherited the Dauphin, and

gave his daughter Catherine to Henry, with right of succession to the throne.

But the country would not sanction this base abandonment of its rights. A long and vigorous resistance was maintained by the cities, and the defeat and death of the duke of Clarence at Baugé in Anjou taught Henry V. that he had the whole of France against him. He foresaw that the victory of Agincourt had prepared the way for a series of disappointments and defeats. Ill, during the time of the siege of Meaux, he received the tidings that his young wife had borne him a son. It is said that he murmured with a sigh, "Henry of Monmouth reigned but a short while and conquered much. Henry of Windsor will reign long and lose all."

Both portions of the prediction were verified. Henry V. died August 22, 1422, and on July 17, 1453, was fought the battle of Castillon, in which fell the brave Talbot and his son, and the English rule in France came to an end. The youth and feebleness of Charles VI., the ambition and rivalries in the kingdom, had been the occasion for Henry V. The same causes acting in England operated in the long reign of the feeble Henry VI. to obtain the expulsion of the hated English from France. During more than a century (1345–1453) war had devastated the beautiful land of Guyenne. France had been to England what Rome was to Germany, a vain dream, an empty acquisition, and a grave.

"It must be allowed, English and French soldiers had not been always the worst scourge of this pleasant land. If the inhabitants of the towns had patriotism, this was wanting in the majority of the Périgordean seigneurs and captains: they passed alternately to the English or to the French; and to satisfy their desires and their passions they

took advantage of the most unhappy moments to devastate and oppress the land they should have defended." [1]

One touching memorial of that miserable epoch may be found in turning over the old office-books of the churches of Guyenne. They contain litanies and hymns of supplication for release from the sorrows that filled the hearts of all who were feeble. One such alone shall be quoted from the abbey of Marcillac on the Célé—nipped between the robbers' stronghold of Brengues and the Château du Diable at Cabrerets. It is addressed to the Virgin Mother. It prays her—Rosa piissima—

"Ut pellat mala plurima
Tormentaque gravissima
Quæ patimur,
Nam gente dirissima,
Lux lucis splendissima,
De sublimi ad infima
Deducimur.
Cunctis bonis exuimur,
Ab impiis prosequimur,
Per quos, Virgo, subjicimur
Servitutis.
Gratiæ fons et virtutis,
Sola nostra spes salutis,
Miserere destitutis,
Rectum iter
Pax sit nobis cum gaudio."

This was the litany of the monks. But the peasants, driven desperate with this long agony, said, "We have turned to God and it avails not, let us now look to the devil!"

[1] Labroue, *Bergerac sous les Anglais*, Bordeaux, 1893, p. 157.

CHAPTER XXII

THE FREE COMPANIES

The *Livre de Vie* of Bergerac—The Oppressors were the Seigneurs of the Country, and the Holders of the Great Fiefs—Letters of Mark—Barbarity of the Fourteenth Century—The Real Scourge of France consisted of French Seigneurs serving England for their own Advantage—Clerical Freebooters—Seguin de Badefol overruns Provence—Excommunication of the Free Companies—Du Guesclin agrees with the Captains—Wrath of the Pope—Seguin poisoned—Arnald de Cervole, the Archpriest—Assists Pope Innocent VI.—Besieges Avignon—The White Company—Battle of Brignais—Assassination of Cervole—Perducat d'Albret: serves the Black Prince; becomes French; then English—At Montauban—The Black Prince launches the Companies on France—The Château des Anglais at Autoire—Perducat plunders Quercy and Perigord—Bergerac taken by the French—Perducat in England—His Death—Rodrigo de Villandrando—Starts as a Freebooter—Joined by the Company of Amaury de Séverac—Character of Rodrigo—Sells his services to the French—Makes a Stronghold in the Causses—Battle of Colombiers—Attempt to capture the Count de Foix—Relief of Lagny—Acquires title of Count of Ribadeo—His Marriage—The Flayers—Capture of Albi—In Spain.

PERHAPS the most pathetic memorial of that period of desolation, the Hundred Years' War, is a little book which was discovered in the archives of Bergerac in 1871. It is a MS. consisting of eight large folios written on both sides; it is incomplete—the last sheets have been torn away. It affords us, as nothing else could, a peep into feudal life at the close of the fourteenth century (1379–1382).

It was entitled "The Book of Life" (*Lo Libre de Vita*).

ROCK-REFUGE ON THE VÉZÈRE, LE PEUCH.

It is the record of the sufferings of the inhabitants of Bergerac and its neighbourhood at the hands of the lawless seigneurs of the country. It was written by the jurors of Bergerac as a memorial for times to come when the transgressions of the wrong-doers would be avenged. In the words of the Book of Revelation we get a clue to the signification of the title: "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the Book of Life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works" (Rev. xx. 12).

The suffering burghers of Bergerac, unprotected by the crown, defenceless themselves, almost in despair, resolved to compile a record of the evil-doings of their oppressors which could be appealed to when the throne was sufficiently firmly established, and the arm of royalty long enough to reach to the Dordogne and lift up the weak and curb their oppressors.

This is the preamble of the MS. record.

"This is the Book of Life, that is to say, the Book of Remembrance of the great ills and dangers which have been occasioned to the inhabitants of the town and of the *châtellenie* of Bergerac by the individuals and evil-doers hereinunder inscribed, as well as a record of the days and years in which these damages were done, committed, and perpetrated."

And the writers appeal to the seigneur, the king of France, in order that "when the time is come, these malefactors may be punished by justice." Here is a brief summary of what is contained in these eight sheets. From February 20, 1379, to June 15, 1382, in the space of three years and four months, in the district of Bergerac,

the following crimes and wrongs had been committed:—189 persons had been robbed, beaten, wounded, or killed, or held to ransom. Of these 20 were nobles or clergy, 54 were labourers, 13 were boatmen, 2 valets, 4 youths, 2 children, and 11 women. Houses were ruined or burnt; 414 beasts were carried off, a boat laden with salt, pipes of wine, corn, cheese, cloth, clothes, boots, nets, and boats. The total amount of ransom paid in those years amounted to 41,310 francs of modern French money, or £2065 in English coin.

But this does not represent anything like all the town had to pay. In addition it paid annually great sums in *patis* to the seigneurs to buy exemption from being plundered.

Those who committed these crimes were not vulgar highwaymen. They were for the most part the nobles on the English side or the French side indifferently, constables, captains, and lieutenants serving the crown of England or the crown of France, who were without patriotism, without religious scruple and without ordinary humanity.

These nobles made plunder and violence their daily occupation. They swept the country, fell on the workmen in the fields, caught merchants with their traffic on the roads, arrested boats on the river; they beat those they took with cudgels, broke their limbs, carried them off and held them in chains till they had extorted a ransom from them. Nor was this true only of the small seigneurs. The holders of the great fiefs accepted their offices, as constables and bailiffs under the crown, without abdicating any of their habits of indiscipline, and abandoning their practice of pillage. Thus, as we learn from the Book of Life, the constable of Madurand, like a common robber,

stole a pair of boots from the feet of a valet of Pierre de Noailles, of which the value was not estimated as above 6 sols.

The nobles restrained their men from devastation when the towns entered into compacts with them. When these *patis* were granted, peace was restored for a while, the inhabitants of town and country could resume their work, in the fields, in commerce. And during this truce there was some recovery from the general exhaustion. But it did not last long. The seigneurs had accorded these truces in their own interest. As soon as the barns were replenished, the merchant stores were refilled, the cellars were stocked with wine, they broke their engagements and recommenced their course of plunder. Their oaths were often disregarded, and when one noble remained inert, another, untied by an engagement, stepped in to ravage on his own account.

There were then in vogue several curious institutions. Such was that of *letters of mark*. These were accorded by the barons in the same way as they were by the kings of France.

A letter of mark authorised the bearer to execute justice himself at the expense of a nation or a town that had wronged him. Charles V. often granted letters of mark to French merchants, which empowered them to stop and pillage vessels belonging to the same nation as their creditors.

If an inhabitant of Bergerac owed a sum of money to a man in the neighbourhood, the latter had recourse to his feudal lord, who granted him a letter of mark, and this entitled him to stop and rob any citizen of Bergerac till he had recovered the sum due to him. Very often the creditor did not personally exercise his privilege; he hired

professional rogues to recover what he required for him, and pay themselves as well for their trouble.

Here is an instance from the Book of Life.

Guillaume de Mussidan was owed two francs by a man called Seni, at Bergerac, who either could not or would not pay him. Guillaume accordingly obtained a letter of mark against the town, and, till he had recovered the debt, regarded all the inhabitants as responsible for his debtor. Accordingly he engaged three scoundrels to do his work for him. They captured four labourers near the walls of the town, and these were not let go till the ransom had been paid, two francs to the creditor, and three for the cost of the recovery.

The piracies that the king authorised against foreigners were thus exercised by the nobles and by citizens against their neighbours, whether they were English or French. By this means brigandage was perpetual; it was an institution unaffected by the *patis*, and was given, moreover, a certain legal sanction.

When the Crusades came to an end, chivalry had lost all that had given it dignity and had invested it with sanction. The love of independence which lay in every noble heart, and the brutal passions which had been for a while held down by high religious motive, broke out unrestrained. Every baron considered himself independent of everyone else, and was regardless of every tie, political, social, religious. The spirit of chivalry spread her wings and fled. The seigneurs were no longer inspired with that "perfection of honour" of which Froissart speaks. They became captains of companies. They defied the royal power and the sentences of parliament. The fourteenth century was a period of hideous anarchy; it was that of transition between the breakdown of feudalism

and monarchical centralisation, between decomposition and regeneration; it was a period when the feudal power manifested itself as inconsistent with civilisation, as a nightmare that must be shaken off. At the present day the civilised world is haunted with anarchical societies. The members of these associations are the dregs of the people; in the fourteenth century the representatives of anarchy were at the top—its scum.

The seigneurs, who had been in the tenth century the glory of France and the salvation of Europe, became in the fourteenth century the pests of civilisation. "The dead of the twelfth century," says Michelet, "would not have looked on their successors in the fourteenth without humiliation—nay, without disgust.

"The seigneur, though he bore the seigneural name of his father, was no longer a seigneur: he was usually a brutal captain, a barbarian, a Christian only in name, often a chief of *houspilleurs*, of *tondeurs*, of *écorcheurs*, like the Bastard of Bourbon, the Bastard of Vaurus, Chabannes, and La Hire. *Écorcheurs*, flayers, was their true designation. Ruining utterly what was before ruined in part, they took the shift from the man despoiled to his shift. If he had left to him but his skin, they took that.

"It would be a great error to suppose that only flayer-captains, bastards, and seigneurs, without manors, were the worst ruffians. The grandees of the realm, the princes, had acquired a taste for blood in these hideous wars. What shall we say when we see Jean de Ligny, of the house of Luxembourg, engaging his nephew, a child of fifteen, in massacring fugitives?[1]

[1] He made him butcher eighty prisoners, "lequel y prenait grand plaisir."

"They treated their relatives as they did their enemies. Indeed, he who was an enemy had the best chance. The count of Harcourt kept his father a prisoner all his life; the countess of Foix poisoned her sister; the Sieur de Giac did the like to his wife. The duke of Brittany starved his brother to death, and that openly; passers by heard with a shudder the lamentable voice pleading for a crust of bread. One night, the 10th January, Count Adolphus of Guelders pulled his old father out of bed, and dragged him five leagues, unshod, though the snow, and then flung him into a dungeon. This unnatural son might excuse himself by saying that parricide was the custom of the family. But we find the same in most of the great houses of the period, in those of the Low Countries, of Bar, of Verdun, of Armagnac."[1]

With the help of Du Guesclin, Charles V. was able to hold down some of the worst offenders, and to expel the robber captains of plundering hordes from their fastnesses. But under the imbecile Charles VI. the confusion became worse confounded, the feudal nobles recovered all their insolence, and made common cause with the freebooters. It was in vain that Charles VII., in 1438, enjoined the citizens and peasants forcibly to resist the violence of their tormentors. Anarchy was throughout the land. Louis XI. was the only man who could put a term to it; and to do so he pitilessly used the headsman's axe and the gallows. The medicine was bitter, but it was necessary.

"The Hundred Years' War consisted of a long and incessant devastation of France, effected by French captains and seigneurs, and by their companions, the *pillards* and the routiers. When they could not plunder under the cover of the French name, they passed to the

[1] *Hist. de France*, lib. xi. cap. 1.

English side, which was the side of attack and pillage, and which favoured both.

"In fact, this war, which lasted a hundred and thirty years, comprises hardly fifteen or twenty during which English troops landed from England were in conflict with the troops of the king of France. The rest of the period was filled up with a long series of intestine wars made by the vassals against their suzerain, by seigneur against seigneur, by castle against castle, by town against town. The motive of the seigneurs in all these petty wars was not the defence of the king of England or of the king of France. The cause of one or the other was nominal, not real. That had little or nothing to do with the narrow policy of these gentry, which sought self-interest alone in attacking a neighbouring town or a rival castle. That is the plain truth about the Hundred Years' War in Guyenne."[1]

A good many of the seigneurs and captains could not pass a year, a month, without shifting sides. Some even changed twice in one day. Froissart says, "Such is the nature of the Gascons, that they are unstable, but they love the English more than they do the French, for they have better spoil in fighting the French than the English."

Amanieu d'Albret, brother-in-law of the wife of Charles V., when he had passed to the French side, became down-hearted, and said with a sigh of regret, "When I was an English captain, I pillaged the merchants of Toulouse, of Condom, of La Réole, and of Bergerac, and I stuffed myself on their superfluities. Now I am French, all is dead to me."

The terrible words of Talbot expressed the attraction and pleasure of the life of pillage: "If God came down

[1] Labroue, *Le Livre de Vie*, 1891, p. 386.

on earth now, He would become a *pillard*." The fascination of this lawless life gained even the clergy. Alexander of Bourbon cast aside his orders to become captain of the flayers. The parson of Rouquette became a notorious *ribaud*. The chaplain of Limeuil did much the same.

The historians of the period dilate on the extravagant luxury in which these bandits lived. I will mention one instance. In the examination into the circumstances of the pillage of Champagne in 1375, an eyewitness declared that he had seen on the table where John of Hurleston, an English captain, revelled with his comrades, more than a hundred chalices of precious metal, the plunder of churches, and these were serving the banqueters as goblets for their wine.

The number comprising a company was usually thirty men. But many of these were united under one leader. The men were provided with iron crooks, by means of which they could crawl up walls like cats. With heads cool through being accustomed to dizzy heights, they could tread the narrowest ledge of rock. They stuck at no disguise. Froissart tells how Mongat de St. Baseille dressed himself like a monk, with four companions, and had their crowns shaved, and, thus disguised, associated in a tavern with a merchant, who begged them to travel along with him. Mongat speedily turned on the unfortunate merchant, he and his comrades disclosed the arms they had concealed under their frocks, and they carried the man by byways to Lourdes, and would not release him under a ransom of 5000 francs.

We will now take some of these captains in order, and give a brief biography of them.

Seguin de Badefol was commonly known as the "King of the Companies." He was born at the beginning of the

fourteenth century in the ancestral castle of Badefol, on the left bank of the Dordogne, above Lalinde. The castle stands on high ground, on a calcareous spur that has been cut through, so as to isolate it and protect it from attack. It is now in a condition of complete ruin, nevertheless the disposition of the fortifications and the general plan can be well distinguished. The main building was reached only by traversing two drawbridges. It contains numerous dungeons and a couple of possible oubliettes. The towers are fallen whence this scourge of the Dordogne spied out for the travellers by horse or in boat, but the prisons still remain in which he held and tortured them till they had paid the ransom exacted.

Seguin de Badefol took the French side at the beginning of the Hundred Years' War. He fought alongside of the seneschal of Périgord between 1336 and 1339. In the latter year Philip VI. granted him the fishery of the river to Lalinde as a reward for his services. This did not satisfy Seguin, and he at once went over to the English, hoping on that side to receive richer pay. Philip VI. at once confiscated his estates. To recover them, Seguin returned to the French obedience, and he was appointed to guard the valley against the English at the head of a company of men-at-arms in the pay of the king, with command of a large tract of territory, including Lalinde, Beaumont, and Molières, all three bastides. Between 1342 and 1354 Seguin fought against the English, but passed over to the English allegiance in 1355, and fought in the battle of Poitiers under the banner of the Black Prince.

After this battle peace was concluded between the French and English, but the troops on both sides could not remain inactive. "All the companions, who had

learned to live by rapine," says Froissart, "neither could nor would abstain from it; they turned their arms against France, the realm of which they called their *Chambre*. As for Aquitaine, they did not dare to *converse* there, for the Prince of Wales would not have endured them. Moreover, the principal captains were English or Gascon, men of the king of England or the prince. On which account many good folk in the realm of France murmured."

There were, however, plenty of Frenchmen, and men of quality, who did the same; amongst others the brother of the count of Auxerre, the Green Knight. "No province," says the continuer of Gilbert de Nangis, "was there uninfested by the Routiers. Some occupied fortresses; others lodged in the villages and country houses, and it was not possible to traverse the roads except with great danger. The king's soldiers even, far from protecting the peasants and travellers, thought only of plundering them disgracefully, and knights, who called themselves friends of the king, did not blush to have these rogues at their command. Moreover, when they entered the towns, everyone knew them, but no one dared lay hand on them to punish them."

Among the great captains of brigands, Froissart names Seguin de Badefol as the principal. He used to sign himself in his letters, "Friend of God, and foe of all the world." Together with Petit Meschin and other chiefs, with their bands, he overran the Lyonnais and Forez. A French army, commanded by Jacques de Bourbon and the archpriest, another great marauder taken into the pay of France, marched against the bandits. A great battle ensued at Brignais. The French were utterly discomfited, and Jacques de Bourbon was killed.

This victory filled the companies with arrogance and

the country with consternation. The great companies divided into two hosts. One, composed of three thousand men, remained under the command of Seguin, who led it into Languedoc and Provence, which it devastated. His troops "occirent maint preudomme, outragèrent mainte dame et mainte demoiselle." After having taken Pont St. Esprit, they menaced Avignon. "Li pape et li cardinal estoient en grant angouisse et en grant paour." Then he made his way by Montpellier to Roussillon, assisted by two other nobles who had constituted themselves free-booters, Berard d'Albret, and the Sieur de Castelnau-Bretenoux. Not getting all the spoil they wanted, they wheeled round and penetrated the Gévaudan, and finding that barren, descended into the Albigeois, after having secured a castle near Mende, whence they could terrorise that part of the country. In 1363, Seguin took Brioude. Thence he ravaged the whole of Auvergne, attacking, pillaging, burning, ransoming Le Puy, Clermont, Montferrand, Riom, Issoire, and many other places.

The terror inspired by Seguin was so great that Audrehan, marshal of France and lieutenant in Gascony, raised a large body of men to arrest his depredations. An assembly of the estates was convoked at Beaucaire, and it was decided to treat with the king of the companies, as the country did not feel itself strong enough to shake him off.

After the battle of Cocherel (1364) the king of Navarre engaged Seguin at a large price to make war on the king of France. He at once resumed his activity. He took Ause, near Lyons, by escalade, on All Saints' Day, 1364. Thence he devastated the county of Macon, the Lyonnais, Bresse, Beaujolais, and the Nivernais.

Pope Urban V. fulminated excommunication against

the Routiers and their abettors. But pontifical bulls did not trouble the king of the companies, and the pope was constrained to treat with him. In order to be rid of the companies, Du Guesclin had been empowered to engage them in a war in Spain against Pedro the Cruel. He went to Chalon-sur-Saône, where a number of the captains were assembled, and, having demanded a safe-conduct of them, sought them in their quarters. He found there the Green Knight, Sir Hugh Calverley, and Matthew de Gournai. He proposed to them to follow him into Spain. They were to be paid 200,000 gold florins by the king, and as much by the pope, which latter threw in a plenary absolution into the bargain. Desirous of plundering Spain, the captains consented, and Du Guesclin led them to Avignon, and, prior to the brigands receiving absolution, sent to the pope their confession, and a demand for his share of the payment stipulated. The pope found the request *moult déplaisante.* "The custom is," said he, "that we should be paid large sums of money for absolution, and are we to absolve these fellows and pay them as well? The request is against reason."

However, it was necessary to yield; the money was produced.

"Whence comes this?" asked Du Guesclin. "Is it from the papal treasury?"

"No," answered the pope's delegate. "The common people of Avignon have paid each his portion, so that the treasury of God may not be reduced."

"By the faith I owe to the Holy Trinity!" exclaimed Du Guesclin, "I will not take a denier of these poor folk, nothing but what is paid by the pope and the clergy. Let every piece here gathered be restored to the contributors."

Most reluctantly the pope yielded, and to replenish his exhausted treasury imposed a tithe on all the clergy of France.

Seguin had for his share 32,000 francs, and he undertook to do no further damage in France, and followed Du Guesclin into Spain. Then he visited the king of Navarre to urge the payment Charles the Bad had promised him in return for previous ravaging of the provinces of France. Charles found it simpler and more convenient to poison him than to raise the large sum demanded.

The poison was conveyed to him in a conserve of oranges. He suffered extreme pain for six days before he breathed his last.

Another terrible captain was Arnald de Cervole, commonly called l'Archiprêtre. He, like Seguin de Badefol, was a native of Périgord. At an early age he was given the revenues belonging to the archpriest of Vélines, near Bergerac. Though not in holy orders, or, at most, only in minor orders, as in the case of other men of family and power at the time, the ecclesiastical benefices were seized on as means of family enrichment.

Cervole, who assumed the canting arms of a flying stag, appeared, in 1351, at the head of a company, which he placed at the service of the king of France. At this period he was an honest man, and would not tolerate pillage. He hung twenty-seven of his men for robbery. At Poitiers he was on the French side, and was taken prisoner.

Cervole speedily regained his liberty, and then recruited a company, and at its head entered Provence, at that time ravaged by another noble Routier, Amadour des Baux. Soldiers who had been discharged, robbers, scoundrels of every sort flocked to him, and his troop soon numbered

4000 men. Then, in combination with the sieur des Baux, he founded the celebrated Societa Dell' Acquisto—the Society of Profit, of which Arnald de Cervole became captain. Three years had sufficed to convert a loyal and honourable officer in the royal service into a brigand chieftain.

With the connivance of Pope Innocent VI., he entered the Venaissin, which he devastated with fire and sword. The pope was satisfied so long as the havoc was wrought in the territories of the count of Anjou and king of Naples; but he was very wroth and greatly alarmed when the Archpriest suddenly turned on Avignon. The papal city was rich, and offered a tempting bait. In his alarm the pope raised the walls of the city, that still subsist. The town was besieged. Innocent appealed to the count of Armagnac, who was governor of Languedoc; but he was powerless to arrest the attacks and devastations of Cervole. Then Innocent preached a crusade against the Companions of Profit. The cardinal of Ostia, placed at the head of this crusade, convoked the soldiers of the cross to assemble at Carpentras; but as he could promise them nothing more substantial than indulgences, most of them deserted, and joined the band of Cervole.

The pope was forced to come to terms with the Archpriest. He consented to pay him 40,000 gold crowns, and to give him absolution for all his sins. Cervole received his absolution in the papal palace, and then dined at the pope's table. He departed content and light-hearted.

These events took place between 1358 and 1361.

Cervole now passed into the service of the Dauphin, was admitted into his council, and appointed lieutenant at Bourges. Thenceforth he served the French cause faithfully.

After the treaty of Bretigny had been concluded in 1360, the Archpriest took into his pay a band of adventurers, which bore the name of "the White Company." As captain of this company he served with the French army under Jacques de Bourbon, count de la Marche, which was sent to quell the insolence of Seguin de Badefol and other free companions, in the South.

The two hosts encountered at Brignais, near Lyons, as already mentioned. The Routiers had taken the castle of Brignais, and blocked the way of the count. Jacques de Bourbon sent out scouts. The companions concealed the majority of their men behind the hill on which stands Brignais, and drew up a comparatively small body before the walls. The scouts returned to assure the count that he had nothing to fear.

"When Jacques de Bourbon heard this, he said to the Archpriest, 'You told me they amounted to at least 16,000 combatants, and now you hear the contrary.' 'My lord,' answered he, 'I still think they are not less in number.' 'In the name of God,' said Jacques, 'we will go and fight them.'" He entrusted the command of the vanguard to Arnald. "When Jacques de Bourbon and the other lords, with banners and pennons flying, began to ascend the hill sideways, the less completely accoutred freebooters were enabled to harass them, for they flung upon them stones and flints so rapidly and vigorously, that the boldest and best-armed were in dread of them. When they had thus for some time held them in check, their grand battalion, fresh and untouched, advanced by a secret road round the hill, being in close order, like a brush, with their lances cut down to six feet, and with loud cries fell on the French army. In this first attack many were unhorsed, and the French were forced to retreat. That good and

valiant knight, the Archpriest, fought excellently, but was overpowered with numbers, and, being wounded, was made prisoner.

"The French were completely routed, and Jacques de Bourbon and his son slain. Many nobles and knights were made captive."[1]

The Archpriest was ransomed by King John at the price of 5000 florins.

In 1364, Cervole was made, by Charles V., governor of the Nivernais. Unhappily he did not use his power well. He pillaged the country entrusted to him. To relieve himself of this troublesome servant, the king confided to him the command of a crusade which was organised against the Turks. Cervole collected 40,000 men. On their way they pillaged Lorraine and Alsace, and then dissolved.

In 1366 he was again in Provence, laying all waste with fire and sword. Du Guesclin summoned him to join in the expedition against Pedro the Cruel. On his way he was killed by one of his own soldiers near Macon, with whom he had quarrelled and exchanged insulting words.

"If there is anything deserving of special remark in the conduct of the Archpriest," says his biographer Chèrest, "it is that he began and ended his career in the service of France. He belonged to an epoch and to a country where such fidelity was rare."

The next whom we will notice is Perducat d'Albret, a bastard of one of the most treacherous and evil of the families of Gascony.

We meet with him for the first time at the battle of Poitiers, fighting on the side of the English. Afterwards he was engaged among the brigands who annihilated a

[1] Froissart, i. c. 215.

French army at Brignais. In both these battles he was at the side of Seguin de Badefol.

When the Black Prince summoned the companies to his aid in 1363, Perducat placed his sword at his service, and plundered the neighbourhood of Montpellier. He speedily tired of his allegiance to the English, and turned French, and fought on the French side in the battle of Cocherel, 1364.

After this victory, Du Guesclin endeavoured to come to terms with the captains of the companies, as already told, and to lead them into Spain. Perducat was among them. Said Du Guesclin, "We have done sufficient to damn our souls. You may flatter yourselves that you have done more than me. Let us do honour to God, and desert the devil."

Perducat and the rest consented. Du Guesclin and the companies marched into Spain, and Don Pedro fled without offering resistance. The Routiers, returning, gorged with booty, disbanded when they had recrossed the Pyrenees. But Perducat heard that the Black Prince was resolved to reinstate Pedro the Cruel, when he at once abandoned the French alliance to fight for the king against whom he had just been campaigning.

On his way to Bordeaux he came to Montauban, and found that it was invested by the count of Narbonne and the seneschal of Toulouse. The town belonged to the English, and was defended by a captain named Jean Trives. It was, moreover, harbouring some of the companions on their way back from Spain to serve the Black Prince.

Perducat managed to throw himself into the town, and then he opened negotiations with the French, requesting permission for the companions to continue their course unmolested.

The count of Narbonne would not hear of this, and the French knights shouted, "Forward! forward! and at these pillagers, who plunder and rob the world and live irrationally."

Perducat now drew forth all his forces outside the town. He dismounted his horsemen and ranged them in battle array. The French numbered three to his one, and, constrained to yield to force of numbers, the companions fell back under the walls. Jean Trives, the commandant of the town, then ordered his garrison to sally forth to their succour, and the citizens to lend what aid they could. Soon the whole town was in arms; even the women took part in the conflict, throwing down stones on the French as they approached the gates. The companions, for a moment hard pressed, recovered their vigour, and though not numerous, drove back the French.

During the combat, another body of freebooters, numbering 400 men, appeared on the scene. They were commanded by the Bourc (bastard) of Breteuil, and, hearing of the danger in which their comrades were, they had ridden all night to their succour. This body, falling on the rear of the French at the moment when the troops of d'Albret advanced, reinforced with the garrison, decided the day. The French were discomfited and routed. The count of Narbonne, the seneschals of Toulouse, of Carcassonne, of Beaucaire, and more than a hundred knights of Provence, fell into the hands of the companions.

The battle of Montauban was fought on August 14, 1366. The adventurers prided themselves on acting with chivalry. They released all their prisoners on parole. But these latter responded ill to this act of courtesy; they violated the laws of honour, respected even by brigands. They induced the pope to release them of their oath, and he,

"who hated this sort of folk," was forward to do as desired. They did not pay the covenanted ransoms.

The captains complained to Sir John Chandos, constable of Aquitaine. He made what excuse was possible. He could not constrain "the Head of the Church, the Holy Father, who is a God in the earth." The captains then vowed that if ever they caught again those whom they had released at Montauban, they would make them pay a double ransom.

After the campaign in Spain, and when Pedro had been replaced on the throne of Castille, the Black Prince returned to Bordeaux, where he was reduced to great difficulties how to pay the mercenaries he had led into Spain. He was forced to distribute all the money he had; that received as the ransom of his prisoners; even to sell his plate; and yet could not content them. In this dilemma he advised the adventurers to leave Aquitaine, where they were terrorising the inhabitants, and to find what they wanted elsewhere. The English and Gascon captains, "ne voulant mie courroucer le prince," left the principality at the head of 6000 men, and broke into the provinces of France, where they "y firent de plus grands maux et tribulations que par le passé"; others joined them, and the numbers swelled daily. They overran Auvergne and Berri, then passed the Loire into the Maconnais, traversed Burgundy, and swept Champagne and all the country between the Seine and the Loire.

A crowd of camp-followers was associated with them, and numbered in all a horde of 30,000.

The return of the companies was greeted with a cry of horror and dismay from every province in the land, and the exasperation of the people against the English prince was intensified when it was bruited abroad that the com-

panics had been poured upon them by him. Everywhere the devastators were called the "English host"—the brigands of every nation which made up the moving masses of human locusts were regarded as English. France had sweated blood to pay the ransom of her king. She had been dismembered of her fairest provinces in fulfilment of the treaty of Bretigny; and now, in addition, she was exposed to the rapacity of these ruffians.

It might have been thought that Aquitaine would have breathed freely when they were launched on the other provinces, but the Black Prince levied a heavy tax on his subjects, so burdensome that they refused to pay, because to pay was impossible, and a number of Gascon nobles appealed to the king of France to deliver them.

Meanwhile the seigneur d'Albret had gone over to the French allegiance, and he laboured to gain the other Gascon and Périgordian nobles; he had no great difficulty in winning his kinsman Perducat.

Charles V. quietly prepared for war, and when ready, he sent a summons to the Black Prince to appear before him in Paris.

"I will go there willingly," answered he, "but it will be bassinet on head, and with sixty thousand men." He was, however, ill, and the mere shadow of himself. His last military act was the capture of and massacre at Limoges.

Perducat d'Albret only remained a short while in the service of France. There was more to be gained in that of England; he returned to serve the leopards, and abandoned the lilies.

Robert Knollys was at the head of the English forces in Guyenne, and Perducat united with him in the siege of Duravel, near Puy l'Evêque in Quercy. The place made such a stubborn resistance that the English army, having

exhausted its provisions, wheeled about, and attempted the reduction of Domme, a bastide on the summit of a rock above the Dordogne. The country round was so wasted by their depredations that they could not continue the siege till the place fell. They therefore climbed the causse, and took Gramat, then Rocamadour; and Perducat established himself in this nest among the rocks, which could easily be rendered impregnable.

CLIFF-CASTLE, AUTOIRE.

But he was already meditating another treason. The duke of Anjou approached with French levies, and he suddenly cast off his allegiance to the English king to assist the duke in retaking some of those places which had surrendered to the English. In reward for his services, Charles V. made him seigneur of Bergerac, Lalinde, Castillonnes, Beaumont, and four other places, all in the hands of the English, hoping thus to stimulate him to capture them, and serve himself and the French crown together. But Perducat was not the man to be satisfied with such recompense; and he reverted to the English side, doubtless making it a condition that he should be constituted that in fact which the French king had made him in name.

He was with the Black Prince in the memorable siege

of Limoges, and then returned to Périgord to reap the advantages of his double treason. From his fastness at Autoire, in combination with Bernard de la Salle at Assier, he took Figeac by escalade (October 14, 1372), where he obtained a plunder of 50,000 gold francs, and then sold the town to the king for 120,000 more francs. He held the place in his clutch till the money was paid, which was in August 1373.

Till 1377 Perducat was engaged in fighting and plundering in Quercy and Périgord, and he established his headquarters at Montcuq, near Bergerac. During August in 1377, the duke of Anjou resolved on attempting the recapture of Bergerac, and advanced to the siege with engines for effecting breaches in the walls. He was encountered at Eymet by Sir Thomas Felton, whom he defeated with great loss. Then Du Guesclin came to his aid, and appeared under the walls of Bergerac in the beginning of August. The siege lasted for some days, and the defence was stubborn, though the news of the defeat of Sir Thomas Felton at Eymet had somewhat discouraged the garrison. The citizens resolved to surrender, and Perducat d'Albret was forced to fly, and shut himself up in his stronghold in Montcuq.

In 1381 Perducat was in England; he was one of those who armed himself to defend King Richard in the rising of Wat Tyler, and, in reward for his readiness, the king gave him the barony of Caumont on the Garonne.

He returned to Guyenne to take possession of his barony, but shortly after his arrival fell ill. Finding that he was about to die, he called to him a cousin, a young squire of his own name, and before all the principal men of his barony, he said to him, "Perducat, I give

over to you, in the presence of these witnesses, all my land of Caumont. Be good English, and loyal to the king of England, who gave it me. And remember never to wage war against the house of Albret, whence we issue, unless under constraint." "Thus he died," says Froissart, "a man who in his time had been a great captain of men-at-arms and of the Routiers."

The three men whose lives have been briefly sketched all belonged to Guyenne and Périgord. Let us now give a short account of another of those brigands, who made the limestone plateau of the Gevaudan and of Mende his headquarters, and who carries on the story of the miseries wrought by these freebooters for another sixty years.

When the French entered Spain under Du Guesclin, Don Garcia de Villandranda had been deprived of his office of regidor at Valladolid because of his attachment to Henry of Trastamare. He contracted a friendship with the French, and married a French wife. His son Rodrigo went to seek his fortune out of his own country, and offered his arm to Amaury de Sévérac, a captain of repute in the Rouergue, a kinsman of the count of Armagnac.

Rodrigo was not popular in the company, and was forced to leave it in 1421.

Being left without employment, he resolved to carry on warfare on his own account, independent of parties. Wandering about the Causses, he met with another adventurer, like himself, in quest of occupation. These two took up their quarters in one of the many fastnesses of the limestone district, probably a natural cave. Thence they issued, and fell upon the stragglers of bands of soldiers on the march, on knights lagging behind their retinue, on merchants conveying their goods from town to

town. If successful, they carried off their spoils to their inaccessible retreats; if the resistance opposed was too great, they escaped, and pursuit was impossible in such a wilderness. They also plundered mansions, seized on peasants, and held them to ransom.

This fashion of making war on mankind independent of party and cause was but a following of the traditions of the past and of the country, a tradition three hundred years old.

The condition of Languedoc on the death of Charles VI. was one to invite the birds of prey to settle on it. The count of Armagnac and the count of Foix had long disputed the protection of this province, which aspired to nothing more than to be delivered from its protectors. Finally the count of Foix gained the advantage. He attached himself to the French cause, but only for his own convenience.

The count of Armagnac, burning with jealousy and rage, called to his aid the bands of Gascons and other adventurers, who had been ravaging Guyenne in the name of the king of England. These freebooters wore the red cross of St. George, and Andrew Ribes, their chief, professed to be acting under commission from the king of England. The count of Armagnac offered him fiefs and castles, and Ribes, in order to identify his name with the cause of his patron, solicited and obtained permission to entitle himself the Bastard of Armagnac, though in no way belonging to that noble family. Not only did he desire by this title to represent himself as the advocate for the Armagnac pretensions, but also as a cloak wherewith to cover the many crimes he was about to commit.

In addition to the two hostile tyrants of Foix and Armagnac, continually engaged in warfare, the unhappy

province was deluged with independent companies, more or less large, of brigands robbing and murdering on their own account, or who pretended to belong to the cause of the king of France. The most notorious of all these was Amaury de Sévérac, who had amassed vast wealth, and who, it was asserted, was rich enough to have bought up the entire province.

Sévérac, from which he drew his name, is a little town on the Aveyron, near its source. It stands in an amphitheatre of limestone heights, and occupies a little conical hill, surmounted by a ruined castle. A cave there is supposed to have been a lurking-place of bandits during the Hundred Years' War, and goes by the name of "La Grotte des Anglais."

Amaury had served the French, after his fashion; and at the conclusion of the treaty of Troyes (1420) he sent in his account to the Dauphin for services rendered, and for disbursement, amounting to so vast a sum that it was not possible for the Prince to meet a quarter of it. In order in some measure to satisfy him, the Prince created Amaury marshal of France, and he was granted the revenues of three towns, of which Millau, in the Rouergue, was one, for ten years. The old corsair so squeezed these towns as to completely exhaust them. As to the duties of his charge, he disregarded them, or discharged them inefficiently. When ordered to defend the Maconnais, he refused, and threatened to devastate the Velai and the Gévaudan, unless the arrears he claimed of the count of Armagnac were at once paid. Happily death relieved the country of this terrible ruffian. The way in which it was relieved was characteristic of the time and of his debtor. The count of Armagnac, unable to meet his demands, invited him to his presence, and had him strangled, but not before

he had extracted from him a will in which he made over all his possessions to himself, his murderer.

The state of the country was desperate. "The labourers, abandoning all attempt to work, wandered about in desperation, deserting wives and children, and saying to each other, 'Let us cast ourselves into the hands of the devil; it matters nothing what happens to us. Better serve the Saracens than Christians.'"

The *pillards* who had served under the Bastard of Armagnac were without a head; they dispersed over the country, plundering, burning, sometimes fallen on by the infuriated peasantry, more often paralysing them with terror, so that they dared offer no resistance. The renown of the daring of Rodrigo de Villandrando served to draw several to him, and his band rapidly grew. It was made up of these headless bandits, of deserters, of peasants who had abandoned the plough to seek their fortune with the pike; weary of being the objects of pillage, they resolved themselves to become pillagers. At last Rodrigo found himself in command of a thousand men. He was then strong enough to descend from the Causses, and to conclude *patis* with the towns.

Rodrigo was an able man. He possessed to a very high degree the talents necessary for his profession. Just, of inflexible severity, faithful to his word, above all a vigilant commander and a skilful tactician, he was able to organise his band of the most mixed and intractable materials into a body of soldiers under the most admirable discipline. He tolerated in his camp neither quarrel nor robbery. If any excess of this kind reached his ears, he summoned the guilty before him, and killed them with his own hand. If he gave safeguard to any man, woe to his follower who disregarded it. An infringement was

punished by hanging to the first tree. But this terrible captain, who maintained such discipline, and sacrificed his men so readily for transgression of his rules, took the utmost care of his troop. He saw himself to the commissariat, to the equipment and mounting of his men. Before an engagement he took every precaution possible to ensure success at the least cost to his own party. None knew better how to devise an ambush, to surprise an enemy, to detect the weak point in the opposed lines. Cold, stern, passionless till the signal was given for battle, he was at once transformed into a ferocious and dauntless fighter. As he said of himself, on such occasions, "No power can withstand me when my Castilian head catches fire."

Rodrigo was now in a position to sell his services, and he offered them to the crown of France. He was at once sent, along with the cadet of Armagnac and the count de la Marche in pursuit of the English captain, Ribes, who called himself the Bastard of Armagnac. He encountered, defeated, and took him. In spite of the entreaty of the count of Armagnac that his good servant might be spared, he had him hung.

Ill paid, or regarding himself as ill paid, for what he had done, Rodrigo retired in dudgeon from service to the Crown, and recommenced his career as a bandit, preying on society in general. He ravaged the country on the banks of the Gardon, and as winter approached, and he knew that the barren Causses could not sustain his entire host in one place, he divided it into small brigades, which disappeared into the mountains up the several gorges that were doorways into these limestone fastnesses.

We have now reached the memorable year 1429, marked by the apparition of Joan of Arc. The fever

of enthusiasm which took possession of France was unfelt in the South, and Rodrigo would have had no part in the great struggle for the deliverance of France, had not Charles VII. been obliged to engage his sword to arrest the progress of the prince of Orange, who, as belonging to the Burgundian party, had formed the design of taking Dauphiné by a bold stroke, whilst the king was engaged against the English.

The prince of Orange had concerted measures with the duke of Savoy, and had obtained from him promise of assistance for the spring of 1430. The governor of Dauphiné warned the king, and Charles called the bandit Rodrigo to his aid. Villandrando at once started for Dauphiné at the head of three hundred lances, attended by his lieutenant, Jean de Salazar. The prince of Orange, unaware that any preparations had been made to oppose him, crossed the Ain at Anthon, and then, for the first time, learned that a French force was advancing to oppose him, and had attacked Colombiers. He ordered a rapid advance, so as to relieve the castle, but was too late; it had surrendered, and his troops fell into an ambush laid for them in a wood. They were taken completely by surprise, and fled in wild confusion. But Rodrigo had foreseen this result, and had sent a body of men to intercept the retreat of the panic-struck enemy. The rout was complete; Burgundy and Savoy lost the flower of their chivalry. The prince of Orange, maddened with fright, galloped to the Rhone, and, without seeking the ferry, plunged in, and narrowly escaped drowning. The seigneur de Montaigu, knight of the Golden Fleece, followed him, and though he saved his life, was degraded from the Order, and died of shame at his dishonour. The sire de Warambon, who led the Savoyards, had his nose

cut off in the fray, and was taken prisoner. He was ransomed for 8000 gold florins, and for the rest of his life wore a silver nose.

The prince of Orange, when his gallant steed reached the farther bank of the Rhone, kissed his four-legged deliverer on the mouth, and never after suffered the beast to do any work. The peasants, finding the Burgundian invaders dispersed, hidden in the uncut corn, fell on them and butchered them. Two hundred Burgundians were drowned in endeavouring to swim the Rhone. The banner of the prince of Orange, red and black, with a rising sun in a canton at the right corner, was left on the field, and was hung up in the church at Grenoble.

This great victory occurred just at the same time that Joan of Arc fell into the hands of the English (June 1430).

When the battle was over, Rodrigo promised life and freedom to one of the captives if he would inform him of the quality of the several prisoners taken. By this means he secured as his share all the greatest lords, or bought of the men of his party such of their captives as he knew were likely to pay heavy sums for their ransom. Villandrando, the governor of Dauphiné, and the seneschal of Lyons got as their spoil 100,000 gold florins by this affair. In reward for the great service rendered him, Charles VII. granted to Villandrando the castle of Pusignan, between Anthon and Colombier.

Rodrigo and the governor of Dauphiné pursued their advantage. They advanced on Orange, and took it after a feeble resistance.

Rodrigo considered himself now at liberty to pursue his favourite mode of life. Six months after the rout of the Burgundians, he was ravaging the valley of the Dore and Lower Auvergne. Near Montpensier he executed a

general *battue* of the inhabitants, and carried them into captivity. The province was in agitation. The seneschal was obliged to come to terms with him, and arrange a price at which the freebooter consented to release his captives, and abstain from further violence in that district.

He then entered the Gévaudan, where he gathered to him the residue of the company of Sévérac which was under Valette, and planned with this man a combined descent on Languedoc. The execution of this scheme was prevented by a great disaster that befell Valette in the beginning of the year 1432. This daring adventurer had resolved to waylay the count of Foix on the way from Nîmes to Mende, but the count got wind of the purpose, and forestalled Valette. He left Nîmes at nightfall, and with a double escort made seventeen leagues before day-break, and suddenly surrounded Valette and his men before they suspected danger. A vigorous assault on their entrenchments was successful. Valette raged like a trapped wolf, but was powerless to rally his men. He was hung at Nîmes two days after.

This incident caused the count of Foix to take such precautions for the security of Languedoc that Rodrigo abandoned his design of trying his fortune in its plains. Whilst hesitating in which direction to turn, he was invited by Charles VII. to Orleans. The duke of Bedford was besieging Lagny, and Charles desired the assistance of Villandrando for its relief. The captain did not desist from his wonted deeds of violence on his way to the meeting, and the king was forced to shut his eyes on his acts in consideration of the valuable body of fighting men that was placed at his disposal.

Lagny-sur-Marne was on the water-way that led to Paris. The English bombarded it at the end of March 1431, and

threw into it as many as four hundred and twelve stone cannon balls in one day. A cock killed by these projectiles was the only victim of this first attack. The second siege began May 1, 1432, and lasted four months. Charles was anxious to relieve the garrison, which held out with great gallantry. He accordingly sent against it the Bastard of Orleans and Rodrigo de Villandrando. There ensued a desperate struggle under the walls of Lagny on August 10, and victory declared for the French. The duke of Bedford abandoned his tents, his artillery, and stores.

The campaign was at an end for the king, but not for the Routiers. Their chief, whose taste for plunder had been whetted by his success and the spoil of the English camp, at once led his men along the Loire to Angers, committing all sorts of depredations on the way. This led to reprisals, and at Pont-de-Cé he and his men were roughly handled by a body of Angevins, which waylaid them and relieved them of their plunder. Villandrando, enraged at this humiliation, imperiously commanded all the towns and villages round to indemnify him, or to be prepared for the worst treatment. They raised the required sum rather than run the risk. This audacious *razzia,* committed under the eyes of the king, who was at Amboise, filled the country with consternation, and gave birth to a curious metrical lament which has come down to our days. It is the wail of a despairing people, that hardly knew which were their worst enemies, their nominal protectors or their declared foes. But the tears of the poor were powerless to soften the chief of a company.

Rodrigo now acquired the title of count of Ribadeo, which was accorded to him by John II. of Castille, who desired his services against the king of Aragon, and urged him to devastate the district of Roussillon. Rodrigo had

in the meantime made great friends with the family of John of Bourbon, who was a prisoner in England, having been taken in the field of Agincourt. His son, the count of Clermont, was hardly of age, and was greatly embarrassed by his heavy burdens. He had to raise a ransom for his father, to support his brothers and sisters, and to hold his own against the duke of Savoy, who was ever on the aggressive. He was not an able youth, was short of money, and looked out for friends who would assist him at small cost. He invited Rodrigo to visit him, and the freebooter was flattered at his reception, and the caresses of the children, amongst whom were two boys and a girl, bastards of the duke. The elder of these boys, Guy by name, became so attached to Villandrando, that he begged to be taken into his company, whereupon Alexander, the younger, already invested with a canonry and destined to further advancement in the church, threw up his ecclesiastical career and joined his brother. Little did he think of what would be his end. Charles VII. had him drowned in the Meuse seven years after. As for the girl, we are not informed whether she were beautiful, but it was something for the brigand to ally himself to the fleurs-de-lys, even debraised with the bend sinister, and he asked and obtained her in marriage (May 24, 1433).

Rodrigo was not impatient to draw his sword for the king of Castille, as his brother-in-law needed his services nearer home. The duke died in England, and the Burgundians troubled the successor to his title. Villandrando could not refuse his aid. On the Feast of the Epiphany, 1434, he suddenly appeared before St. Vincent in the Maconnais, at the head of a thousand men, and stormed a castle which was supposed to be inaccessible and therefore impregnable.

After the treaty of Arras (October 1434) the ex-canon, Alexander of Bourbon, hardly out of his boyhood, founded the society of the *Écorcheurs* (Flayers) along with Antoine de Chabannes and other captains. The Flayers proposed "that all the horrors hitherto committed from the beginning of the war should be but as child's play compared to their exploits."

Rodrigo had his headquarters at or near Mende. Thence the Flayers poured down over France, and swept it from side to side, from Normandy to Burgundy, and even passed across the Rhine to Frankfort.

The constable of France endeavoured in vain to engage them in the war against the English. They were of little use in a siege, or in a regular battle. Their method of success was to operate by *coups de main*, by nocturnal attacks, accompanied by fire, murder, and pillage. A council of all the companies had been held at Mende, before their separation, and they had allotted to them their several fields of operation, and to these they faithfully clung.

Rodrigo abandoned his onslaught on Lower Languedoc to direct his energies on Guyenne, which was still occupied by the English.

In 1436, Rodrigo met with a second humiliation, under the walls of Limoges, which he was unable to revenge. He was traversing the country with his waggons laden with ammunition, provisions, and plunder, when they became entangled in the vineyards and could not advance. The peasants, who had retreated into the faubourg of Limoges at their approach, poured forth with pitchforks, pruning knives, and cudgels, dispersed the guard of the waggons, and made themselves masters of the entire convoy.

To recover his credit, Rodrigo resolved on a daring

enterprise, which was no other than the capture of Albi, then disputed by two rivals for the episcopal throne. In 1434 the Chapter had elected Bernard de Casilhac, but the minority, bought by Robert Dauphin, bishop of Chartres, chose him; and he also, by the means of a heavy payment, purchased his confirmation by the pope. Nevertheless, Albi shut its gates against him. This lasted a year, and then Dauphin managed dexterously to introduce himself within, during the absence of Casilhac. He maintained himself there for a twelvemonth, and then, thinking his seat secure, he had the imprudence to leave. Casilhac at once, aided by his adherents, secured the cathedral and city. Dauphin, aware of his mistake, now appealed to Villandrando and the Duke of Bourbon to assist him. Rodrigo was to receive 6000 crowns and three castles in the diocese.

Rodrigo at once marched on Albi at the head of eight thousand horsemen. He levelled the houses outside the walls, and blockaded the town; then roamed over the diocese plundering and burning. From the walls of Albi the citizens saw smoke and flames rising from every quarter of the horizon.

The episcopal palace of Albi was a vast fortress occupying the whole of the platform of the hill against which the city was built. It was called La Berbié; he who held La Berbié commanded the town. The Casilhacs had not this advantage, as, being unable to wrest this castle from the adherents of Dauphin, a compromise had been agreed to whereby it was given into a third hand.

The city was forced to capitulate, and Rodrigo de Villandrando made his entry into Albi, armed, spurred, bassinet on head; and, ascending the steps of the cathedral, entered and took possession of the city and minster in

the name of Messire Robert Dauphin, confirmed in the see by the sovereign pontiff.

The consuls of the town at once set up everywhere the fleurs-de-lys over their doors and the public buildings to place them under the protection of the crown, but Rodrigo had the arms of France removed and replaced by the dolphin of Auvergne.

He then placed a garrison in Albi, and went to lay siege to such castles as still held for Casilhac, and he carried his ravages to the gates of Carcassonne.

Immediately after the capture of Albi, Robert Dauphin entered under an escort of Routiers, who installed him amidst hideous blasphemies. They were led by the seneschal of Toulouse, vested in a chasuble, his head covered with a broad-brimmed hat. Through the night the brigands caused riot and wretchedness. They threw from the windows husbands and fathers who would not surrender to them their wives and daughters, and next day they refused to depart till they had extorted from the town a heavy impost. Such was the way in which Rodrigo and his acolytes enthroned among his flock the nominee of the pope, and a pastor of the Prince of Peace.

Rodrigo now turned northwards, and Charles VII., goaded to resentment by an act of insolence offered to himself personally, decreed his banishment.

Villandrando was, however, too powerful to be reduced to insignificance by an edict. Alvan de Luna, minister of John II. of Castille, interceded for him, and obtained his pardon. Rodrigo was nominated chamberlain and counsellor to the king, and was commanded to attack Bordeaux by land, whilst a Castillian fleet threatened the coasts of Guyenne. Rodrigo at once marched on Bordeaux, took Fumel, and had he been properly supported by the French

king, would have ended the English domination by a blow. It was during this brilliant expedition that an incident occurred characteristic of the time. Lord Huntingdon at the period commanded the English in Guyenne. Curious to see the renowned freebooter, he invited him to meet him in an islet in the river. Rodrigo consented.

"And, now we have met," said Huntingdon, "let us take a bit of bread and a cup of wine together."

"Not so," answered the count of Ribadeo. "If I eat bread with you, how can I fight you on the morrow?"

Villandrando now traced the base of the Pyrenees, ravaged the plains of Toulouse, and attempted to escalade the walls of Perpignan. In June 1439 he crossed into Spain, at the head of three thousand combatants, to give his tardy help to King John.

He never returned to France. He settled down in his castle of Ribadeo as a grandee of Spain. He was then aged fifty. He dismissed his bravoes, after having made them swear allegiance to his faithful lieutenant, Salazar, whom he appointed as his successor.

He was alive in 1446, and took an active part in the affairs of his country. He died about the age of seventy, in the first year of the reign of Henry IV. of Castille.

CHAPTER XXIII

CAPTAIN MERLE

The Wars of Religion—Their Political Aspect—Reason which induced the Nobility to adopt Calvinism—The Massacre of Vassy—Jacques de Crussol—The Château of Peyre—St. Bartholomew—Merle at the head of a Company—Takes Malzieu—Accession of Henry III.—Marvejols—Capture of Issoire—The Montmorency Family—Treachery of Damville—Merle's Marriage—His Appearance—The League—Henry of Guise—Capture of Ambert—Failure at Marsac—Recapture of Issoire by the Royalists—The Peace of Bergerac—The "Guerre des Amouroux"—Siege and Capture of Cahors—Xano d'Oymé—Merle fails to take St. Flour—Capture of Mende—Coligny displaces Merle—Attack on Balsièges—Partial success at Chanac—Capture of Ispagnac—and of Quezac—Merle destroys the Cathedral at Mende—Merle acquires Lagorce—The Valley of the Ardèche—"Pont de l'Arche"—Death of Merle—The Wars of Religion but another phase of the struggle for independence in the South.

THE history of no period in the annals of Christendom is more painful than that of the Wars of Religion in France. It shows how little fifteen centuries of Christianity had done to modify manners, and how entirely unlearned was one of the first principles of the gospel of peace.

On both sides engaged the utmost ferocity was displayed, but the blame for the horrors then perpetrated attaches paramountly to the royal and Catholic side for having provoked the conflict.

We shall misunderstand the terrible internecine war then waged if we suppose it to have been what it is called, a war of religion. It began by the Huguenots taking up

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arms because of the intolerable oppression and wanton massacres to which they were exposed, but religion very speedily ceased to be the motive of the conflict.

The real cause of the extension and duration of the war was the restlessness and resentment of the nobles at having been restricted in their independence, and deprived of their most cherished privileges. It was a war against the centralisation of power in the crown, and against the unity of France.

Ever since the reign of Louis XI., who had clipped the wings of the great feudatories, his ablest and strongest successors had followed his policy and had held down the nobility, had forbidden them the right to make war on whom they would, and to plunder towns, lands, churches, for the filling of their empty treasuries. The crown officials, bailiffs, and judges called them to task, and punished them if they ventured on acts of lawlessness, and drew away from them jurisdiction such as was generally misused over the lives and properties of their vassals. They found their privileges curtailed one after another, and lost nearly all that made to them life worth living.

The Renaissance had set in, an age of extraordinary luxury and lavish expense, and the nobles had impoverished themselves in rebuilding their châteaux in the new and sumptuous style, and in revelry therein after a much more costly fashion than had contented their forefathers. They were bankrupt, and could not save themselves except by laying hands on the spoils of the Church. In England and in Germany the large monastic properties and ecclesiastical estates had been confiscated and parcelled up among the necessitous nobility. Why should not the seigneurs of France repair their fortunes in the same manner? Their grandfathers had been free captains, plundering abbeys

and minsters, had ransomed the clergy, had drunk at their banquets out of chalices from the altar. Let them do the same. Let them break the bonds of the royal power and emancipate themselves, and return to the freedom they had enjoyed under Charles VI., the Imbecile, or such poor creatures as Charles VIII. and Henry II.

If the nobles had succeeded in their attempt, the whole of Aquitaine and Languedoc would have been thrown back into the condition of misrule in which they had existed through centuries. Patriotism to France was too novel an idea to have any force upon men's minds; it was an instinct in the burgher class, not a principle, and was absolutely non-existent in the aristocracy of the South. Languedoc, Provence, and Aquitaine had neither language nor history in common with the North of France. The tradition of the land was independence. Aquitaine had been under its own native dukes, till subdued by arms and treachery by the Carlovingians. For four hundred years it had owed service to the king of England, and under the English rule the nobility had been free to be as kings each in his own estate. When the principles of religious revolt spread, political revolt spread with them, the nobility made common cause with the preachers of Calvin, not that they cared for the things of God, but because they cared a great deal for the things of mammon. Here and there an honest Huguenot seigneur threw himself into the fight, but the vast majority assumed Calvinism as a cloak for greed of power. They drew their swords under the pretext of liberty of conscience, actually for the establishment of an aristocratic republic.

It is not my purpose to give even in outline the story of the terrible wars of religion that raged from 1562 to 1589, twenty-seven years, and which devastated France

more grievously than had the Hundred Years' War. But I will give a sketch of the life of one of the actors in that conflict, the Huguenot chieftain, Captain Merle, who was perhaps the most respectable among a number of these condottieri, and who made the Causses of Languedoc the field of his operations.

On Sunday, March 1, 1562, the duke of Guise was passing through Vassy in Champagne, and halted to hear mass. Some six or seven hundred Protestants assembled in a grange were singing metrical psalms. The servants of the duke thought it was done out of insult to their master, and rushed to the barn to command the singers to be silent. The Huguenots refused; then the serving-men drew their swords, and were greeted with a shower of stones. The duke, who hastened to the spot, was struck on the cheek. His men, furious, rushed on the congregation, killed fifty, and wounded about two hundred.

This outrage was the signal for a war, which was seven times suspended by precarious treaties, recommenced seven times, and covered France with blood and ashes.

"At the outset," says Castelnau, a contemporary, "those of the new religion could count on three hundred gentlemen, as many soldiers, over four hundred scholars, and a few townsfolk." Nearly all the population of France was Catholic at heart. At the outside one tenth favoured the new religion. The Huguenots were resolved, not merely to obtain toleration for the exercise of their own worship, but to extirpate and interdict the exercise of the Catholic religion.

Broadly speaking, the North was Catholic and the South Huguenot, but neither was so exclusively. Families were broken up, and took opposite sides. Town was against town, noble against noble, citizen against citizen.

Every sort of interest was involved, all kinds of ambition saw means of gaining what was desired, every conscientious scruple was put to sleep. The great princes and the little nobles alike changed sides as suited their advantage, or as they thought would do so, just as in times gone by their ancestors had served alternately English or French. The Calvinist captain, Jacquette de Clermont, took Sévérac le Château, swept together five-and-twenty priests, and gave them the choice of renouncing their faith or jumping from the castle walls. They all remained faithful, and were all dashed to pieces on the rocks below the castle (1598). Afterwards Jacquette turned Catholic, and served the king with his sword red with royalist blood.

The daughter of Gaillot de Genouillac, the builder of Assier, married Charles de Crussol, count of Uzès. Life in the gorgeous palace of Assier was costly, and her younger son, Jacques de Crussol, threw himself zealously into the Huguenot cause,[1] whilst his elder brother, as duke of Uzès, was as zealous a Catholic. But no sooner did the elder die, than Jacques cast aside his Calvinism, and became a Catholic and royalist. Jacques' sister, Marie, had married the Count de Peyre, one of the first barons of the Gévaudan, who occupied a castle on a towering crag near Marvejols. This little town, shut in within strong walls and gates defended by great drums of towers, belonged in part to the crown and in part to the Count de Peyre. The count, a fiery Huguenot, did all that lay in his power to introduce and maintain Calvinism in the place. As he was much engaged, and made protracted absences from Peyre, owing

[1] He assumed as his crest a cap of green taffetas, on which he was represented as Hercules slaying the Hydra, each head of the monster being made to resemble some ecclesiastical figure—a pope, a bishop, a monk, a priest.

to his being one of the chiefs of the Protestant party, he was in want of a trusty lieutenant, and he took into his service Mathew Merle, who had served for many years under his brother-in-law, Jacques de Crussol. He appointed Merle guardian of the castle. The château of Peyre was a very strong fortress, planted on precipitous crags, with paths up to it almost impracticable and easily defended. If it was taken at a later period and demolished by the Admiral de Joyeuse, this was because he besieged it with an army, and battered it with his artillery. A truce had been concluded in 1570 by the court through constraint and lassitude. Catholics and Calvinists rested like two exhausted wrestlers, waiting till they had recovered breath and strength to renew the struggle.

Then ensued the atrocious massacre of St. Bartholomew, planned by the queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis and the Guises. In that butchery fell the Count de Peyre, who had been lured to Paris with the other heads of the revolt, to attend the marriages of the king of Navarre and of the prince of Condé. The massacre of St. Bartholomew roused the Protestants throughout the realm, and the flames of civil war burst forth with redoubled fury. Thenceforth no mercy was shown on either side. It was a death struggle *à l'outrance.*

After the first moment of stupor caused by the blow, the Calvinists assembled in their strongholds at La Rochelle, Nîmes, and Montauban to concert measures. The churches of Lower Languedoc nominated Jean de St. Chamond their general. This man had been archbishop of Aix, but, having fallen in love with a beautiful woman, Claude de Faye, he renounced his mitre and crozier, married her, and, to justify his conduct, proclaimed his adhesion to the doctrines of Calvin.

Merle in the Gévaudan prepared to avenge the death of the Count de Peyre.

The Cevennes, Gévaudan, and Auvergne, by their mountainous structure, offered a favourable theatre for a guerilla warfare. In Auvergne the redoubted Baron des Adrets was buckling on his harness, and swearing death to all priests and monks.

As soon as Merle saw himself at the head of sufficient men, on the night of November 17, 1573, he surrounded and burst into the little town of Malzieu, on a loop of the Truyère, which drains the granite heights of the Margeride. Over the rocky and sandy mountain plateau and along the ravines the body of men had marched all the previous day stealthily, hiding their course in the pine woods, and the inhabitants of the town, which was thoroughly Catholic, were completely taken by surprise. In the darkness of the night the streets were filled with cries of terror, and shouts of exultation, and the groans of the wounded and dying. No resistance was offered; nevertheless, Merle gave up the place to be sacked, and did not arrest the pillage till next day. Then he seized on twenty-two of the notables and put them to ransom at 3000 livres.

Jean de St. Chamond, ex-archbishop, and general of the Protestants of Lower Languedoc, now gave Merle a commission, nominating him governor of Malzieu, and authorising him to raise a force of foot-soldiers and cavalry, which was to be maintained at the cost of the citizens of the captured town. Merle extended his authority over all the country round; his expeditions were carried out with promptitude and vigour, and he inspired terror throughout the country; towns, villages, merchants had to pay sums of money determined by him to escape

pillage. He raised fresh recruits, and disciplined them. He ordered his brother, Antony, to collect a body of men in the Cevennes and to meet him.

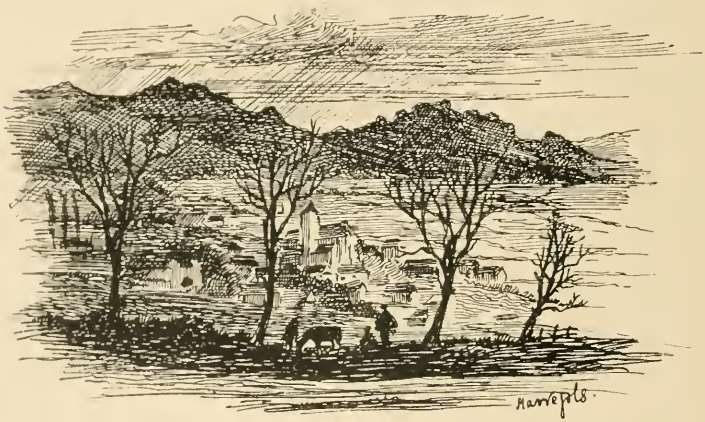
Every preparation was made for the next inevitable war, when the signal was given for it to break forth.

Meanwhile, Charles IX. died, and his brother Henry, duke of Anjou, who had been elected king of Poland, and had gone to Warsaw, on the news of Charles's death galloped off by night, pursued like a felon by his Polish subjects, who desired to retain him, worthless creature though he was. Grand receptions gratified his vanity as he made his way to France. In Lorraine he fell in love with a niece of the duke of Guise, Louise de Vaudemont, and he made her his queen. On reaching Paris, disgust soon took possession of the hearts of all.

Surrounded by his pampered favourites, he delighted to dress himself in women's clothes, hang chains around his bare neck, use washes to give beauty to his complexion, and sleep in gloves to preserve the delicacy of his hands. Never was there a more hideous mixture of foppery, treachery, and barbarity than in his court; he would sing one day scurrilous ballads, and the next chant puritanical psalms. In falsehood and low cunning he was a true child of a Medici. The debauchery of the court was so gross and flagrant that it was said that Paris could be known as a Christian city only by its steeples. It was considered a fine accomplishment in a gentleman to stab a man so that the blood spouted in one jet from his heart. Henry was steeped in superstition, but devoid of religion; a zealot without faith. All the manliness, all the courage he had shown in youth failed him when of riper age.

The prince of Condé escaped into Germany, there to

enlist lanzknechts, and entreat the aid of the Protestant princes. The king of Navarre slipped away at a hunting party, and bade his adherents rally about the White Plume when he appeared in arms. The duke of Alençon, dissatisfied that no power had fallen into his hands, when both his brothers had received crowns, coquetted with the Reformed. He was a small, ugly, ape-like being, spiteful and perfidious, and he hoped to force his brother



MARVEJOLS AND THE MONTS D'AUBRAC.

to give him some large appanage. The Montmorencys were jealous of the Guises. The Marshal de Damville, brother of the duke of Montmorency, was governor of Languedoc, and favoured the Protestants. Damville met the prince of Condé, on his return from Germany with promises of assistance, at Milhau, and there signed an agreement with him and the delegates of the churches, whereby the Calvinists recognised him as their chief in Languedoc.

As already said, Marvejols was a town that belonged in part to the crown and in part to the lord of Peyre.

Merle saw his opportunity to obtain complete mastery of the place and of its revenue. He negotiated with the governor for the purchase of the moiety belonging to the crown, and bought it for the sum of 1200 crowns. Whether this money ever passed to the sovereign, and whether the governor had any right to dispose of royal rights, are two matters that may well be questioned.

Francis, duke of Alençon, now openly placed himself at the head of the confederates, which comprised not only the great body of the Reformed, but also of the "Politiques"—those resolved on wresting the control of affairs from the Guises. The plan of the confederates was to assemble a powerful army in the centre of France, with Moulins as its base. Merle was to advance into Lower Auvergne, and to keep the communications open between that province and the headquarters at Moulins.

Merle now conceived the daring plan of taking the town of Issoire, an important place on the Allier. He entered into secret communication with some Calvinists in Issoire, who gave him all the information he required as to the best means of surprising it.

On the night of October 15, 1575, about ten o'clock, Merle arrived, and took up his quarters near a mill close to the walls; so close, indeed, that he heard a man, breathless, call to the sentinel that the enemy was approaching; he had heard the tramp of men in the dark, and had run before to warn him.

The sentinel disregarded the warning, and retired into his guard-room, as the night was cold and dark.

Merle waited till all was quiet, then had two ladders planted against the walls, and was himself the first to mount. Meeting the sentinel coming out of his shelter, he shot him dead, and immediately his men came up on the

ramparts and invaded the town. Merle at once divided his troop into two columns, and gave them instructions to seize on every vantage-point.

Meanwhile alarm had been given; the bell pealed from the tower; the citizens, terror-struck, fastened their doors; only some of the guard attempted to oppose the Huguenots, but were dispersed by a volley, which killed their captain.

At daybreak Merle threw open the gates, and Issoire was given up to pillage. His soldiers committed all the usual excesses on such an occasion; the churches were wrecked; all the pictures, carvings, and stained glass destroyed. Issoire had a very interesting church dedicated to St. Austremonius, of early Romanesque architecture. The Huguenots tried to break the pillars, so as to throw the whole church down, but desisted after they had got half-way through the drums of the pillars, fearing lest the vault should fall on their heads and bury them.

When the soldiers were exhausted with the sack, Merle summoned the notables to fix the ransom of the town. He claimed that his men had behaved with extraordinary moderation, had spared the honour of the women, and had been moderate in what they had taken. He demanded, and they undertook to pay, 22,000 livres.

Damville, governor of Languedoc, acting in concert with the Huguenots, constituted Merle governor of Issoire, and empowered him to raise troops in the neighbourhood, for which the town and neighbourhood was to pay.

Merle was very determined in raising the requisite contributions. If a village was slow in producing the sum demanded, he sent it a letter of warning, with the corners singed, a hint of the treatment to which it would be subjected unless the money were forthcoming.

Merle strengthened the walls of Issoire, and got his levies into good discipline, and then began a series of expeditions throughout the country, storming castles and taking small towns.

The Catholics, cowed by the terrible captain, in vain attempted to gain him to their side by advantageous offers, all which he promptly communicated to the Marshal de Damville.

Finding their attempts to buy him in vain, the Catholics conspired. Some troops came to their aid, and, led by the Marquis de Canillac, formed an ambuscade near Issoire.

Merle heard of it, and sent a *laquais* with wine and a pack of cards to his adversaries, to amuse them till he was ready to fall into their ill-laid trap.

Damville now appointed his brother, William de Montmorency, Seigneur de Thoré, to be his commissioner at Issoire. Thoré was recently returned from Germany, where he had hired a body of 2000 lanzknechts, at the head of which he entered France, and sought to meet the confederates, but was intercepted by the duke of Guise, on the Marne. In a conflict the Germans were cut to pieces, and the duke received the gash in his face which procured for him the nickname of Le Balafré.

Thoré escaped with great difficulty, and reached his brother, the Marshal Damville, who at once sent him to Issoire.

The governor of Languedoc was already meditating a second treachery. As governor under the king, he had at first secretly, then openly, espoused the cause of the insurgents, and now he was preparing the way to make terms for a reversion to the royal side.

The duke of Alençon, moreover, was wavering. The king and the queen-mother had seen the storm gather, and

were alarmed. The forces of the confederates amounted to 30,000 men; the king of Navarre was master of Gascony and Guyenne, and the Marshal de Damville of Languedoc. Under these circumstances, the king and the Catholic religion ran extreme risks.

The duke of Alençon was, moreover, too near to the crown to desire that matters should be driven to extremities. He was given the duchy of Anjou, together with Touraine and Berri. The king of Navarre obtained the government of Guyenne, and Condé accepted that of Picardy. The Reformed Churches hastened to conclude a peace, whereby they were accorded free exercise of their religion, and all sentences pronounced against them were annulled. They were accorded several walled towns, and the widows and orphans of the massacre of St. Bartholomew were decreed to be free of all imposts. Mixed tribunals were established, half Calvinist and half Catholic. By this treaty the crown asked pardon for the past, and gave guarantees for the future.

Merle took advantage of the cessation of hostilities to get married. In the contract he is described as governor of Marvejols. He was then aged twenty-eight. The description we have of the man at this period is as follows: He was of moderate height, rather solidly built, his beard and hair blonde; he wore great curled-up moustaches. His eyes were grey and sharp, buried under bushy brows. His features expressed energy and shrewdness. A slight wound caused him somewhat to limp. He was very strong, and could support extraordinary fatigue; always the first in an assault, and always collected in danger. He was not cruel; on the contrary, he spared bloodshed where possible; and he conducted his warfare with a moderation which contrasted favourably with other Huguenot cap-

tains. He sought his own interest, but never by an act of treachery to the cause for which he took up arms. If he treated the clergy with severity, he had good cause. It was they who had done all that lay in their power to goad to acts of violence and oppression. The blood of the Calvinists shed in persecution had to be atoned for now by the blood of their persecutors.

The peace that had been accorded in May 1576 seemed to the Catholics to be a complete surrender. The king had demanded enormous subsidies for the war; the cities, the clergy had paid vast sums; and all had been spent by the court in festivities, or had been divided among favourites. Resentment was general and deep, and this led to the formation of the League. If the court abandoned the Catholics, it remained for the Catholics to take the matter into their own hands.

The governor of Péronne refused to surrender the place to Condé. His example was contagious. The clergy, especially the Jesuits, urged to combination, and leagues were formed in every province for the protection of the Catholic religion. Henry de Guise placed himself at the head of the party, and gathered into his own hands the threads of a widespread Catholic conspiracy. Guise had his own ends in view. The Catholics mistrusted the king's brother, the new duke of Anjou, because of his alliance with the Huguenots, but Henry de Guise aimed at nothing less than his own elevation to the throne.

At Paris it was whispered that the house of Valois was effete and unworthy as had been that of the Merovingians. The "sluggard kings" had been set aside for the vigorous Carlovingians, when the real power was in their hands, as mayors of the palace. Was not the great Guise as Pepin, the holder of the destinies of France? The next male

heirs to the throne were the Bourbon princes—Calvinists. "We will have no Protestant king of Navarre!" was muttered, when the claims of Henry of Béarn were urged. "Better have the Catholic Henry of Guise."

And Henry of Guise, with all his faults, was an imposing figure, the more imposing, by contrast, to the despicable brothers, Henry III. and the duke of Anjou. He had a high sense of honour, and was absolutely sincere in his attachment to the Catholic cause. His presence was stately and his manners noble.

Henry III., alarmed at the widely ramified conspiracy, now thought it his safest plan to place himself at the head of the League. The result was the immediate breaking out again of war (1577).

Merle at once received orders to resume the campaign. He quitted Marvejols at the head of a determined band, which was inspired with profound confidence in the ability and intrepidity of its leader. He retook Malzieu, which had been surrendered, and hastened to Issoire, whence he prepared to make a descent on Ambert, on the confines of Auvergne and Forez.

A league from Ambert was the castle of the Seigneur du Lac, which was full of Huguenot soldiers, at the head of which the seigneur ravaged the neighbourhood. The citizens of Ambert, greatly incommoded by his proceedings, resolved on attacking him in his castle. They borrowed cannon, and marched against the château du Lac. The seigneur, unable to resist, fled to Issoire, and demanded assistance from Merle, and found this captain ready to grant it. Ambert was a rich town. It was one in which were large manufactures of cloth and paper, and the moment was propitious, for the principal merchants were away at the fairs of Lyons and Clermont.

Merle granted soldiers to Du Lac wherewith to recover his castle and effect a diversion, and then started for Ambert, and reached it during the night of February 15. The weather was terrible; the rain poured down in torrents; it was cold and pitch dark; and this favoured the approach of the Huguenots unperceived. They assembled in the fosses with their ladders, at the signal to escalade the walls. But the garrison, alarmed by the noise indistinctly heard, appeared at the battlements with torches, with which they reconnoitred, but saw nothing.

The assailants remained silent, concealed for several hours, in the rain and cold, waiting till the suspicions of the garrison were allayed. At last, Merle considered the right moment had come. The ladders were planted, the walls surmounted. Resistance was soon over; the garrison took refuge in the castle, with the loss of twenty-five men.

Merle now sent into the castle a messenger offering the garrison an honourable capitulation. If this were refused, he threatened to put every man to the sword. The besieged were not in a condition to refuse, and Merle became complete master of the place.

Ambert was now given up to pillage. The wealthy merchants were put to ransom. Those absent were not spared; their wives and children were held as hostages till the stipulated sums were paid. If the priests escaped, it was due to their having taken advantage of the uproar to fly the town; but every church was sacked.

Merle was not the man to neglect the opportunity of taking advantage of the consternation caused throughout the country by this bold act. He at once despatched one of his lieutenants to Olliergues to secure that place; but the garrison, assisted by the inhabitants to a man, fought the Huguenots, who had already penetrated into the town,

disputing every street, and they succeeded in driving back their assailants, who, however, succeeded in setting the place on fire before they withdrew.

As the Huguenots, discomfited, attempted to regain Ambert, they were waylaid and fallen upon by the peasants, and almost exterminated.

A much graver disaster followed.

Saint-Hérem, governor of Auvergne, had resolved to retake Ambert, and had collected considerable levies at Marsac. Merle determined not to allow the enemy time to complete preparations. He placed himself at the head of all his available men, and marched to Marsac, supported by Chavagnac, who had been appointed governor of Issoire. Merle was to penetrate into the town, and Chavagnac to make a détour, and cut off the enemy as they attempted flight. But the Catholics fought with desperate courage, the more desperate because they saw that their retreat was barred. The assailants gave way. Merle fought with fury; but in vain. He gave signal for a retreat, which was executed with great difficulty, and which, but for Merle, would have been a rout. As it was, the Reformers lost two hundred men, killed in this affair.

Merle retreated to Ambert, which he had no intention of surrendering. He at once set to work to make the place secure against an assault. He swept away the faubourgs, and destroyed the mills and factories which made the wealth of the town, and every tree was cut down which could cover the approach of the enemy. When, finally, Saint-Hérem with a large force surrounded the town, Merle was able to defend it with such gallantry and effect as to force the governor of Auvergne to withdraw, baffled, at the end of three weeks.

Merle then retired to Issoire to reinforce the garrison, a necessary precaution, as he learned that the royal forces were moving in that direction, under the command of the duke of Anjou, so recently a confederate, and now an opponent. From Issoire Merle withdrew to Malzieu and Marvejols, to recruit his companies, and to await the turn of events.

Whilst there, Issoire was besieged by an army of fifteen thousand men, May 20, 1577. It was taken and sacked on June 13, when it was treated with great barbarity, surpassing any that had as yet been committed in these miserable civil wars. The royalist soldiery, not content with plundering and setting the town on fire, massacred all who fell into their hands, without sparing old or young, women or men. The Huguenot ministers, of which there were two, were hung. The town was destroyed, and a column was erected on its ruins, inscribed "Ici fut Issoire."

Merle had remained, impatient and furious, at Marvejols. He could do nothing against the Catholic host with his handful of five or six hundred men. He waited his opportunity to strike a return blow, and directly he was summoned by Coligny, count of Châtillon, brother of the great admiral, he flew to reinforce him, and assist in the relief of Montpellier, besieged by Damville. A battle was fought at Mauguio, near Montpellier, in which, after four hours, the Huguenots succeeded in driving back the marshal and his forces, and in revictualling the town. The peace of Bergerac, concluded on the 10th of September 1577, arrested further hostilities. By this peace all the privileges previously granted by that of 1576 were confirmed, and considerably extended. Eight strongholds were accorded to the Huguenots, and the

king dissolved all confederations. By this means he hoped to strike the League.

The king of Navarre, early in the following year, conferred on Merle the honour of being one of his chamberlains, and with this distinction gave him the order to seize on some strong places or walled towns.

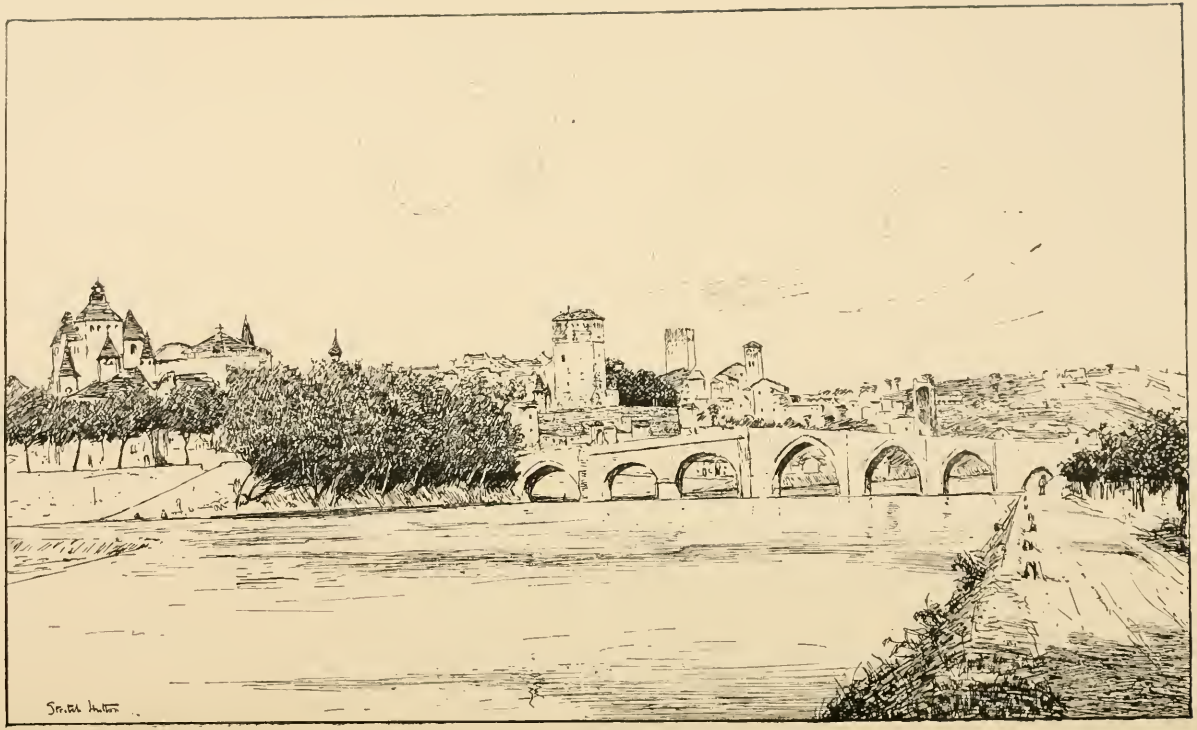
In fact, notwithstanding the peace, a short war broke out without cause, and ended without reason, showing how great progress ideas of disorder had made in the realm. Henry III., whose taste lay rather in small intrigues than in great public concerns, had intervened in the quarrel between the king of Navarre and Queen Margaret, his wife, to envenom it. Margaret, his sister, had been at court in Paris, and there had become involved in a guilty amour with the young viscount of Turenne. The Béarnais did not care for foreign intervention in his marital affairs.

The queen-mother hastened to Nérac, where Henry of Navarre kept court, with her flying squadron of beautiful, intriguing maids of honour. Then ensued the singular "Guerre des Amouroux." There were balls every night, and the appearance of great cordiality was maintained. For a radius of a mile and a half round the house peace reigned, outside the charmed circle blood flowed. A Huguenot lord, after feasting with a Catholic, would adjourn beyond the circle, and the survivor returned with a bloody sword to boast of the result.

One night Henry of Navarre gave a return entertainment to the queen and her court. When the supper was over, and the dances were resumed, Henry disappeared into the garden, rode all night, placed himself at the head of an army that had assembled, and besieged Cahors, thirty miles distant. He concealed his men in ambuscade among the walnut groves, and awaited nightfall. The

governor suspected nothing. The city and country were under the crown immediately, and had not only ever been loyal, but also Catholic. At night Henry approached the gate. The tradition in Cahors is that the Huguenot army, debouched in the valley of Simèle on the south. It had made a circuit by Catus, crossed the river Lot opposite Archambal, and attacked the city on the only side on which it is not surrounded by the river. Cahors occupies a loop, and a line of walls and towers crosses the spur of land, much as is the case at Lucerne. The gate on the road to Paris was blown up with a petard, and Henry entered, followed by seven hundred men, leaving the same number outside to cover his rear. The resistance offered was stubborn. The troops of Navarre were assailed from every housetop with showers of tiles, and with shots from arquebuses from every window. The conflict was carried on throughout the night, and yet, when dawn appeared, the assailants had made but little way. Henry was urged to retire, as not only the garrison, but every man in the place capable of bearing arms was in opposition, and there was a prospect of succour from the bishop's castle at Mercues; but the king, setting his back against a shop, persisted in fighting on, exclaiming, "My retreat from this city will be that of my soul from my body."

The episcopal reinforcements were repulsed, but Henry had to struggle step by step, to fight a battle in every street, lay siege to every house. It was not till the fifth night that Cahors submitted. The resistance had been heroic, and merited for the garrison and inhabitants a better treatment than was accorded. The town was given up to pillage and massacre. The churches were plundered and profaned, numerous houses were set on fire, and many of the citizens outraged and butchered.



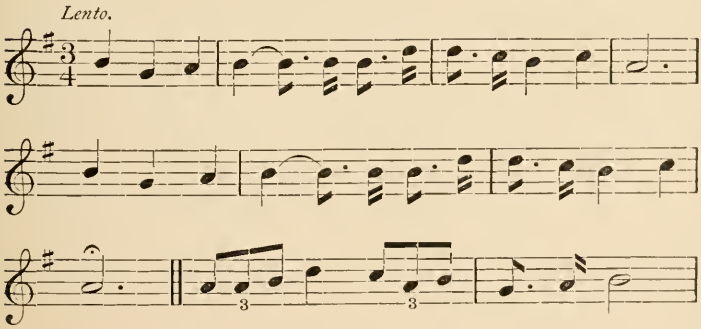
CAHORS.

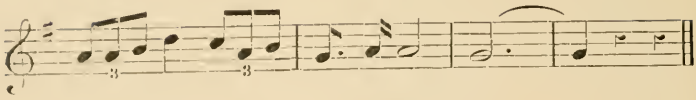
In the midst of this story of civil and religious war, it is a relief for a moment to pause and turn to a more pleasant topic.

There is a folk-song, sung by every peasant of Quercy at harvest-time, entitled "Xano d'Oymé." The legend goes, that Henry, on his way to Cahors, halted at Anglars, at 30 kilometres from Cahors. It was early dawn, and going to the edge of the wood in which his soldiers were resting, he found there a young girl, Jeanne of Aymet, who was drawing water from a well. The king entered into conversation with her, and learned that her lover was in Cahors, and he made her a solemn promise, that if he took the town, he would spare the life of the young man. But alas! in the *melée* he had been killed, and when Jeanne came to the captured city, and recognised his body, she fell dead upon it. The ballad is supposed to record the dialogue between Henry of Navarre and Jeanne d'Aymet, but in all probability it is much earlier.

It is sung by men and women alternately, in the harvest-field. I give the beginning of it only, and the melody. The complete ballad may be found in Daymard, *Chants Populaires du Quercy*.

XANO D'OYMÉ.





"'Xano d'Oymé, pla matis té lébado!'
'Lou fil del rey, la luno m'a troumpado.'
'Xano d'Oymé, dono mé dé toun aygo.'
'Lou fil del rey, bous nou bébés pas d'aygo.'
'Xano d'Oymé, né bébi d'obégado.'
'Lou fil del rey, n'ay ni beyré ni tasso.'
'Xano d'Oyme, dono m'en din la casso.'
'Lou fil del rey, nou l'ay pas brésayrado.'"

This war—ridiculous, if it had not been tragic—was the seventh of these civil wars, of which religion was the pretext.

Merle resolved on a bold stroke, such as he had hitherto dealt with such success. He determined to take St. Flour, a cathedral town very strong in position, and well fortified. Between St. Flour and Aurillac Merle fell into an ambuscade prepared for him by the Catholics under Neyrebrousse, in a defile. Finding himself in difficulties, Merle at once ordered the traces of the horses to be cut that drew the waggons of provisions and ammunition, bade his soldiers face about, shoot the horses of their assailants, and fly at full gallop. His orders were executed; although twice repulsed, they succeeded in effecting their escape, with the loss of twenty men.

Merle collected his men when the pursuit ceased, and waited till the enemy would be pillaging the convoy. Then he returned, fell upon them when engaged in plundering the waggons, and drinking the wine and brandy in them. He did not give them time to form, but cut them down almost to a man. Their commander, Neyrebrousse, fell by his hand.

Soon after, on the night of August 9, 1578, he

attempted to surprise St. Flour. But the citizens repulsed the attack with such vigour, that Merle was forced to withdraw.

The churches of Lower Languedoc assembled at Saumières on November 18, and gave instructions to the deputies whom they named for a convention that was to be held at Lille en Jourdain, in November. By these instructions, we are able to gather the pretensions of the Reformed to constitute a republic in the face of the monarchy. Such church assemblies were not theological; they were political gatherings, usurping sovereign authority. They appointed the generals that were to command the armies they raised and supported by imposts which they decreed; they hired foreign mercenaries; they demanded and obtained of the king fortified towns and castles, in which they might defy his authority. And when they obtained a place, they maltreated the Catholics therein, and suppressed their worship. At length a new peace was concluded in February 1579, whereby the Reformed gained eleven strong places in Languedoc.

The year passed in mutual mistrust. Meanwhile the duke of Montmorency died, and the Marshal Damville succeeded to the title. He at once changed sides, and raised troops to retake some of the towns that had been captured by the king of Navarre; and the Béarnais had no particular desire to keep the peace, so long as something was to be got by war. About the middle of December in the same year, Merle received orders from François de Coligny, elder brother of the more famous admiral, who, as already said, was governor of Montpellier, to make an attempt, notwithstanding the peace proclaimed and agreed to, to capture Mende. Coligny came to Milhau, partly to escape the plague which was raging at

Montpellier, mainly to concert with Merle. Bonnicel, one of the consuls of Mende, was irritated at having lost a suit, and in his resentment offered to betray the city.

On December 24, Merle left Marvejols at the head of an approved band, and arrived just before midnight under the walls.

Whilst the Calvinists were concerting measures, the bells of the cathedral and of all the churches burst forth in a peal to welcome Christmas, and call to midnight mass. The Huguenots were disconcerted. They fancied the bells were giving the alarm, but Bonnicel reassured them. "It is only these idolaters," he said, "ringing to celebrate the birthday of Jesus Christ."

The walls were speedily escaladed, and the Reformed penetrated into the city without opposition. When, however, the alarm was given, the second consul and bailiff of Mende collected men, and endeavoured to oppose the invaders. Some were cut to pieces on the spot. Others, who had taken refuge in a tower, were drawn forth and massacred. Two hundred persons perished in this manner.

The town was given up to pillage. Several priests were put to death, with refinements of cruelty, as reprisals for the hanging of the Calvinist ministers at Issoire. The pillage lasted three days, after which the city was put to ransom.

Coligny arrived at Mende on the fifth day, eager to have some share in the plunder. He, for his part, captured priests and well-to-do citizens, and held them to ransom, to fill his own pockets. Coligny thought Mende too rich a piece of booty to be left in the hands of Captain Merle. He therefore formed the plan of getting rid of Merle, and keeping it for himself. To this end he induced

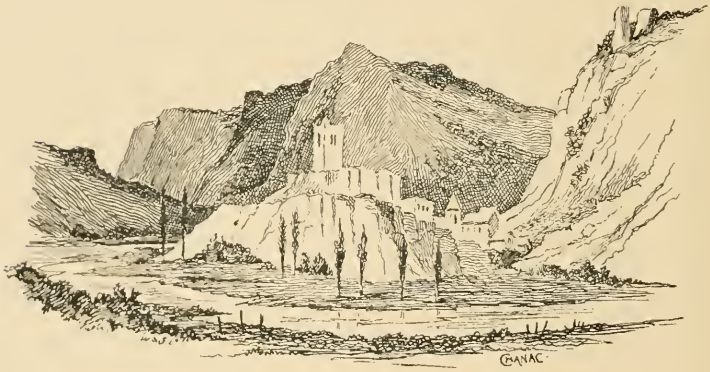
the captain to leave the town, and attack the episcopal castle of Balsièges.

Merle agreed, and for twelve days ineffectually bombarded the place, which was strongly defended by nature. Balsièges is now an unimportant village. Its castle has been ruined, and all but destroyed, and its only object of interest is "the Lion," a huge natural mass of rock on the top of the causse, overlooking the little place, that bears a fanciful resemblance to a beast, but much more closely resembles a great polar bear than a lion. Whilst Merle was engaged at Balsièges, Coligny gained the garrison that had been left in Mende, and they shut their gates on the captain. But this act of treachery did not answer Coligny's expectations. It was a game at which two could play, and Merle met Coligny with his own weapons. He showed no signs of resentment; he went off to attack and take other places in the valley of the Lot; and occupied himself till he learned that François de Coligny, count of Chatillon, had left Mende on business of his own, when he suddenly returned, and, passing before the gates, as though on his way farther, asked for a farrier, to have some of his horses shod. This was permitted. The moment the gates were opened, Merle rushed in and secured them.

Coligny appealed to Henry of Navarre, but in vain; the astute Béarnais knew that in Merle he had the best servant, and he gave him letters patent, nominating him governor of Mende, and authorising him to raise in the neighbourhood a force of a hundred light horsemen, fifty arquebusiers, and two hundred foot soldiers. In execution of these orders Merle imposed fresh burdens on the already hard pressed Gévaudan, to pay the men who came to him.

The Catholics rallied about St. Vidal, governor of Velay, and d'Apcier, one of the principal barons of the Gévaudan, at Chanac, on the Lot, below Mende, a strong place occupying a rock that crops up in the basin of the valley surrounded by hills, and not only enclosed within walls, but dominated by a castle.

From Chanac, St. Vidal sent a herald to Merle to summon him to surrender Mende, and threatening, if he refused, to force the place and give him and his troops no



CHANAC.

quarter. Merle gave the messenger drink, and returned the answer, "I have been repeatedly threatened with this fine army by the seigneurs. I am curious to see it, and if they do not come quickly to show it me, I will go myself to find it."

A few days later, at ten o'clock at night, Merle left Mende with a hundred cuirassiers and two hundred arquebusiers provided with petards, and arrived under the wall of Chanac unperceived. Petards exploded under the gates blew them up, and killed several of the soldiers in the street. A great panic ensued. Merle and his men

rushed in, seized on a number of horses, and, if he could have controlled his fellows, might have captured the Royalist leaders, but they broke into the houses to plunder. Merle had difficulty in collecting them, as the Catholics rallied, and the garrison issued from the castle. He sounded a retreat, and retired, carrying with him two hundred horses of the enemy.

St. Vidal saw that he had to do with a captain of great energy and ability, and he thought it best, with the scanty forces at his disposal, to abandon the conflict in the Gévaudan, which was thus left defenceless to be ravaged by Merle, who took advantage of his opportunity to capture castle after castle, and place after place. His course of successful expeditions was hardly arrested by the peace of Fleix, concluded November 26, 1580, one of the principal conditions of which was the surrender of Mende.

Orders were at once sent by Henry of Navarre to his henchman to abandon the place. Merle was disinclined to obey, and whilst he hesitated, an incident occurred which decided him to remain in possession notwithstanding the terms concluded by his master. This was the appearance on the scene of the prince of Condé, who had been in the Low Countries, in England, and in Germany, soliciting help for his co-religionists. On his arrival in Languedoc he found the churches very dissatisfied with the peace of Fleix, which arrested them in the full swing of prosperity, and very reluctant to surrender Mende. The churches at once recognised the prince as their chief, and Merle, addressing him, received orders to retain Mende, disregard the peace, and recommence operations.

This fell in exactly with the captain's wishes, and in

January 1581 he started from Mende to take the town of Ispagnac. To reach the valley of the Tarn he had to traverse the causse, and draw his artillery after him. The ascent was less difficult than the descent of the steep flanks of limestone and lias. To let his cannon down into the Tarn valley, Merle harnessed twenty oxen behind each cannon to hold it back, and two in front to guide it down the rapid incline. By this means he had all his ordnance in park before Ispagnac by evening. Next day his batteries began to play on the walls, and by nightfall he had broken down one of the towers, and had gained possession of it. Merle's purpose was to widen the breach next morning, and then give the signal for assault; but at midnight the garrison, numbering from eighty to a hundred men, seeing that further resistance was impossible, left the town and ascended the causse in rear. Their flight was perceived, and they were pursued. Several were killed, the rest succeeded in throwing themselves into the castle of Quezac.

This was a fortified place nearly opposite Ispagnac, that belonged to a chapter founded by Urban V. on a fief pertaining to his family.

Merle gave the enemy no breathing-time. He conveyed his artillery across the river, and began the cannonade. A breach was made, and again the besieged, rather than surrender or stand an assault, escaped by a hole in rear.

A few days later, Merle besieged Bédouis, and exhausted his ammunition against it. The garrison refused to surrender, hoping for reinforcements from St. Vidal, who was marching to the relief with fifteen hundred footmen and two hundred horsemen. But the causse was eight feet deep in snow, and he was unable to cross the pass. Merle obtained fresh supplies of powder, and the besieged

surrendered at discretion. Part of the garrison was put to the sword. The canons were held to ransom.

This was the end of this short campaign. The fine Romanesque church of Ispagnac was given up to be wrecked by the Huguenot soldiers, and was almost destroyed—only remnants of the ancient structure remain.

Meanwhile the king of Navarre was uneasy at the attitude adopted by the prince of Condé, fearing to be deprived of his position as head of the Huguenot party; and again he urged Merle to obey the orders he had received, and to surrender Mende. By the prince he was charged to raise more money and fresh forces, and to retain what he had secured. The captain chose to obey the latter, and in order to obtain the means requisite for raising and supporting a larger body of men, he signified, on February 1581, to the inhabitants of Mende and to the clergy, that unless he were paid 5000 gold crowns within a few days, he would destroy the cathedral and all the churches in the city. But the country was exhausted; it had already been squeezed till it could yield no more, and the civil war had dried up all sources of revenue from trade. The sum demanded was not forthcoming, and Merle commenced and carried out the destruction of the sacred buildings.

The cathedral was one of the finest monuments of Gothic architecture in Languedoc; Pope Urban V. had been a native of the Gévaudan, and had greatly enriched the cathedral, and had contributed large sums for its decoration. It had already been despoiled by the soldiers of Merle of its treasures of metal-work, its tapestries and silks had been torn to pieces, its bells melted into cannons, and its stained glass broken. Now the walls were thrown

down; and when the cathedral was levelled, the Reformed set to work with the ruin of the three other churches contained within the walls of the town. The present cathedral of Mende, a cold and not particularly interesting structure, is that which was re-erected after the cessation of the wars, as much as possible on the old lines. It is small, the dust-colour of the limestone is unpleasant; the exterior is only redeemed from insignificance by its fine south-western tower; the interior could solely be made harmonious by the application of colour to hide the naked ugliness of the stone.

The duke of Anjou, the king's brother, was impatient to have done with the war. He had been summoned by the Flemings who were in revolt against Philip I., and who had cast off Catholicism as well as the Spanish yoke. He was elected duke of Brabant and Flanders, and aspired to the hand of Elizabeth, queen of England. Consequently, he lost the confidence of the Catholic party in France, without inspiring trust in that of Reform. The king was desirous of settling matters with the Huguenots without further effusion of blood, not, indeed, that he cared much about bloodshed, but he considered that it would be less expensive to buy peace than to enforce it.

Accordingly, Merle was approached, and he consented to abandon Mende if paid 8000 to 10,000 gold crowns. After much haggling, it was decided that he should be paid 8000 crowns, wherewith he bought the castles and territories of Salavas and Lagorce; and peace was concluded, June 11, 1581, between the delegate of the duke of Anjou, acting for the king of France, and a delegate of the king of Navarre, a representative of the estates of the Gévaudan and Merle.

The churches of Lower Languedoc were, however, ill

pleased, and sent urgent messages to the captain not to give up the city and strongholds he had captured; however, Merle could find no further excuse for evading the commands of his master, the king of Navarre, and in July he left Mende, after having occupied it for eighteen months, during which he had almost ruined the town and neighbourhood.

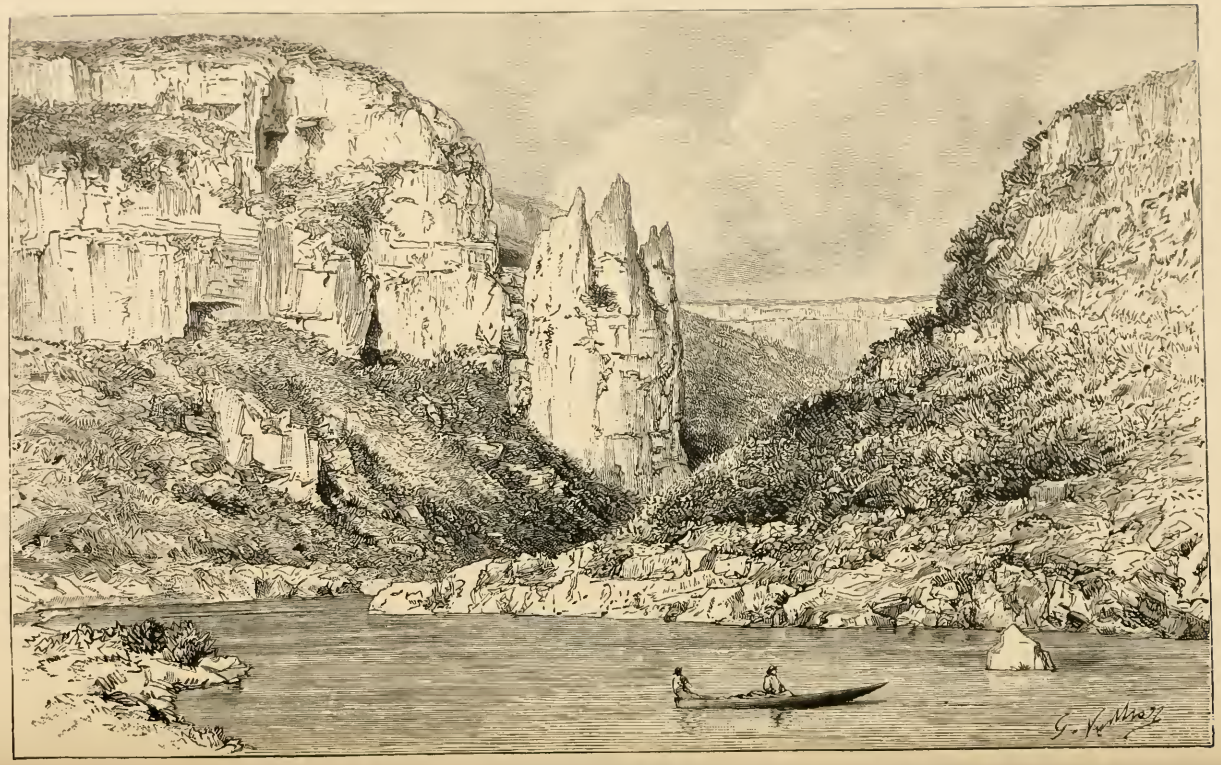
He at once retired to his new acquisitions, which were judiciously chosen, for they commanded the passages of the Ardèche on the main line of communication between Lower Languedoc and the Vivarais.

The strong and extensive castle of Salavas occupied a precipitous rock on the right bank of the river; a round tower, standing on a rock in the middle of a stream, was unapproachable. These two positions completely commanded the passage, and at a later date had to be reduced by M. de Rohan by regular siege with cannon, before he could cross the Ardèche.

Further down, the river flows under a vast natural arch, which the stream has bored through the limestone. The rock is 185 feet high, the archway is 165 feet wide and 100 feet high. The grey walls are covered with ilex and box; a narrow path crosses the back, but is not to be traversed by anyone whose head is not steady. To command the "Pont de l'Arche," a fort was planted on the right bank.

The fortified town of Lagorce, not far from the river, was provided with a strong castle.

The strategic importance of these positions had not escaped the eye of Merle, and he calculated on the advantages they would afford him should hostilities break out again. The town of Vallon, which lay like an independent islet in the barony, was in the hands of the



ON THE ARDÈCHE.

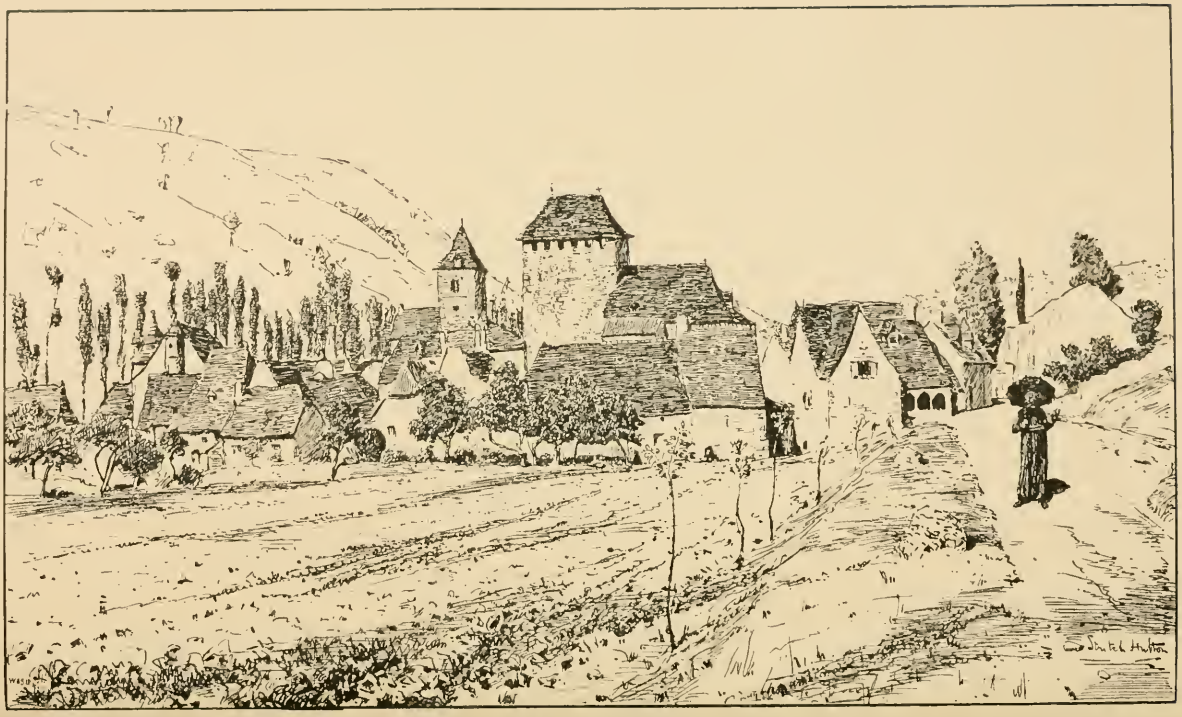
Reformed, and would be of assistance to him, and no obstacle.

The citadel of Vallon, however, perched on an eminence opposite Salavas, on the other side of the river, remained in the hands of the Catholics.

But if Merle looked forward to playing a part in the wars which must inevitably flame forth again, he was disappointed. He died at his new acquisition, the castle of Salavas, at the end of January 1584, aged thirty-five.

The news of his death filled the Reformed with consternation; they felt that they were deprived of their ablest captain. The exultation of the Catholics was undisguised. They could not forget his daring captures of Issoire, Ambert, and Mende, and forgive the destruction of the cathedral in the latter place. His son, Herail de Merle, Baron de Lagorce, became a Catholic, and entered the service of the king.

The story of Mathew Merle brings out, if I am not greatly mistaken, the truth that the Wars of Religion were but a recrudescence of the Wars of the Hundred Years, a breaking forth of the old spirit of independence and lawlessness which had animated the captains of the free companies. The methods of warfare were the same, the seizing of strongholds and of persons, and holding them to ransom; and the objects of pillage were the same—the churches and monasteries. There was the same versatility in the leaders, shifting from side to side as served their selfish ends, and the same affectation of fighting for a principle to which in their hearts they were indifferent.



ST. MARTIN DE VERS.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE MURATS

La Bastide—The House of the Murats—Origin of Bastides—St. Martin de Vers—The Birth of Joachim—His Early Life—Escapes from a Seminary—In the Constitutional Guard—Extreme Opinions—Follows the Fortunes of Napoleon—The Battle of Aboukir—Dissolves the Council of Four Hundred—Marries the Sister of Napoleon—Execution of the Duc d'Enghien—Created Marshal—Grand Duke of Berg—Sent into Spain—Mismanagement there—Created King of Naples — Attempts to introduce Constitutional Government — Thwarted by Napoleon — Joins in the Russian Campaign — Disagreements—Moscow—Murat's Theatrical Costume—Retreat from Moscow—Napoleon deserts the Army—Murat does the same—Wrath of Napoleon—Napoleon's Opinion of Murat—Joachim deserts Napoleon—Takes up Arms against him—Deserted by his Troops—Seeks Reconciliation with the Emperor—Waterloo—Critical Position of Murat—Attempts to escape—Reaches Corsica—Resolves on return to Naples—Treachery of Barbara—Lands at Pizzo—Taken Prisoner—Hasty execution—Character of Joachim—The Family of Murat—The Count Murat—Châteaux at La Bastide and Cabrerets—Pedigree of the Murat Family.

La Bastide Murat is a little town of some seventeen hundred inhabitants, situated on the edge of the Causse de Gramat, 1340 feet above the sea, at the source—or rather above the source—of the little river Vers, which flows into the Lot. The causse thereabouts is a little less barren than elsewhere; there is a stretch of forest—that is to say, of coppice—covering a large extent, and some arable snuff-coloured land. Moreover, there is at La Bastide a spring of water, a mere dribble, but the stream that is no more

than the flow from a teapot is welcomed on the causse, as the Israelites welcomed the issue from the smitten rock at Massah. The church is absolutely without interest; it is new, in the vulgarest Gothic, or would-be Gothic. The inn can only be occupied at night by anyone with the hide of a rhinoceros; the houses are mean. There is no other manufacture save that of knives, by M. Polidor—and very good knives he makes, of Spanish type. There is but one old and picturesque building in the place. The square is a broad, desolate waste, in which stand patient oxen, and straw is whirled about by the wind, and lean fowls peck at the eddying husks. Nevertheless, La Bastide is a place to be visited, because it was the birthplace of a very remarkable man. The house where he was born is in the market-place, and a very humble and very shabby house it is. Nevertheless, it was thence that Joachim, king of Naples, sprang. A little way out of the town are the château and park of the counts of Murat, descendants, not of the king, but of his brother.

The name of *bastide*, which is but another form of *bastille*, originally applied to outlying forts that defended the approach to a town. The fortifications defending the gates of Paris were termed bastilles, and that of St. Antoine became the prison so memorable in history. In the South of France the primitive signification of an outlying place that is fortified has remained. Numerous old manor houses in Provence are so entitled, because in the Middle Ages they were fortified. But in Aquitaine the signification is not quite the same.

In the twelfth century many towns were given charters and municipal constitutions. Some were almost free republics, and were governed by their consuls, to the number of four, six, or eight, according to their size and

importance. Commerce and industry flourished in them under their liberal constitution. But the troubles in Guyenne, and the Albigensian war had ruined many of these. In the thirteenth century the feudal princes, lay and ecclesiastical, judging that the augmentation of these free towns greatly tended to the prosperity of the country, rivalled each other in building towns, to which great immunities were granted, throughout their domains, and these new places, being fortified and lying away from the ancient cities and walled towns, were entitled *bastides*. Among them some have thriven, others have languished. It can hardly be said that La Bastide of which we are now treating, on the Causse of Gramat, had, or has in it the elements of vigorous life.

An excellently engineered road leads to it up the charming valley of the Vers, and if La Bastide itself be lacking in the elements of picturesqueness, this cannot be said of St. Martin de Vers, a little place of between seven and eight hundred inhabitants, on the way. Here every house is old, ramshackle, a study for the artist. The roofs are of chocolate red tile; they lie like the skin of a lean horse over the ribs of the framework. They have been built in the most arbitrary, random, manner, at every angle to each other, without the slightest regard as to means of access. And they are grouped, thrown down, higglety-pigglety, about an old Templar monastery and church that are the quintessence of picturesqueness.

On all sides rise the limestone flanks of the plateau, with slopes of juniper and slides of rubble. The Vers whispers as it steals along among the rushes and yellow flags, and soaks the emerald meadows with its fertilising water, so that they stand rank with flowers. Poplars tower up, willows are rustling wherever they can put their feet

into the water, and in spring the cherry and plum and apple orchards fill the valley and spread around the russet roofs like new-fallen snow. I had spent a bad night at La Bastide in a bed with many insect occupants.[1] I had made no breakfast at all, as I started at 5 A.M. The morning was cold, there was frost in the shade. Nevertheless, vermin-bitten, shivering, empty, I could hardly tear myself away from this little place, where there was a picture at every turn.

Farther down the valley the rocks become more precipitous and full of caves. The water oozing over their faces like sweat trickling down has glazed them; tinctured with a little iron, it has given the glaze a pink hue, like flesh. Some bold isolated needles stand up with bare sides. One projecting crag, many hundreds of feet high, seems sustained on crutches, so perforated is its base. The caves of the Vers valley are quite unexplored for prehistoric remains; but to search for them, the pick must be used to break through the stalagmite, harder than the limestone rock itself. At Vers, where the stream enters the Lot, are the remains of the Roman aqueduct that conveyed water to Cahors from the spring of Polémie. Below it is the interesting Romanesque chapel of Notre Dame de Villes, to which pilgrimages are made.

Among the marshals of the First Empire no more picturesque and romantic figure is to be found than the Caussenard Joachim Murat, a handsome man, endowed with a winning manner, a dauntless spirit, and immense dash.

He was born at La Bastide on March 25, 1767. The little place was then called La Bastide Frontinière; it is

[1] My acquaintance was with only one of the two inns at La Bastide. I can say nothing about the second.

now known as La Bastide Murat, after the only great man this dreary little place ever produced.

His father was a taverner, whose wife was glad to go out charing for half a franc a day. The man had formerly been a steward to the Talleyrands, and calculated on the patronage of this influential family for the advancement of the fortunes of his son.

As a boy he was a dashing rider; without saddle or bridle, with only a halter about the head of one of the ragged and meagre horses of the causse, and barefooted, he would gallop over the great plain after the sheep that strayed. He was first in every game, and in every bit of mischief in which the boys of Bastide were united.

According to the memoirs of General Marbot, Joachim began life for himself as a shop-boy to a haberdasher at St. Céré. Why he left the shop we are not told.

Although the character and bent of Joachim were in quite an opposite direction from the clerical state, nevertheless his parents resolved that he should be a *curé*, that he might receive one of the many churches of which the Talleyrands were patrons. Accordingly, he was sent to Cahors, and after the first years of schooling there, was removed to Toulouse to finish his education for the priesthood in the seminary there.

Restive, now sullen, then in boisterous revolt, the young Murat spent several years of training, without that training affecting his head or heart. Then, one day, he tore off his cassock, left the seminary, and carried off a girl whom he had seen, and of whom he had become enamoured. They lived together as long as his slender means lasted, and when his last sous was spent, he deserted the girl, and enlisted in a regiment of chasseurs, then passing through Toulouse. But he was as insubordinate in the regiment as he had

been in the college, and he deserted, and, not daring to show himself in his native place, escaped to Paris, where he served some time as a waiter in an eating-house.

When the Constitutional Guard was organised in 1791, then, by the intervention of M. Cavaignac, deputy for the department of Lot, he was admitted into the corps, and some time after passed as sub-lieutenant into the 12th regiment of chasseurs. He was fiery, ungovernable in tongue, and quarrelsome. In one month he fought six duels. His advanced republicanism and revolutionary opinions were paraded on every occasion. When Marat was murdered by Charlotte Corday, Murat, who was at that time quartered at Abbeville, wrote to the Jacobin Club to demand its consent to his changing his name from Murat to Marat in honour of the martyred tribune.

His advancement, forced on by bluster, was cut short for a while by the end of the Reign of Terror. However, after the 13th Vendémaire (5th October 1795) he recovered his position, and followed Napoleon into Italy, where, as a good cavalry officer, he was appointed adjutant to Bonaparte, and rapidly acquired his confidence. Among a brilliant staff, none was more distinguished than "le Beau Sabreur," for gallantry or for bravery. Throughout the Italian campaign Murat was conspicuous in every action, and in May 1796 he was commissioned to take to the Directory the flags that had been captured. He was then nominated brigadier-general.

In 1798 he followed Bonaparte to Egypt, but neither he nor his companions were prepared for the new sort of warfare that awaited them on the sands of Egypt; and he was irritated and dispirited by the incessant assaults of the Mamelukes, who refused to offer pitched battle. On one occasion he was seen to tear off his cockade and trample

on it; and it was even believed that he was concerned in a plot for retiring with the army, in spite of Napoleon.

In the battle of Aboukir, in which the Turkish forces were completely defeated with great slaughter, Murat headed the horse, and greatly distinguished himself (July 25, 1799), and was in consequence appointed general of division. He returned with Bonaparte to France, and attached himself to him with the ardour of enthusiasm. He felt the commanding intellect of his chief, and Napoleon understood the man, and resolved to make of him a tool to his ambition. Joachim rendered Bonaparte signal services in the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire, when, at the head of sixty grenadiers, he broke up and dispersed the Council of Four Hundred at St. Cloud. No moment in Napoleon's life had been so critical as that when he appeared at St. Cloud before the Council. The soldiers who surrounded the hall wavered. Bernadotte, in his ardent republicanism, had refused his help. Murat's principles sat lightly on him; he boldly took the step which put an end to the republic of which he had been so fiery an advocate.

Into the midst of the chattering, screaming Council—like the parrot-house in a menagerie—Murat entered with the command, "Charge bayonets." Then away, head over heels, out at the windows, at every aperture, went the dismayed deputies before the terrible steel.

Paris, entire France, breathed a long breath of relief. To such a height had the anarchy and distress of the country arisen, that the people welcomed any change, so long as it assured them tranquillity and a regular government. A new constitution was drawn up, and Napoleon appointed First Consul.

Murat was rewarded for his services and unscrupulous-

ness by being given command of the consular guard, and Napoleon married him, on January 20, 1800, to his youngest sister, Caroline, a woman of distinguished abilities and character.

Murat was appointed governor of the Italian Republic, but when Napoleon had resolved on assuming the imperial title, he summoned his brother-in-law to Paris and appointed him governor of Paris. When the Duc d'Enghien was taken and conveyed to Paris, Napoleon gave orders to Murat to bring him before a military commission composed of seven members nominated by himself. Murat perfectly understood what was meditated,—the destruction of an innocent man,—and he appointed accordingly General Huldin and other creatures to be relied on, and ordered the governor of Vincennes to have a grave dug forthwith. No evidence whatever was produced against the accused; no witnesses were examined; the trial was hurried through, and sentence pronounced and executed forthwith. We shall see how Murat himself ended eleven years after in the same way.

"When about to make himself emperor," says Madame de Staël, "Napoleon deemed it necessary, on the one hand, to dissipate the apprehensions of the revolutionary party as to the return of the Bourbons; and to prove, on the other, to the royalists, that when they attached themselves to him, they broke finally with the ancient dynasty. It was to accomplish that double object that he committed the murder of a prince of the blood, of the Duke d'Enghien."

When the empire was constituted, Napoleon loaded his brother-in-law, to whom he owed so much, with honours. He was created marshal of France, a prince, Grand Admiral, grand officer of the Legion of Honour.

It was ridiculous enough to raise this ex-waiter to be a

prince, and make High Admiral of a gallant hussar; but what particularly amused the Parisians was to see this runaway seminarist, who had been most active in destroying the papal power, distribute the *pain bénit* with the gravity of an abbé on Easter Monday in the church of Notre Dame de Loretto, when the Catholic religion was again established by the emperor.

JOACHIM MURAT.

In the campaign of 1805, Murat led the reserve cavalry across the Rhine, and after the capitulation of Ulm, pursued the Archduke Ferdinand, and was before Vienna on the 13th November. In the battle of Austerlitz he commanded the cavalry. In the following year the emperor invested him with the newly-constituted grand duchy of Berg and Cleves, and he was acknowledged by the Continental Powers as a sovereign prince.

In his grand duchy, Joachim Murat maintained some

splendour, which he dearly loved, and did his utmost to conciliate the esteem and win the affections of his subjects. But he was called away before he could effect much, in 1808, to head the army destined to end the domination of the Spanish Bourbons.

Like Louis XIV., Napoleon considered it necessary that there should be no longer any Pyrenees. Spain and Portugal were a menace to him in his rear whilst engaged upon his enemies in face—England, Prussia, Austria, Russia. He seized his opportunity, when by the peace of Tilsit he was safe from trouble in that quarter, to turn and reduce the Peninsula.

Murat received instructions to act with extreme circumspection, and to avoid rousing "a virgin people." But he was not the man to carry out a delicate commission. His blundering conduct precipitated a riot in Madrid, which he put down with wanton severity.

Napoleon had induced King Charles IV. to abdicate; thereupon the prince of Asturias became Ferdinand VII.; but Murat, well aware that his master had no intention of suffering a mere change of heads in the Bourbon dynasty in Spain, refused to acknowledge his title. In accordance with the instructions he had received, he was compelled to adopt a series of duplicities and treacheries, to which his nature was opposed. He was well aware that if he exhibited too decided hostility to the claims of the prince, and allowed the ulterior views of Napoleon to transpire, the whole kingdom would rise in flagrant revolt. He therefore endeavoured to persuade the Bourbon ex-king, the queen, and princes to go to Bayonne, there to meet his master. They hesitated for some while, but, on the reception of the most solemn assurances from Napoleon, they started.

The departure of the royal family from Madrid roused the popular feeling and alarm to the highest pitch, and loud cries were uttered, "Long live Ferdinand VII.!"

Murat occupied Madrid with thirty thousand men. The long-simmering discontent broke out in a wild and purposeless upheaval of the excited population. They broke into the gun-shops, and attacked the French as they passed in detachments through the streets.

The grand duke of Berg at once ordered out the troops, and poured grape-shot on the assembled people; and when they fled, pursued them into their houses with bayonet. If the matter had stopped here, it would have been well. Murat could hardly have done other than put down the rising with promptitude; but he was angry, and in his anger intemperate. He constituted a military tribunal to pass sentence on such as had been taken in the streets. Thus, over a hundred respectable, and in many instances innocent, citizens were sentenced and shot in cold blood. These executions roused the whole of Spain, and a cry for vengeance on the French murderers rang from every quarter.

The Spanish crown might not improbably have been offered to Murat had he not thus contravened his master's orders, and aroused against him an animosity that could not be allayed. The crown of Spain was offered by Napoleon to his brother Lucien, who wisely declined it. It was then forced on Joseph, who had been nominated king of Naples, and the vacant throne of the Two Sicilies was given to the ex-waiter, the Caussenard, Joachim Murat. That was in August 1808. In addition, in 1810, the sovereign principality of Ponte Corvo was further conferred on Joachim.

Murat, with all his faults,—and they were many,—had

a strong sense of justice and the rights of the people over whom he was placed. Though driven on occasions to act cruelly, yet he had a large fund of humanity in him. His love of popularity sprang not so much out of vanity as out of a sincere desire to deserve the approval of his people by a just and liberal rule.

With ability and judgment, he marked his arrival in power by two eminently popular acts: one, the expulsion from Capri of the Anglo-Sicilian garrison, under Sir Hudson Lowe; the other, the abolition of arbitrary tribunals and imprisonments.

Inspired with a worthy resolve to do everything he could to raise a degraded and despicable people to self-respect, he next endeavoured to cultivate a sense of patriotism in his Neapolitan subjects, and to educate them to appreciate liberal institutions. He rightly judged that little could be effected so long as Naples remained under tutelage to France, and he set to work to organise a Neapolitan army of some sixty thousand men. Moreover, as the presence of twenty thousand French troops holding military possession of the country robbed the people of the feeling of independence, he endeavoured to obtain their recall. But he was at once made to understand that he was king by grace of Napoleon, and, for his purposes, must act as his creature. To his vexation, Joachim found that his very ministers were in the interest of Napoleon, and acted as spies on all his proceedings. Frustrated in his endeavours to raise his people and exercise his own authority in independence, he retired to the palace of Capo-di-Monte, where his embittered feelings brought on a fever, and his suspicions were roused against his queen as well as his ministers and servants, whom he held to be all engaged to watch him, and counteract his measures. Never a man of

judgment and self-control, nor of more than ordinary abilities, he was unable to overcome his disappointment and to pursue his purpose with determination. He became capricious, even tyrannical.

It is impossible to say how far the breach might have extended had not Napoleon summoned him to his assistance in the great struggle with Russia. In spite of the coolness that had sprung up between him and his imperial master, Murat did not hesitate to obey the call, and he followed Napoleon with ten thousand of his Neapolitans, in 1812, and was again entrusted with command of the cavalry.

He was perhaps glad to exchange the inaction of a position of splendid subserviency for the bustle and danger of war.

On the arrival of the French at Smolensko, he opposed the project of an attack on the place, on the ground that, as it was about to be abandoned by the Russians, there could be no use in risking lives to reduce it.

The year was turning, and Murat clearly perceived the dangers which Napoleon in his infatuation could not discern. He even remonstrated with his master, who in reply said something that stung the gallant soldier to the quick.

"A march to Moscow," exclaimed Murat, "means the destruction of your army!"

Having said this, he spurred his horse towards the side of the river where swept by a Russian battery, and he remained there immovable for a while, as though courting death. He ordered his officers to withdraw, and all obeyed but Belliard.

"Every one is master of his own life," said this officer. "As your majesty seems disposed to throw away yours, let me do the same, at your side."

After a little while the childish, petulant spirit passed, and Murat rode back to the troops.

In the battle of Valentina, fought on August 19, when Ney, with thirty-five thousand men, was withstood by Touczoff with twenty-five thousand, Junot had been ordered to traverse a wood and swamp which lay on the flank of the Russians, whilst Murat vigorously pressed them in front. As Joachim was driving in the enemy, he was disappointed not to find himself seconded by Junot. He galloped, almost unattended, towards the position occupied by Junot, and bitterly censured him for his inactivity.

The general replied that he could not prevail on the Neapolitans to advance in the face of such perils. Without another word the king of Naples placed himself at their head, and charged and drove in the Russian sharpshooters. Then, turning to Junot, he observed, "I have half earned your marshal's baton for you. Finish what I have begun."

But the moment was past in which success would have attended the combined action, and the Russians were able to effect their retreat in good order.

After this action, the corps of Ney was too much exhausted and reduced to remain in the van, and it was replaced by that of Davoust. Ney, with his splendid abilities, and Murat, with his headlong courage, were well consorted; but the king of Naples could ill brook association with the cold and cautious Davoust.

The want of harmony between them deepened into angry resentment, which neither could smother. On one occasion it broke out in the presence of Napoleon. The king attacked Davoust for his caution, which, he argued, was more ruinous or risky than the greatest daring, and complained that Davoust failed to support him in his

most important movements. The marshal retaliated that it was not his duty to lavish ammunition and lives unnecessarily. "Let the king of Naples," said he, "do as he lists with the cavalry. So long as the first corps of the infantry is under my orders, I will not compromise its safety without need."

At length the French were in sight of Moscow. After the terrible engagement of the Borodino, Murat, as well as the other generals, had counselled retreat to Smolensko, but Napoleon would not listen.

On September 14 the advanced guard from an eminence beheld the glittering domes and spires of Moscow. Struck by the magnificence of the spectacle, the leading squadrons halted, and their triumphant shout, "Moscow! Moscow!" repeated from rank to rank, reached the emperor's guard. The soldiers, breaking their array, rushed tumultuously forward, and Napoleon, following with scarcely less eagerness, stood and gazed on the splendid spectacle. "At last that famous city," said he. "Not before it was time." Orders were given to enter it, as it was vacated by the Russians.

Murat, with his characteristic vanity, could not reconcile himself to ride into this gorgeous city of palaces in his soiled uniform. He retired to his tent, stripped, and invested himself in one of his most magnificent and fantastic costumes. Then, at the head of the cavalry, he advanced to the gates, and concluded a truce with Milardowitch, who had been left in charge, for the evacuation of the capital. For two hours he remained in discussion with the Russian, who was surrounded by his Cossacks.

These children of the desert were so astonished and delighted at the semi-theatrical, semi-military costume of the French general, that they loudly demonstrated their

admiration. This so gratified Murat's vanity, that he distributed among them all the money in his pockets and what he could borrow from his staff, and when this was exhausted, he gave them his own watch and those of his officers.

It will be in place here to say something of Murat's general appearance, and the costume he affected.

The king of Naples had a commanding figure, wore his dark hair long, and had bright, lively blue eyes under dark and full eyebrows. He wore a splendid Polish dress open above the shoulders, the collar richly embroidered with gold, and from a gorgeous girdle of the same material depended a straight light sabre with a hilt that twinkled with diamonds. His pantaloons of purple or scarlet were also richly embroidered; and he affected yellow leather boots. But his greatest ornament was a large cocked hat surmounted by a bunch of white ostrich feathers set in a band of gold, which likewise enclosed a stately heron's plume.

He was fanciful about his steed, and always rode choice horses. Not only were bridle and stirrups richly gilt after the Turkish fashion, but the horse trappings were sky-blue, and his liveries were likewise blue and gold. About his fantastic attire, which rather savoured of the melodrama than of serviceable military uniform, he threw in winter a magnificent pelisse of dark green velvet, lined and fringed with the richest sables. "When he rode beside Napoleon, habited after his simple fashion, in this theatrical costume, he appeared the living image of splendid folly contrasting with the naked majesty of thought. And with whatever sentiments the fantastic magnificence of the king of Naples might be regarded on peaceful parades, they yielded to an involuntary feeling

of respect when his white plume was seen, like that of Alexander the Great, ever foremost in the ranks of war, plunging into the thickest of the hostile ranks, regardless of the shower of cannon-balls for which it formed a never-failing mark; or when he was beheld returning from a charge, his sabre dripping wet with the blood of the Cossacks whom, in the impetuosity of overflowing courage, he had challenged and slain in single combat."[1]

But to return to the Russian campaign, and to the entry into Moscow.

What succeeded is too well known to need mention. At last, Napoleon—who had been kept amused in inaction among the ashes of the sacred city till the Russians knew by unmistakable signs that King Winter had come to their aid with his marshals of Frost and Storm—gave the orders for retreat. Murat's splendid cavalry had already been greatly reduced. With the advance guard, thirty thousand strong, the king of Naples was at Winkovo on October 18, and keeping so negligent a guard, that he was surprised by the Russians, and thrown into disorder. Had the third column come up in rear, as was purposed, the Russians would have held the great Moscow road to the west, and have entirely cut off the retreat of the enemy, and the French corps would have been totally destroyed. The capture of the baggage proved how great already was the distress felt by the French. In Murat's kitchen were found roasted cats and boiled horse-flesh.

At daybreak on October 26, the fatal retreat commenced. On November 14, Smolensko was evacuated. The cavalry which had entered Russia forty thousand strong was now reduced to eight hundred. The troops amounted then to seventy thousand men; three hundred

[1] Alison, *Hist. Europe*, vol. ix. cap. 70.

and fifty pieces of cannon had been lost, but two hundred and fifty were still dragged along.

Then followed the action of Krasnoi, and further losses ensued every day. The emperor was constrained to go on foot, sustaining himself from falling on the icy roads, by a birch rod in his hand. At Orcha the whole French army assembled. Out of thirty-five thousand of the Guard there remained but six thousand. Davoust had saved four thousand out of seventy thousand; Eugene Beauharnais eighteen hundred only out of forty-two thousand; Ney, fifteen hundred out of forty thousand. Then ensued the passage of the Beresina on November 26, which decimated this wretched remainder, but which was only made possible by the commanding genius of Napoleon, which saved the whole remains of the Grand Army from capture in the net closing round it.

When Napoleon abandoned the retreating army at Smorogoni, he left Murat in command. The emperor was alarmed as to the consequences for his throne and dynasty that would flow from the disastrous retreat from Moscow, and he had been made uneasy by the conspiracy of Malet, which had so nearly proved a success, through its simple audacity.

But if Napoleon felt that his throne was in jeopardy, so also did the king of Naples.

When the wreck of the Grand Army reached Posen, an officer arrived from Naples with a despatch for the king. What passed between them has never transpired. It has been suspected that Murat learned that his queen was purposing to usurp his authority. Letters at the same time reached him from Napoleon, reproaching him for errors he had committed. Discouraged Murat had been for some time, and now he was irritated against his master,

and alarmed at the news from Naples. Murat now deserted his post at the head of the retreating army (January 17, 1813) and hastened to Italy at his utmost speed.

The emperor when he heard of this step was furious. In a letter to his sister, Murat's wife, he wrote: "So! the king has forsaken the army! Your husband is a very brave man in the battlefield, but when no enemy is present he is weaker than a woman, even than a monk. He has no moral courage." And in another to Murat, on January 26, he wrote: "I am unwilling to speak of my displeasure with your conduct ever since my own departure from the army. It is the result of your feebleness of character. You are a good soldier in the field, but out of it you have neither strength nor character. I suppose you are hardly one of those who thinks that the lion is dead. If so—you will find yourself woefully mistaken."

When Germany rose against its tyrant, then Napoleon felt that he needed Murat, and could not afford to break with him. He summoned him to the campaign in Saxony, and the king of Naples obeyed, but without heart.

"He was a Paladin," said the emperor, later, "in the field, but in the cabinet destitute either of decision or judgment. He loved, I may say adored, me, he was my right arm; but without me he was nothing. In battle, he was perhaps the bravest man in the world; left to himself, he was an imbecile without judgment."

Murat fought with gallantry at Dresden, and in the eventful field of Leipzig. When, after that battle, he saw that all was lost, he precipitately abandoned the failing cause, and hastened back to Naples; fully resolved to break with Napoleon and secure his throne by alliance with the enemies of his brother-in-law.

He opened secret negotiations with the Austrians, and at the same time wrote to Napoleon, promising him assistance on condition that he should be invested with the entire kingdom of Italy.

"Your majesty need not indulge the hopes you have formed of seeing me pass the Po; for if I put that river between my army and my own dominions, I should have no means of resisting the fermentation which now prevails in Romagna, Tuscany, and my own states. Be assured, sire! the proclamation of the independence of Italy, forming one single power out of all the states to the south of the Po, would save the country. Without that, it is lost past redemption. Put these provinces at my disposal, and I will engage the Austrians shall never cross the Adige."

To this letter Napoleon vouchsafed no reply; and Murat in pique, and resolution to save himself, threw himself into alliance with the Austrians. On January 11, 1814, he entered into a treaty with Austria which secured his political existence; and he engaged to provide the allies with thirty thousand men to serve against the man to whom he owed everything. No sooner was this treaty signed than Murat entered Rome (January 19) at the head of twenty thousand men. He justified this invasion in a bombastic harangue and diatribe against the ambition of Napoleon. "Soldiers! The emperor breathes nothing but war. I would betray my native country, and the interests of my present dominions and of yourselves, if I did not separate my arms from his. Soldiers! there wave but two banners in Europe: on one are inscribed Religion, Morality, Justice, Law, Peace, and Happiness—on the other, Persecution, Artifice, Violence, Tyranny, War, and Universal Mourning."

He marched against the vice-king Eugene Beauharnais, but did not venture into action, as he mistrusted the allies, and was uncertain whether the star of Napoleon might not again be in the ascendant. After the fall of Napoleon, Murat looked forward to his own recognition by the Congress of Vienna. Austria was willing, and England indifferent, but Talleyrand, on the part of Louis XVIII., urged the inadvisability of leaving a creature of Napoleon on a throne so important as that of Naples.

Whilst Murat was awaiting the result, Napoleon escaped from Elba, and returned to the French capital. The king of Naples, with the thoughtless precipitation which characterised him through life, instantly put an army of fifty thousand men in motion, and in a proclamation (March 31, 1815), he exhorted all Italians to fly to arms for the independence of their country and its unification.

Murat had clearly seen what was the real need of Italy —that it should be united into a single kingdom, but he saw it only as a means towards his own advancement. This was perceived at once, and no popular rising responded to his call. Austrians and English assailed him, and forced him to fall back on his own kingdom. His army disbanded itself. A few combats ensued, in which his troops invariably gave way at the first shock and fled precipitately. Seeing that all chance of successful resistance was at an end, Joachim quitted what remained of his army, and hastened to the capital, where he embraced his queen with the words, "All is lost, Caroline, except my life, which I have not been able to cast away."

When Napoleon heard of the proceedings of his brother-in-law, he said with a sneer, "He ruined himself

in 1814 by failing to take up arms, now in 1815 he ruins himself by taking them."

During the king's brief stay in Naples, he endeavoured to rouse the natives to exertion in his behalf by promising them a constitutional system of the most extreme nature, but the populace remained sullen and indifferent. Then he escaped to Ischia, and his wife, Caroline, took refuge on board an English merchant vessel, and was conveyed to Austria.

At Ischia Joachim received tidings of the capitulation of his army, and that in their articles no word had been inserted in his favour. Thus betrayed by his Neapolitans, he resolved to sail for France, and throw himself on the generosity of Bonaparte. He landed at Cannes on May 25, and despatched a courier to acquaint the emperor with his arrival. All the reply vouchsafed him was a cold recommendation "to remain where he was till he was required."

Murat, with his accustomed vanity, was unable to conceive that Napoleon could be in earnest in declining services which he rated so high; and he satisfied himself that the anger of the emperor was assumed, and that he would speedily be recalled to Paris.

In order that he might be within easier reach, he set out for Lyons, on June 25, but whilst changing horses at Aubagne, near Marseilles, he heard of the disaster of Waterloo. Thereupon, retracing his steps, Joachim retreated to the house he had before occupied in the neighbourhood of Toulon.

After the second abdication of the emperor, the situation of Murat became critical. He appealed to the English admiral to receive him, yet hesitated about accepting his promise to take him on board, when Lord Exmouth

declined to guarantee that his royal rights in Naples should be respected by the allied sovereigns. Then he applied to Austria, and the Emperor Francis agreed to receive him, on condition of his laying aside his royal title. To this Murat consented, and despatched a messenger to ask for his passport.

In the meantime, a party of ruffians, having heard that he was in the neighbourhood, sallied forth from Marseilles with the avowed intention of taking him, alive or dead, in the hopes of earning thereby the price set by the Bourbons on his head. Murat, forewarned of this, fled and concealed himself till he could obtain a boat in which to effect his escape by sea. At last the captain of a vessel bound for Havre from Toulon was induced to consent to receive him. The ship was to take him up by night on a solitary part of the coast. At nightfall (August 12) he left his retreat and went to the coast. The night was dark. There was some misunderstanding relative to the point where he was to embark, and as he did not arrive at the time appointed, and as the waves began to swell and the sky to give indications of storm, the captain reluctantly continued his course without him. When dawn broke, Murat saw the vessel bearing away. He fled to the woods, and for two days remained there in wet and hunger. Unable to endure the exposure longer, he sought refuge in a peasant's cabin, and was received by an old woman, to whom he represented himself as a soldier of the garrison of Toulon who had lost his way.

The good woman at once prepared for him an omelet. Whilst he was eating it, her husband entered, looked hard at him, and fell at his feet, covering his hands with kisses. He was an old soldier who had served under him. One night, the woman perceived that a lantern was approaching

the hut. She at once roused her guest and concealed him in an ashpit outside, and threw over him vine faggots. She returned to the bed Murat had just left, and arranged the covering as though it had been unoccupied, and was undressing herself, when a knock was heard at her door, and in rushed about sixty gendarmes, who, after ransacking the hut, searched the adjoining vineyard, and departed, disappointed in having missed securing the man whose capture would have filled their pockets. Joachim felt that his further continuance in the same house compromised his generous hosts, and by means of his friends in Toulon, a skiff was hired which was to convey him to Corsica.

On the evening of August 22 he embarked with three attendants for that island. The miserable vessel became waterlogged, and they were in imminent danger; but as the packet boat from Toulon to Bastia passed in the morning, they hailed it, and were received on board, a few minutes before their boat sank.

Murat was welcomed by the Corsicans, who looked on the family of Napoleon with veneration and enthusiasm, and he might safely have remained under the protection of the Corsicans till he had settled the terms on which he would be received by Austria; but his ill-balanced judgment, and his consciousness that he deserved well of the Neapolitans, made him desire to again adventure himself among his subjects. He knew how unworthy of regard was Ferdinand, their Bourbon king, and how sincere was the ambition of all liberal-minded men throughout Italy to see the various states composing it united, and governed on constitutional principles. In fact, had the Neapolitans and the Romans and Tuscans perceived it at the time, an opportunity was offered them which would not recur for nearly half a century. In Murat they had a man well

intentioned, not of commanding intellect, but with a sense of responsibility to the people over whom he was placed, such as never entered a Bourbon head or heart.

The Neapolitans were heartily disgusted at the return of Ferdinand I., and with the reactionary character of his Government. News of the prevailing discontent reached Corsica, and injudicious flattery magnified the reports of the desire of the Neapolitans to receive again their deposed monarch.

Murat now resolved on a return to Naples, where he anticipated he would be welcomed with enthusiasm, and that his return would be like that of Napoleon from Elba, the signal for a general defection from the Bourbon. With some difficulty the ex-king raised the sum of forty thousand francs, hired six brigs, and enrolled about two hundred men for the expedition, when the necessary passports arrived for his passage to Austria. The conditions were as favourable as he could have anticipated. He was required to lay aside his royal title, and content himself with that of count. He was to engage not to leave Austria without permission, but he was to reside in any portion of the empire that pleased him.

His friends urged him to abandon his mad undertaking, and to accept the offer made him, but he declared that the die was cast, and that he was going to Italy to perform the part of Liberator to the people.

On the evening of September 28 he embarked at Ajaccio. The command of the expedition was entrusted to one Barbara, who owed everything in life to the ex-king, and who was in consequence considered trustworthy. Unhappily, Murat had himself given an example of treachery to his master, which his own creature was not indisposed to imitate and exceed.

The little squadron was dispersed by a storm, and at daybreak on October 7 the king's vessel was alone, and the coast of Calabria loomed before it. In the course of the morning three other vessels arrived, and it was proposed to double the promontory of Paolo, behind which in all probability the rest of the flotilla lay; but Barbara objected on account of the risk of being intercepted by the Sicilian cruisers.

When night approached, Murat gave orders for the barks to proceed to Amantia. During the darkness one of the vessels slipped away, with fifty of the king's best soldiers, and returned to Corsica. As soon as this desertion was observed, the few faithful followers who remained implored Murat to sail for Trieste and claim the hospitality of the Austrians. To their great satisfaction he consented, and threw overboard a bag containing five hundred copies of the proclamation he had intended to have issued on landing, and he ordered Captain Barbara to steer for the Adriatic. Barbara demurred, on the excuse that he lacked water and provisions, and offered to obtain these if allowed to land at Pizzo. This was assented to, and then he further required the use of the passports, in the event of the authorities of the port attempting to detain him.

Barbara's object in wishing to secure these was probably to deliver them up to the authorities at Pizzo, so that when Joachim was taken and put to death, their existence might be denied. It is possible that the intended victim suspected this, for he hastily determined to go ashore himself. He ordered his attendants to assume their full uniform, and he rigged himself out in his most melodramatic array, and then directed the captain to keep close in shore, so as to be ready to receive them, should his reception not be as cordial as he anticipated.

At midday on Sunday, the 8th of October, he landed, along with twenty-eight soldiers and three domestics.

Pizzo is a small town of about nine thousand inhabitants, planted on a sandstone rock, with below it the castle, a stately building, and the scanty remains of Hypponium, an old Greek port, nearly engulfed in the sands. The great majority of the inhabitants of Pizzo are fishermen and sailors. The intention of Murat had been to land at Salerno. He was now far south in Calabria, and on shore at an insignificant town on the Gulf of St. Euphemia. As Joachim entered the little piazza, a few sailors recognised him, and shouted, "Joachim for ever!" But the soldiers who were exercising in the square did not come forward. Some of his followers unfurled his standard and cried out, "Viva il re Joachim." One peasant alone repeated the cry. This was discouraging, and ought to have convinced the ex-king that his safe course was at once to re-embark, and take refuge in Austria. But with curious inconsistency, after having announced that he would do this, he changed his purpose, and declared that he would march to Monte-Leone, a distance of nine miles inland, over a rugged, mountainous road.

The little party had not advanced far before they found themselves pursued, and that another party blocked their way forward. Murat, still hoping that he might play the part of Napoleon with equal success, advanced towards the gendarmes, and harangued them, as his master had addressed the soldiers sent to take him on his way to Grenoble. He was answered by a shower of balls. One of his officers was killed, another was wounded; but he would not suffer the fire to be returned. His situation was desperate, and the little party now took to their heels, and fled among the rocks in the direction of

the sea. But no sooner did he reach the beach than he saw both his ships standing out to sea with swelling sails. A fishing-boat was on the sand. He endeavoured to thrust it into the sea, but his efforts were ineffectual. Some of his companions now joined him, but before they could run the boat out, they were surrounded.

Resistance was in vain. Joachim surrendered his sword, and begged that the lives of his brave followers might be spared. But his words were not listened to; some of his attendants were cut down at his side, others were hurried off along with him to prison. Here he was searched, his money and jewels taken from him, and, unfortunately for him, a copy of his proclamation as well, which he had retained in his pocket.

The commander of Pizzo was General Nunziate, who had him placed in a private apartment and treated with respect. The ex-king at once asked for pen and paper, and hastened to write to the Austrian and English ambassadors at Naples, to interest them on his behalf. He was suffered to write the letters, but the Bourbon Government withheld them till after he had been executed.

Nunziate at once sent a despatch to Naples to report the descent and capture of the adventurer, and to ask for further orders. These arrived in due course. They were much the same as had been delivered to Murat, and by him carried out, with respect to the Duc d'Enghien. But the governor could not believe that they were intended, and again communicated with Naples. On the evening of October 12, commissioners arrived with a royal decree, ordering the immediate trial and execution of the "General Murat," who was to be allowed only half an hour to prepare for death, after sentence had been pronounced. This haste was occasioned by the alarm of the Bourbon Govern-

ment, that dreaded the temper of the people, and was anxious to destroy Joachim before the representatives of the foreign powers could intervene.

The commission appointed to try Murat were eight in number, one more than in the case of the Duc d'Enghien, but all men of the same calibre.

Joachim denied the competency of the court, and refused to make his defence before it.

When, according to usage, the tribunal despatched one of their body to ask his name, age, and country, he answered curtly, "I am Joachim Napoleon, king of the Two Sicilies. Begone, sir!" Then he entered into conversation with those around him, and said, what was quite true, that whatever was good in the government of the country was due to his instrumentality whilst he was king; every reform had been of his own personal introduction. Then, in reference to his present situation, he said, and with equal truth, "I did not expect that Ferdinand would have acted with so little humanity and generosity. I would have acted very differently had our situations been reversed."

While Murat was thus speaking, one of the commissioners entered, and read to him the sentence of the court, that he was forthwith to be shot, and allowed half an hour to prepare for his execution. He heard the sentence unmoved, and then wrote to his wife, and enclosed a lock of his hair in the letter.

When the fatal moment arrived, Joachim walked with firm step to the place of execution, calmly and with dignity. He declined a chair that was offered him, and requested that his eyes might not be bound.

"I have often braved death," said he, with a smile; "and I do not fear it."

He stood upright, proudly and undauntedly, facing the soldiers; and when all was ready, he kissed a cornelian, on which was engraved the head of his wife, and gave the word: "Spare my face; aim at my heart—fire!"

He was buried forthwith at Pizzo.

The ex-Queen Caroline was allowed the title of Countess of Lipona (an anagram on Napoli), and spent the rest of her days in a villa near Trieste. She died in 1839.

Joachim Murat, with all the faults of vanity and unscrupulousness, due to his extraordinary elevation, to the unsettling nature of the time in which his lot was cast, and to the natural infirmities of lack of judgment and submission to impulse, was humane, generous, and liberal-minded. If he turned against Napoleon, who had done everything for him, it was because he was placed in a position where duties conflicted. If he owed much to his master, he also owed responsibilities to the people whom that master had entrusted to him. To his friends he was true and warm-hearted. To his wife, whose abilities were superior to his own, he was deeply attached. In measuring Murat, one must take much into consideration. Inconsistent he was; so also was the ultra-democratic Bernadotte; so also was almost every one else who was elevated by fortune at that period of revolution; so also would any one else be in similar times, amid similar temptations, who was not governed by fixed moral principles.

Murat left two sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Napoleon Achilles, went to the United States, where he married an American lady, Caroline Dudley, grand-niece of General Washington. The second, Napoleon Lucien, married Caroline Georgina Fraser, an American lady, and as they were badly off, kept a girls' school.

The Revolution of 1848 broke out in Paris, and he returned to France, and was elected deputy for the department of Lot. In 1849 he was appointed ambassador at the court of Turin; and in 1852 was granted by Napoleon III. the title of Prince Murat, and to be addressed as *votre altesse*. Napoleon Lucien and his wife left issue, Joseph Joachim, Prince Murat, who was a general in the French army, and married a daughter of Berthier, duke of Wagram, by whom he had issue; also a daughter, Caroline, who married, first, Charles, Baron Chassiron, and on his death, secondly, Mr. John Garden, of Retisham Hall.

Joachim Murat left also two daughters — Letizia Josephine, who married Guy Thaddeus, Marquess Pepoli of Bologna. She died in 1859. The second was Louise, who married Julius, Count Rasponi of Ravenna.

Joachim, king of Naples, had two brothers, Pierre and André. Pierre's son, who was in the French navy, was killed in the battle of Trafalgar. His daughter, Marie Antoinette, married Charles, prince of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, and it is through her that several Napoleonic and Murat relics have found their way into the castle or palace of Sigmaringen.

Count Murat possesses a château at La Bastide, in a pretty park, but the trees are not yet grown to any consequence, nor is the park extensive. The château is in the style of the beginning of the century; that is to say, in no style at all. But the family possess as well the ruinous castle at Cabrerets — a most picturesque pile, which has a donjon of the thirteenth, and the main body of buildings of the fifteenth century. The count has obtained the major portion of the castle, but one peasant family still retains a crumbling tower and a patch of garden, to which it clings tenaciously, and refuses to

be bought out. The sword of the king of Naples is preserved here above one of the great stone fireplaces. A few pieces of antique furniture have been got together, and the walls hung with painted tapestry, admirably executed by the young ladies of the family. The château lies a little way up the very interesting valley of the Célé, above its junction with the Lot. About a mile below it are the rocks of Conduché, with its caves full of prehistoric remains of the Magdalenian age.

To my mind there is something pleasing in the Murat family settling themselves at La Bastide, the nursery of their race, where there are many of their relatives, if not indigent, yet in very humble circumstances. They are there proud, and justly proud, of the man who, by his energy and daring and good qualities, forced himself from a little wine-shop to a throne; and they set an example to other *parvenu* families, which usually translate themselves as far as possible from the "rock whence they were hewn and the pit whence they were digged."

Pedigree of the Murat Family.

- **Pierre Murat**, Tavern-Keeper at La Bastide, *b.* 1721; † 1799. = **Jeanne Louvière**, *b.* 1722; *m.* 1746; † 1806.
  - **Pierre Murat**, *b.* 1748; † 1792. = ...
    - **Pierre Adrien**, Officer in the French Navy, *b.* 1785; † 1805.
    - **Marie Antoinette**, *b.* 1793; *m.* 1808; † 1847. = **Charles**, Prince of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen.
  - **André Murat**, *b.* 1760; created Count, 1810; † 1841. = **Jeanne Besse**, *b.* 1775; *m.* 1793; † 1866.
    - **Pierre Gaetan**, Comte de Murat, *b.* 1798; † 1847. = **Pauline de Méneval**, *b.* 1810; *m.* 1793; †
      - **Blanche Vallée**, *b.* 1836; *m.* 1854; † 1861. = **Joachim**, Comte de Murat, *b.* 1828; Deputy, 1854. = **Marguerite Barrot**, *b.* 1844; *m.* 1866.
      - **Napoléone**, *b.* 1836; *m.* 1854. = 1. Alphonse, Duc de Carigliano. = 2. Eugene Bonafous de Calviliès.
  - **Joachim Murat**, *b.* 1777; Duke of Berg and Cleves, 1806; King of Naples, 1808: † 1815. = **Caroline**, sister of Napoleon I., *b.* 1782; *m.* 1800; † 1839.
    - **Napoleon Achille**, Crown Prince of Naples, *b.* 1801; † 1847. = **Caroline Dudley**, *m.* 1826; † 1867.
    - **Napoleon Lucien**, Prince Murat, Prince of Cleves and Berg, Prince of Ponte Corvo, *b.* 1803; † 1878. = **Caroline Georgina Fraser**, *b.* 1810; *m.* 1831; † 1879.
      - **Joseph Joachim Napoleon**, Prince Murat, French General, *b.* 1834; *m.* 1854. = **Malcy Berthier**, *b.* 1832; † 1884.
        - **Eugenie**, *b.* 1855; *m.* 1887. = **Guiseppe**, Duke of Lavello.
        - **Joachim**, *b.* 1856; *m.* 1884. = **Cécile Nev**, d. of the Duc d'Elchingen, *b.* 1867.
      - **Caroline**, *b.* 1832; *m.* 1850. = 1. Charles, Baron Chassiron, † 1871. = 2. John Garden, *m.* 1872.
      - **Anna**, *b.* 1841; *m.* 1865. = **Marie de Noailles**, Duc de Mouchy.
      - **Achille**, *b.* 1841; *m.* 1868. = **Salome**, Princess Dadia.
      - **Louis**, *b.* 1851; *m.* 1873. = **Eudonia**, widow of Prince Orbeliani.
    - **Letizia Josephine**, *b.* 1802; *m.* 1823; † 1859. = **Guy Thadée**, Marquess Pepoli; † 1852.
    - **Louise**, *b.* 1805; *m.* 1825; † = **Jules**, Count Rasponi, *b.* 1787; † 1876.

APPENDIX A

Authorities to be consulted for further information.

I. Les Causses.

Martel (M. E. A.), *Les Causses de Languedoc.* Paris, Imp. Nationale, 1890.

Martel (M. E. A.), *Les Cévennes.* Paris, Delgrave, 1891. This is by far the best work on the Causses of Aveyron, Lozère, and Herault. It is copiously illustrated, and is marvellously cheap. It contains, moreover, a complete bibliography of works on the Causses of Languedoc.

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Edwards (M. Betham), *The Roof of France.* London, Bentley, 1889.

Barker (E. H.), *Wanderings by Southern Waters in Eastern Aquitaine.* London, Bentley, 1893. A pleasant, gossipy book, giving a good general impression of the country, but entering into none of the matters of interest scientifically.

II. The Pot-holes.

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Martel (M. E. A.), *Le Tour du Monde*, No. 1564, Dec. 27, 1890. Hachette. An account of the first exploration of Padirac, with fine illustrations, some of which, with the permission of MM. Hachette, I have borrowed.

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III. La Crouzate.

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IV. The Caussenards.

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Les Idées d'un Compagnard, par P. Bourzat (in the dialect of the Basse Limousin). Tulle, 1886.

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Gary (l'Abbé J.), "Noels et cantiques populaires en dialecte du Quercy," in the *Bulletin de la Soc. des Études du Lot*, tomes xv., xvi., xvii.

De Beaurepaire (Fr.), *Chansons du Quercy.* In course of publication in *La Tradition.* Paris, M. Carnoy, 1894.

For Customs :—The Introduction to Delpon (J. A.), *Statistique du dep. de Lot.* Paris, Bachelier, 1831.

For Depopulation :—Rabaud (C.), "Le Péril national" (extract *du Patriote Albigeois*), Paris, Fischbacher, 1891 ; *Le Limousin* (Association Française pour l'Avancement des Sciences, Congrès de 1890), Limoges, Ducourtieux, 1890.

Baudrillart (H.), *Les Populations Agricoles de la France; Les Populations du Midi.* Paris, Guillaumin, 1893–4.

V. The Cañon of the Tarn.

In addition to the authorities named in I., see—

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Miriam, *Les Causses et les Canons du Tarn.* Paris, Fischbacher, 1894. An illustrated guide-book, with coupons for hotels.

VI. The Firehills of Cransac.

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Monteil (A. A.), *Description du dép. de l'Aveyron*, 1802 ; reprint by the Soc. Anonyme de Villefranche, 1884.

VII. Roquefort Cheese.

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For Quercy: Castagné (Et.), *Les Monuments primitifs en Quercy.* Cahors, 1888.

For the Rouergue, the Bulletin of the local Scientific Association, which gives an admirable map of Aveyron, with all the known dolmens, menhirs, etc., marked.

On the topic of megalithic monuments in general, in addition to Cartailhac and Nadaillac above named, I cannot refer to Fergusson's *Rude Stone Monuments* as an authority, for it misleads rather than guides the inquirer.

G. de Mortillet, who poses as an authority on prehistoric matters, has to be received, when he makes a statement or draws a conclusion, with the utmost reserve and caution. He dogmatises on insufficient and unstable ground; his is "an uncritical head," as characterised by a German scientific writer, who, after quoting one of his reckless statements which is absolutely untrue, adds: "This is but another instance of the superficiality of a man who is even yet regarded among us as a serious authority."—Andree, *Die Metalle bei den Naturvölkern.* Leipz. 1884, p. 25.

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For the dolmens and neolithic caves of Lozère, see the articles by Dr. Prumères, generally in *Matériaux pour l'histoire primitive et naturelle de l'homme.* Also the proceedings of the Société Archéologique du Midi, *Memoires*, ii. p. 339, viii. p. 281, ix. p. 262, x. p. 150; and *Bulletin* of Aug. 1883.

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such a work should be. It is clear and argumentative, and contrasts strikingly beside the confused works of Rauber and Undset.

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XXI. THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR.

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In addition to the authorities which everyone knows, and which need not be given here, I may mention :—

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Fréminville (J. de), "Les Ecorcheurs en Bourgogne, 1435–45," *Etude sur les Compagnies Franches au 15me. siècle.* Paris, Picard, 1888.

Chérest (A.), *L'Archiprêtre, épisodes de la guerre de Cent ans.* Paris, Claudin, 1880.

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Vic and Vaissette also as XIV.

XXIV. MURAT.

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The above list is not intended to be exhaustive. It is intended to do no more than furnish means to the reader to follow out any branch of those subjects which have been treated by me briefly, should he wish to do so, with more fulness than was possible for me, limited as to space. When first I visited Aquitaine and the

whole of the district described, I was much puzzled for want of a handy book that would enable me to understand what I saw. I was obliged to work up my several subjects in the local town libraries, which are not open all day long, nor every day in the week; nor are they rich in works indispensable to one studying any branch of science or history or art. The librarians invariably showed me great courtesy, and took pains to help me to prosecute my studies; but all complained that the sums of money at the disposal of the librarian for the acquisition of books was inadequate. I found much help readily accorded by local antiquarians and historians. I venture here to tender my grateful thanks to M. L. Greil of Cahors, M. F. Bergounoux of the same place, M. Elie Massénat and M. Philibert Lalande of Brive, M. de Bosredon of Terasson, the late M. Michel Hardi of Périgueux, M. F. André, the archivist at Mende, to M. Raymond Pons of Reilhac, and to M. Martel, the "Columbus" of the subterranean world.

APPENDIX B

FOLK-AIRS OF THE CAUSSE DE QUERCY

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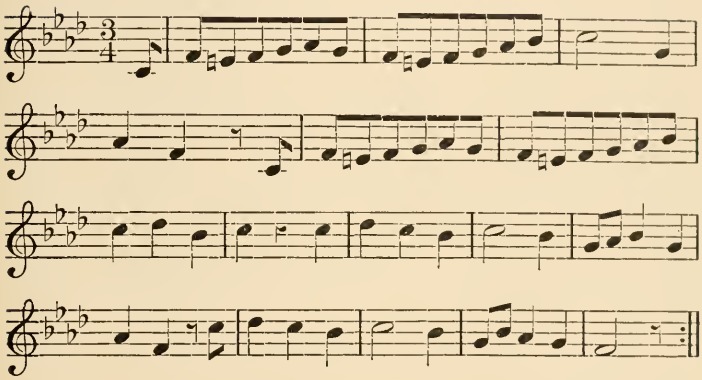

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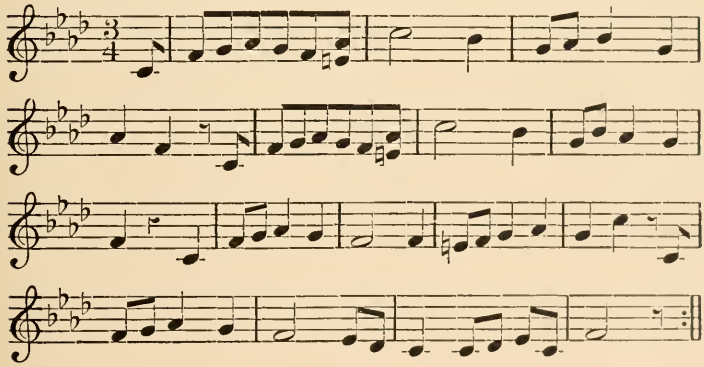

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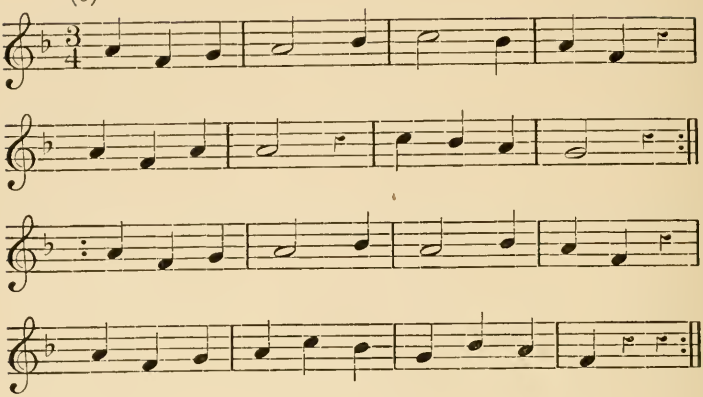

These Quercy folk-airs were taken down for me by M. Cazes, at Gramat. Along with them were many others, obviously of much more modern date, and which, accordingly, I have not thought deserving to be printed. A dozen more, with arrangement for the piano, have been published as a pot-pourri, by M. Paul Kelsen, Cahors, Girma, 1892. Three more will be found in the *Bulletin de la Société des Études du Lot*, tome i. 1873.

APPENDIX C

Centres whence the Causses and Plateaux may be explored.

PÉRIGUEUX.

This is an excellent centre, and the Hôtel Simon comfortable quarters. A steam tram runs up the valley of the Isle and Loue, and reaches the main line from Orleans to Brive at St Yrieix. The tram crosses the chalk plateau between the Beduronne and the Dronne, so that by it Brantôme and Bourdelles can be visited. There are also the lines to Limoges, to Angoulême, to Libourne by Mussidan, to Riberac, to Agen, and to Brive. Consequently it is easy to get in all directions from Périgueux. If the visitor will stroll from his inn towards the cathedral, he will see the most glorious monument of Byzantine architecture in France. Let him descend to the Pont Vieux, when he will see a most picturesque Rénaissance house on the quay. Then let him turn to the right, and, after passing under the railway arch, keep to the right down a lane. He will then reach a remarkable leper hospital with the quaintest chimney. A little farther and he will come on some rock habitations scooped in the cliff. Let him then ascend the hill among chestnut woods, and he will light on the entrenchments of the ancient Gaulish *oppidum*. He descends, crosses the river, and returns by the ruined amphitheatre. In a short walk he will have had an epitome of the objects of interest this interesting country furnishes.

LES EYZIES.

An admirable headquarters in the midst of all that is most picturesque and interesting. At the Hôtel de la Gare, Mme. Bergoumeyrou will spare no pains to make her guests comfortable ; and her son, M. Gaston, is an enthusiastic, intelligent, and altogether admirable guide. It is to me a pleasure to think of the delightful walks and explorations we have been together. Here may be seen the *abris* of the Reindeer-hunters, the rock habitations on all sides ; the picturesque castles of Commarque, Castelnau near Beynac, Beynac, and many others. Excursions may be made from Les Eyzies up and down the valley of the Vézère, and up and down that of the Dordogne. Hence also can be visited Cadouin, with its Rénaissance cloisters, and the bastides of Beaumont, Montpazier, and Lalinde.

SARLAT.

A good many excursions may be made in the neighbourhood of Sarlat. Comfortable quarters are at the Hôtel de la Madeleine. The town itself is not very interesting, but it has in it several picturesque fragments of ecclesiastical buildings and old houses ; and thence can be visited Domme, the wonderful La Roque Gageac, Beynac, the monolithic church of Codon, and the crags of Grolejac. The castles of Fénelon and of St. Nathaléne can also be visited thence. I cannot recommend any inn at La Roque Gageac, and I have not stayed at that at Beynac.

BRIVE.

Admirable headquarters. I have always stayed at the Hôtel de Bordeaux, where I have been very comfortable, and kindly received. The climate of Brive is much the same as that of Pau. Lines run from it to Périgueux, to Limoges, to Tulle, to Souillac, to Gramat. It is a centre whence the interesting dolmens of St. Cernin de Larche and of Béynat may be visited, also the *oppidum* of Puy d'Issolu ; the mediæval castles of Noailles, Turenne, Ventadour ; the cathedral of Tulle, the interesting church of Aubazine, and the lovely valley of the Corrèze. The rock habitations of Lamouroux are within an easy walk.

SOUILLAC.

At the Hôtel du Lion d'Or one can have comfortable quarters. Here is to be seen an interesting church with domes. Hence excursions can be made up the Dordogne, through picturesque scenery, to Creysse and Gluges ; by train over the Causse to Gourdon. The Gulf of the Blagour is visited from Souillac.

GRAMAT.

My quarters at Gramat are at l'Hôtel de l'Europe, chez Bourguinoux, the mayor. It is almost impossible to exhaust the sites and scenes of interest in this neighbourhood. The church was originally domical. It is interesting, in a bad condition, and menaced with destruction and the erection of a new one. From this place Assier can be visted, with its Rénaissance church and castle. Autoire, with its cirque and waterfall, and cliff-castle ; the marvellous pot-holes, that open on all sides ; and numerous dolmens. Bretenoux is within a drive, and should on no account be missed ; nor the Romanesque churches of Gintrac and Beaulieu.

ROCAMADOUR.

In this fantastic and picturesque little town is a comfortable inn, the Lion d'Or, where one is sure of being well fed, and of kind attention. Hence can be visited Padirac and many other *gouffres*, also the valley of the Ouysse.

FIGEAC.

Headquarters for the wild and beautiful Célé Valley. Figeac is a curious old town, with interesting churches and domestic buildings. Hence may be reached Corn, with its rock-dwellings; Brengues, with its rock-castles; and the abbey and cave of Marcillac. Assier can also be seen from Figeac.

CAJARC.

Headquarters for the valley of the Lot to Capdenac. Hence the Gouffre de Lantony can be visited. There are numerous picturesque places on the river that merit a visit, as Montbrun with its castle, and the very excentric Laroque-Toirac.

Down the river it is no less interesting. St. Cirq-la-Poppie is marvellous. Le Défilé des Anglais is at Bouzier; the rocks of Conduché, and the castles of Cabrerets. I have not stayed at Cajarc, where, I doubt not, there is a comfortable inn, but at little taverns at La Tour de Faure and at Cabrerets, quarters with which a single traveller may be content, but where there is limited accommodation. Numerous dolmens near La Tour de Faure.

CAHORS.

Comfortable quarters at the Hôtel de l'Europe. This town is not only full of picturesque bits and objects of interest, but it forms a centre whence many places of interest can be visited. The castle of Mercuès, Luzech, and Puy l'Eveque should be visited; also the valley of the Vers to St. Martin.

RODEZ.

A good inn is Hôtel Binney. The cathedral is very fine. Hence should be visited Conques with its unrivalled treasury, Salles-la-Source, and the gorges of the Dourdou at Mauret, and of the Viaure.

MENDE.

Capital of Lozère. Hôtel Manse; comfortable. From Mende, as headquarters, the gorges of the Tarne and of the tributaries, the upper valley of the Lot, and the Causses that abut on the Cevennes can be well explored.

MEYRUEIS.

Another centre, whence the cave of Dargilan can be visited, and the castle of Roquedols, and the Jonte to Les Roziers.

MILLAU.

Another centre, from which excursions can be made to St. Affrique, with its late church; Cambon, with its rich sculptures, is a church of the eleventh century. Numerous dolmens near St. Affrique and near Cornus; Roquefort, with its cheese factories, and the gorges of the Sorgues; the rock labyrinth of Montpellier-le-Vieux, and the valley of the Dourbie, are all to be visited from Millau; also the Causse of Larzac and the Causse Noir.

The traveller can always reckon on being well fed. If at the proper season, and he gets *grives* fed on juniper berries, he will be content. In winter, always truffles and goose; the latter, in the small inns, salted and hard. The local wines are palatable. He will be given clean beds; but unhappily the sanitary arrangements are those of the Middle Ages.

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